F O R U M

VOL. LXXXI — No. 3

HENRY GODDARD LEACH
Editor

Editorial FOREWORD

As this goes to press, the Editor of The Forum is setting out on a six weeks' lecture tour in four states — Texas, California, Missouri, and Kentucky. His subjects will be "Intolerance," "Leisure," and "America Fifty Years from Now." The third topic is partly covered in this issue, in which Roger W. Babson coolly faces the future and sees the automobile reaching its absorption point and the age of the aërial flivver beginning. The two other subjects — Intolerance, and the use and misuse of Leisure — are tackled in some of their numerous aspects in every issue of this magazine.

Between the zealous but "ivory-domed" patriots who are busy legislating the study of science out of our public schools, and the fanatical idol-smashers and anti-Babbitts who are converting us to a Gospel of Indifference, there are millions of sturdy American freemen who are determined to face this new age of engineering with a constructive and cheerful meaning in their lives. Some find it in pure science, in psychology, in humanism. Others, like the Editor of The Forum in his own personal and non-editorial life, find it in a reinvigorated and dynamic religious experience. It is for these healthy-minded millions that The Forum is seeking to provide a meeting place for friendly controversy. Recently a California critic discovered this fact when he contrasted us with the *American Mercury* by saying we are both "Forum and Against'm."

An eminent psychologist has suggested that The Forum ought to debate the subject, "Shall We Cut Out Our Emotions?" One field in which human emotions have proved potent in the past is religion — religion as it is simply and rightly defined by the common man as belief in a God who rules the universe. But we have reached a day when thousands of earnest souls are inquiring whether religion is any longer necessary for progress: whether, in fact, man cannot

Contents for MARCH

Spain and America . . . . SALVADOR DE MADARIAGA 129
"Hound of Heaven." *A Story* . . . . SARAH ADDINGTON 137
Are We Victims of Propaganda? *A Debate*
I — Our Invisible Masters . . . . . . EVERETT DEAN MARTIN 142
II — Our Debt to Propaganda . . . . . . EDWARD L. BERNAYS 146
Seeing Pictures . . . . RALPH M. PEARSON 150
Dry Rot in Holy Places . . . . FREDERICK K. STAMM 152
Love Song. *A Poem* . . . . ELINOR WYLIE 156
Air Flivvers and the Future . . . . ROGER W. BABSON 157
Why Educate Women? . . . . W. BÉRAN WOLFE, M.D. 165
Radio — a Blessing or a Curse? . . . . JACK WOODFORD 169
The Rowers *and* Côte d'Azur. *Two Poems* . . . CHARLES NORMAN 172
Your Child and the Fear of Death . . . . . BERTRAND RUSSELL 174
Where Monks Broke Bread. *A Poem* . . . . AUDREY WURDEMANN 178
Women and Fiction . . . . VIRGINIA WOOLF 179
The School of Women. *A Novel — Part III* . . . . . ANDRÉ GIDE 188
Take It or Leave It. *March Reading* . . . . . . DONALD F. ROSE VI
Opinions About Books XIV
Forum Airway. *Prize Radio Letters* XXVIII
Travel. *Forgotten Shrines* . . . . HUBBARD HUTCHINSON XXXVIII
Our Rostrum XLVI
Table Talk. *The Glandular Hypothesis* . . . . . DONALD F. ROSE LIV
Downtown. *In Defense of Speculation* . . . DONALD REA HANSON LVI
Toasts LXIII

▼

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F O R U M

Next Month

DO WE NEED A NEW GOD?

Harry Elmer Barnes vs. Canon William Sheafe Chase

Professor Barnes stirred up a hornet's nest when he tackled the question of this debate before the last meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. He maintains that the Christian God is as impotent as Baal and as much out of date as Jupiter or Odin. This assault upon Olympus stirs Canon Chase, Episcopal divine, who comes forth like David to meet the enemies of the Lord of Hosts.

AMERICA AND GERMANY

Count Hermann Keyserling

The Anglo-American bond is an unnatural one, says Count Keyserling, who offers striking evidence that America is more akin to post-war Germany than to England.

THE NEW MOTHER

Havelock Ellis

What should you tell your child about sex? The old-fashioned parent ignored the question, leaving his child to acquire misinformation from all kinds of dubious sources. The modern parent, who is not afraid to face this difficult and delicate subject, will welcome advice from such an authority as Havelock Ellis.

SECRET ISLAND

Samuel Scoville, Jr.

A voyage of exploration and discovery with a naturalist as guide.

OUR CHANGING MORALS

Will Durant

The man who made a story of philosophy gives the lie to hide-bound moralists of every age and place.

DOES AMERICA DISCOURAGE ART?

Lewis Mumford, Lee Simonson, William M. Ivins, Art Young, Harvey Watts, and others

Many critics who pretend to know what art is have long been saying that our machine civilization stifles the breath of genius. In order to learn whether American artists feel themselves bound, gagged, and crushed, the Editor brought together a representative group of them at his house, and their discussion is the second of a series of Socratic dialogues to appear in this magazine.

RADIO AND THE FUTURE

General J. G. Harbord

Answering Jack Woodford's attack in this issue, the president of the Radio Corporation of America forecasts the vast changes radio will bring about in religion, government, and other fields of thought.

POETRY

Paul Valéry

A literary essay by the most distinguished of living French critics.

BORAH THE EVANGEL

Salvador de Madariaga

An irrepressible Spanish wit pokes fun at the two men named "Borah" — one a hard-boiled realist, the other a sentimental romantic — who take turn about as Chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations.

FOREWORD

Continued

get along better if his mind is not cluttered up with the particular emotions engendered by religion. This year The Forum is sharpening its controversial policy by reviving the Socratic dialogue, and in this form we shall present in an early issue an after-dinner conversation on the subject, "Is Religion Necessary for Progress?" Clarence Darrow, America's leading agnostic, says "No." A prominent Roman Catholic priest says "Yes," and he is supported by a Methodist, an Episcopalian, a Quaker, a Jew, and a Brahman.

Prohibition is another theme for our Socratic evenings. Too many after-dinner conversations on this subject are futile and defiant statements of opinion that get nowhere. In a Forum dialogue soon to be published — "Can Prohibition Succeed?" — Professor Irving Fisher of Yale, expert champion of Prohibition, comes face to face with its most brilliant opponent, Fabian Franklin of New York. Professor Fisher marshals an array of statistics which prove conclusively to him that Prohibition has been gaining year by year, and that the will of the American people will eventually make the country as dry in fact as it already is in law. Fabian Franklin generously concedes every point that he thinks Professor Fisher has proved, but he remains convinced that many of the famous Yale statistics either prove nothing at all or quite the contrary of what they were supposed to prove. Among those present is George Martin, a lawyer who sees in Prohibition the menace of exaggerated industrial efficiency, and in the Eighteenth Amendment an infringement upon the liberty of every American freeman which it is a good citizen's duty to protest against by violating the law on every occasion, both openly and privately.

In January, American education as reorganized by the late President Eliot of Harvard was subjected to the annihilating challenge of Harvard's greatest mind, Irving Babbitt of the class of '89. When the Editor of The Forum was a child, it was the fashion to believe that children had too many teeth. The future editor was sent to a dentist who removed four perfectly sound teeth, trying on each a different kind of pain-killer and asking the boy how each extraction hurt. To-day this particular technique is no longer in fashion with the dental profession, but American children are being subjected to similar experiments in education. Their minds are being benumbed with the ever-increasing avalanche of technical facts. Irving Babbitt has called a halt, demanding the education of the mind for understanding that will last a lifetime instead of for information that will be forgotten to-morrow.

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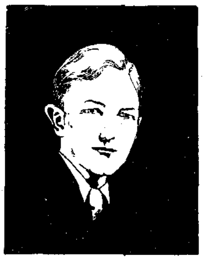
TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT

March Reading

by DONALD F. ROSE

BACK TO SIMPLICITY

THERE IS probably no more safety in generalizations concerning books than concerning cabbages and kings, but the field is certainly full of temptations to lay down the law and the prophets. On no better foundation than the literary output of a single month, there can be built pretty notions of trends and tendencies, perfectly plausible and yet entirely astigmatic and good only until used and discarded. It is certain, for instance, that the best novels of recent date show a marked reversion to the classical type and a corresponding reaction against the acrobatics of noisy modernism, but it is equally likely that it doesn't mean anything.


H. W. FREEMAN

The book which will receive — and deserve — the most careful consideration of critical opinion during the current season is JOSEPH AND HIS BRETHREN, by H. W. Freeman (Holt, $2.50), and its certain success will owe nothing to the bad manners which satisfy the ten-cent-store taste in reading. It will win the affection and esteem of a wide audience on sheer merit, aided somewhat, no doubt, by the Book-of-the-Month endorsement. In addition it is competent to live down two real handicaps — the first its Biblical title, and the second the fact that it is another incarnation of the back-to-the-land movement in literature.

Its simple story of Suffolk soil and the men who live on it and by it is too thin for summary. The compelling necessity of this tale of plain plot and plain people is that we must stay long with them to realize them completely, and the compelling skill of the author lies in the fact that he has made it entirely worth while to do so. The story of action must flag the reader's attention by ending every chapter or so with a sort of "to be continued in our next." The true tale of character makes the creatures of fancy too vivid and vital to be forsaken until their story is ended.

A novel of last year, *Heritage*, by Rose Feld, dealt with the autocracy of the land over the men and women who work it, and made of such service a grim and exhausting slavery. In *Joseph and His Brethren* the brothers are bound to the soil, but their chains are of their own forging and they wear them with pride and a deep, silent love for the richness and rightness which they have wrought out of the unwilling land. They run away from it for adventure or romance or relief, but they come home again. They are driven from it by bad fortune, but they win back to it. Under the spell of Mr. Freeman's quiet sureness in creating this patch of English soil, we understand them entirely. Somehow he spreads before us the English fields, faithful through long generations to the needs of their proper people and generous at all times in delicate loveliness. There is no trace of strain or strangeness in the thought that all the drama of half a dozen lives may depend on the love of these few acres of land. There is no hint of triviality in the small scale of most of their experiences.

Tips on Books

Fiction

Point Counter Point, Aldous Huxley — Sardonic sidelights on the modern Vanity Fair. Ruthless, witty, and entertaining.

The Case of Sergeant Grischa, Arnold Zweig — Epic of the common soldier, bewildered by the blind cruelty of war.

Mr. Blettsworthy on Rampole Island, H. G. Wells — Characteristic blend of fantasy and satire.

Joseph and His Brethren, H. W. Freeman — Reviewed in this issue.

The Rebel Generation, Jo Van Ammers-Küller — Reviewed in this issue.

Biography

Elizabeth and Essex, Lytton Strachey — Magnificent portrait of England's most baffling Queen.

Meet General Grant, W. E. Woodward — Shrewd account of the man behind the uniform.

Abraham Lincoln, Albert J. Beveridge — Authoritative scholarship replaces modern iconoclasm.

In Serious Vein

The Origins of the World War, Sidney B. Fay — Permanently shatters antiquated theories of war guilt.

The American Experiment, Bernard Faÿ — A foreigner's brilliant estimate of our emerging civilization.

The Decline of the West, Vol. II, Oswald Spengler — Reviewed in this issue.

The Nature of the Physical World, A. S. Eddington — Reviewed in this issue.

Other Matters

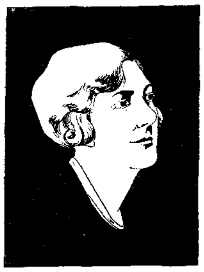
Winter Words, Thomas Hardy — Valedictory of a Titan.

An Anthology of World Poetry, edited by Mark Van Doren — Invaluable collection, which spans the ages.

The Doctor Looks at Marriage and Medicine, Dr. Joseph Collins — Common sense advice about our intimate problems.

The Magic Island, W. B. Seabrook — Reviewed in this issue.

Further, we owe tribute to the author for his steady indifference to any moralizing philosophy or sense of responsibility for the spiritual destinies of his people. He is content to tell their story with patience, sincerity, humor, and sympathy, and this is enough. It calls, perhaps, for a little faith to go with him through the first few chapters, but beyond that point the story is its own reward.


JO V. AMMERS-KÜLLER

A good share of the same qualities distinguishes THE REBEL GENERATION, by Jo Van Ammers-Küller (Dutton, $2.50), though here we have in addition a commentary on the wicked ways of men and the formidable frailties of women. This is a three-story novel, beginning in the days of Dutch grandfathers and tracing the history of the emancipation of woman clear down to the point where she has entirely won her freedom and is entirely uncertain what to do with it. The rebel generation, of course, is every generation, though no two ages cherish the same grievances. Those of a century ago, particularly as they affected women, were serious enough and are here laid on

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Books

pretty thick in a careful picture in the traditional Dutch manner. In those days men were vainglorious and autocratic roosters and all women were hens, and nobody suspected that the biologists of 1929 would be minimizing the differences between roosters and hens to the point where they don't matter much. The second generation witnessed the revolt of the women, with men behaving as stupidly about it as they had in compelling it. The third generation of the book introduces the latest model of the Dutch flapper, whose principal grievance is that she hasn't any.

This book is strictly feminine in flavor, a shade harder on the men than need be and a trifle over-generous to the meaning and manner of the feminine revolt. Its chief virtues, which are considerable, are aside from its polemical or historical importance. Its faithful and detailed pictures of Dutch life and the real personality of its characters make it a good story quite apart from the Nineteenth Amendment and all its causes and consequences.

PHYSICS AND PSYCHOLOGY

There is, of course, no accounting for tastes. But for ourselves we can get more substantial thrills from a good book of modern science than from half a dozen detective yarns. The discovery of the month is The Nature of the Physical World, by A. S. Eddington (Macmillan, $3.75). It represents a courageous attempt to bring the mysteries of physical science within our range of comprehension, and while there remains plenty which we must take on faith, we do arrive at some vague notions as to what the miracle men of the modern world have learned beyond the set limits of ordinary sense experience. To sit in an apparently solid armchair and consider its amazing composition out of protons, electrons, and frantic motion, to wander forth from the familiar length, breadth, and thickness of the hearth and home into a territory where the fourth dimension must positively be taken into account, to be introduced at last to Einstein and all his relatives — these are rich rewards for patience with a tough terminology and an exacting process of reasoning.

Yet this is not "popular science," for which we may be truly thankful. Popular science is usually neither particularly scientific nor particularly popular; as a rule it is a matter of tall stories which challenge our wonder without much inviting thought. The learned Professor Eddington has no desire to help our unbelief by overtaxing our appetite for the marvelous. Instead he invites our company along highways of experiment and speculation which have proved profitable, and brings us as close as can be to the awesome question marks which wait everywhere at the end of the road. We are impressed with his learning, his humor, and his genuine humility, and also with his intellectual honesty, which refuses to sacrifice the choice difficulties of his subject for the sake of our lazy mentalities.

There is also plenty of good sense in Hows and Whys of Human Behaviour, by Dr. George A. Dorsey (Harper, $3.50), but only a doubtful minimum of good science. The doctor's previous book was devoted to showing why we behave like human beings, and this one considers in rambling fashion the reasons why we don't. The doctor has one solid conviction and mentions it often — that human behavior is made and not born. Out of a sow's ear, he believes, you may make not only a silk purse but practically anything else you please, if you will but start soon enough and be unsparing with wisdom and diligence. There are, without doubt, thousands of scientists who won't agree with him for a minute.

George A. Dorsey

But this theory, spread thin so that it covers practically everything and anything, serves as excuse for a lot of practical suggestions on bringing up children, playing poker, getting a job, keeping out of jail, and living happily though married. There are no limits to the doctor's curiosity, confidence, or fund of anecdote and illustration, and there is no reason to suppose he need ever stop talking, particularly since he talks so entertainingly. He has gone away, in fact, from science into a loose-jointed system of practical ethics where he turns to good and profitable account his academic prestige and wide range of personal experience. He is generous with excellent advice, and he knows how to make people listen to it.

RUTHLESS ANALYSIS

When a writer has a perfectly sound story to tell, we are disposed to resent all mannerisms which blur its edges and distract attention from matters more important. Particularly is this true when we recognize the trick of style as a borrowed one. While the Bridegroom Tarried, by Edna Bryner (Dutton, $2.50), is a shrewd and skillful study of

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by Auguste Forel—Translated by C. K. Ogden

This work, summing up a century of entomological research, is, in the words of Professor W. M. Wheeler, "epoch-making." It will remain a classic throughout the years to come in the same sense as "The Origin of Species" is a classic.

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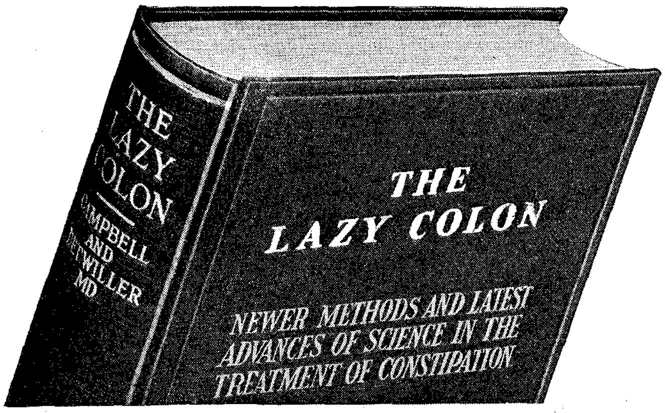
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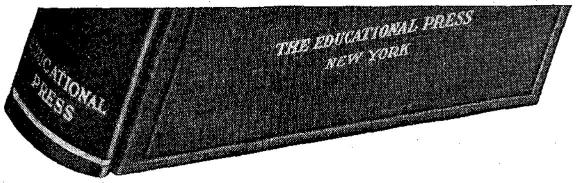

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them are scarcely fit to live, and certainly unfit to live with. They quarrel, gossip, forget their manners, and hate each other comprehensively. The moral, if any, seems to be that civilization doesn't keep well in hot weather and that good behavior is no more than skin-deep anyway and liable to be dissolved by proximity and perspiration. There is considerable art in the book, but most of it is devoted to assembling a lot of unpleasant men and women and then stripping them down to the raw, which seems on the whole an accomplishment of doubtful value.

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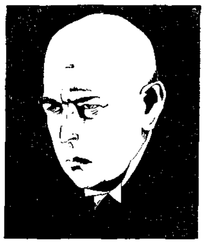
New Perspectives

THE DECLINE OF THE WEST, Volume II, by Oswald Spengler; translated by Charles Frances Atkinson; Knopf, $7.50.
Reviewed by ARTHUR D. GAYER.

THIS IS the concluding volume of the work which created such a furor on its first appearance about two and a half years ago. The subtitle, "Perspectives of World History," is perhaps a little misleading in its suggestion that Spengler is here going to give us a consecutive survey of world history written from his characteristic approach. Much of the book is occupied with an expansion and elaboration of arguments presented in the first volume. The purely historical material introduced consists merely of a beautifully succinct, graphic, and penetrating account of the development of that "Arabian" culture whose organic unity Spengler claims to have discovered. In these chapters are included an illuminating sketch of the rise of early Christianity from the welter of conflicting yet closely cognate religions which flourished on the ruins of the classical world, and an analysis of the strange destiny of the Jews — which Spengler, by splendid play of analogical insight, finds not at all exceptional.


OSWALD SPENGLER

Even those who did not read the first volume have by this time become familiar with the bare bones of Spengler's philosophy of history — a philosophy which regards history not as a straight line process, progressing cumulatively and by steady accretion, but as a succession of wholly independent, self-enclosed cycles, each representing an initial life energy (his "culture souls") which fulfills itself and passes away. The argument is that each culture, though it has a peculiar physiognomy of its own, follows a definite course of development through a predestined sequence of phases which is structurally identical for all, mutual borrowings or influences being denied as absolutely impossible, and dismissed, where they appear to be present, as an illusion — a "pseudomorphosis," as he calls it. It is presumably to drive home this point, fundamental to his philosophy, that Spengler devotes his central chapters to examining the most conspicuous example of pseudomorphosis — the "Arabian" culture.

The earlier chapters consist partly in a further exposition of ideas put forward in the first volume, partly in a specific application of these ideas to the stream of world history. Here Spengler discusses the essential differences between plant life and animal life, feeling and intellect, history and nature, causality and destiny; he sets out the rôle, in the history of all cultures, of the two prime orders of nobility and priesthood; he contrasts in detail high cultures with primitive peoples and "fellahin"; and he analyzes the philosophic meaning of language, religion, scientific thought, of feudalism, city life, and the metropolis.

The succeeding chapters also contain much on these heads, but have the additional contemporary interest that Spengler, in analyzing our own present conditions, indicates, by analogy with other civilizations, whither he considers humanity is headed. With suggestive eloquence he touches rapidly on such vast and diverse topics as the growth of the metropolis with its materialistic consciousness, the phenomena of exotic cults, the cinema and professional athletics, the press and money politics, the withering of artistic and intellectual creativeness. He forecasts a future of decay, to which we are doomed without hope of escape, wherein Cæsarism and mob rule will triumph over democracy, while the drying up of all the springs of spiritual life will eventually result in an increasing sterility of civilized man himself and a progressive depopulation of the Western world until, finally, "the course of a world history ends by winding itself up."

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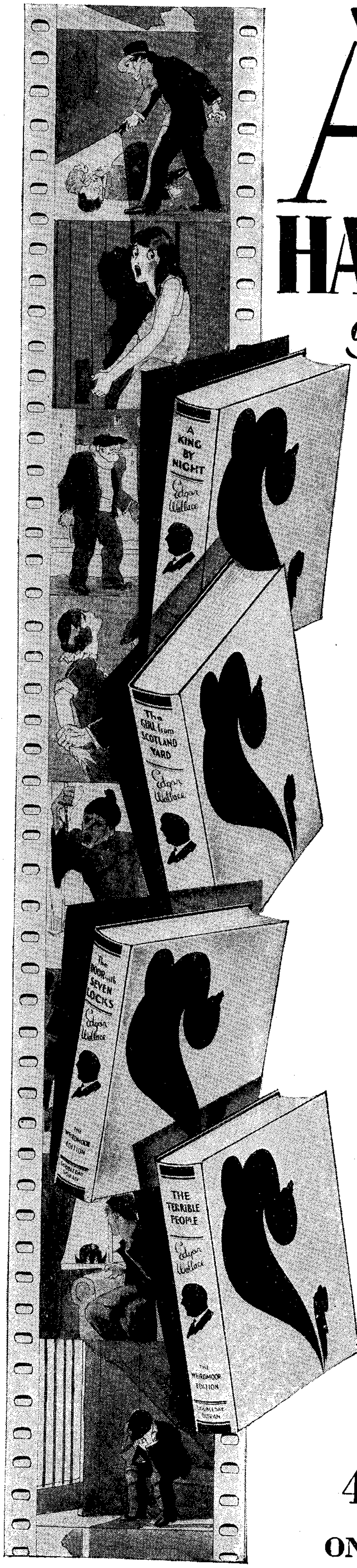

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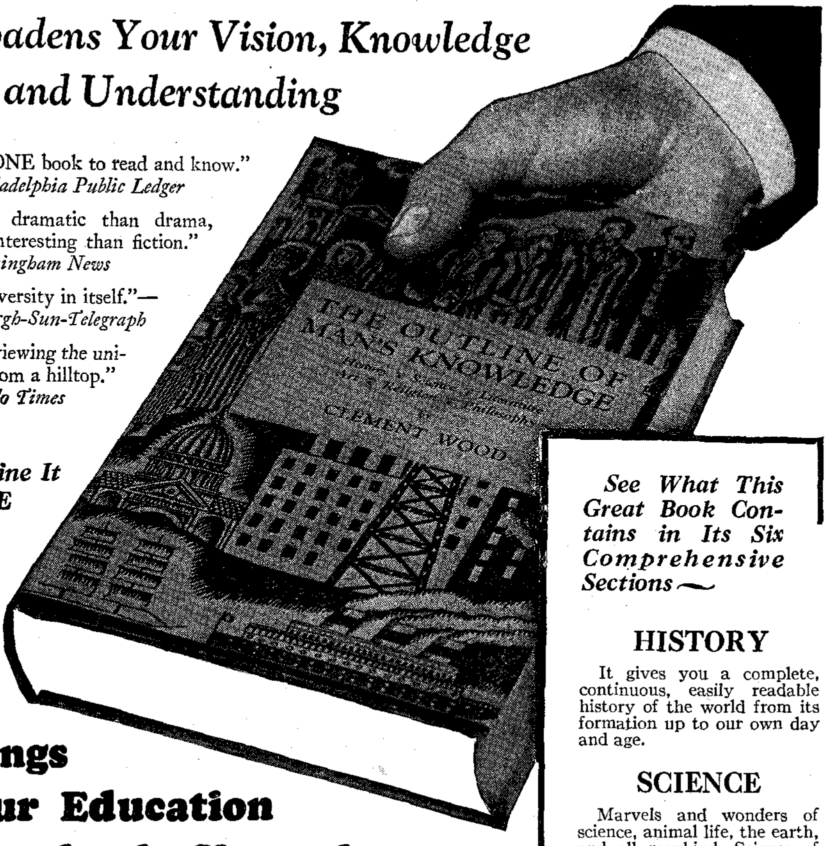
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idea of this prodigious work, amazing alike in the sweep of its encyclopædic erudition, the poetic vividness of its forceful if frequently chaotic style, the wealth of penetrating and suggestive observations which crowd almost every page, the far-ranging glance with which the entire history — political, economic, and cultural — of civilized mankind is surveyed from the detached heights of speculative thought in a challenging perspective. Still less can one discuss here the host of criticisms which inevitably suggest themselves of the book's basic arguments — such as the idea that each culture must ever start afresh where the others began, or the gratuitous assumption that modern mechanical technique has wrought no deep-seated change, of a permanent character, in the destinies of mankind.

Frequent doubts will arise, then, at fundamental points, but what cannot be questioned is the immense importance of the book and the profound impression it is bound to make in our interpretation of history, in our outlook on the future, in our conception of the meaning of life. For here is one of the mighty books of the century, which, sooner or later, will be read by all who ponder the riddle of existence — a book which is heavy with implications of vital import in spheres lying beyond the confines of history or sociology. Although it should not be uncritically accepted as a new gospel, it is a truly monumental work, at once depressing in its pessimism and exhilarating in its compelling challenge to our accepted ideas.

A One-Man Show

DIALOGUES AND MONOLOGUES, by Humbert Wolfe; Knopf, $2.50.
Reviewed by T. S. MATTHEWS.

MR. HUMBERT WOLFE, by his own account, and (I suppose) by what might be called general admission, is a poet. He is not a critic. *Dialogues and Monologues*, though superficially a book of literary criticism, is actually a collection of his well-aired views on such vital questions as George Moore, the "modernist" movement in American verse, the intellectual knavery and emotional blasphemy involved in having been born a Frenchman instead of an Englishman, etc. We are not apt to find Mr. Wolfe's opinions on any particular subject difficult to recall, for there is about them the flavor of the old favorite.

This book is really a fairy tale which tells, in seven versions, how a fairy prince named Humbert Wolfe went out into the wicked literary world to seek his fortune; of the hulking giants and little sneaking trolls to whom he administered a well-deserved trouncing; and of how, when he

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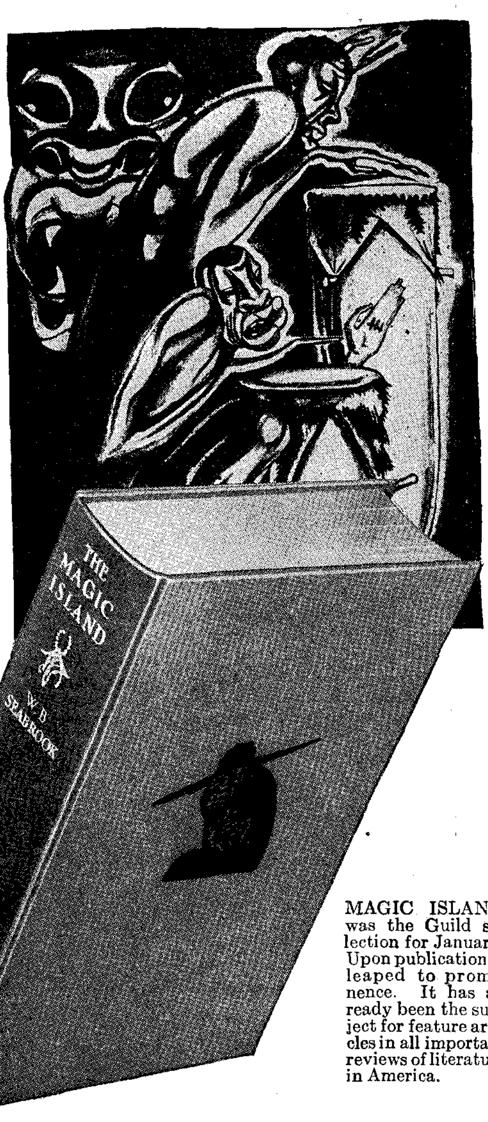

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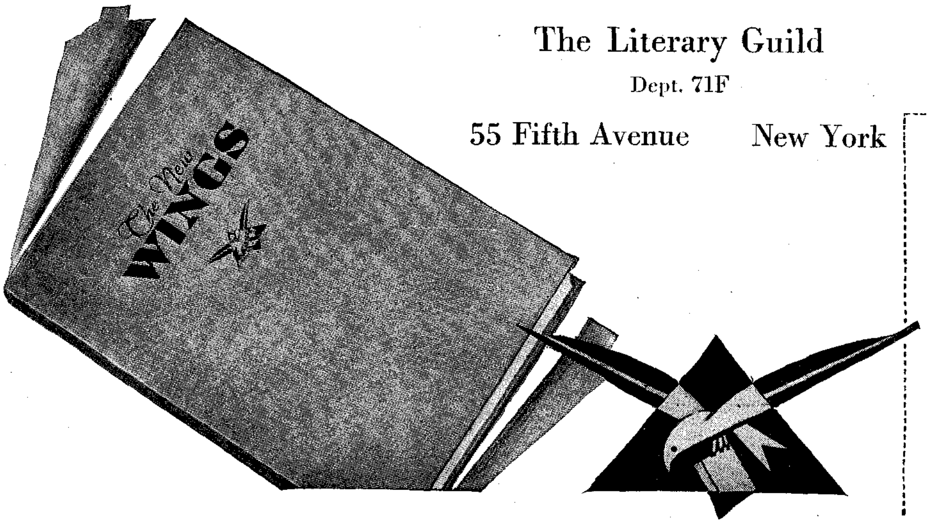

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had rescued the beauteous lady Poetry from all her enemies, he carried her off to make an honest woman of her once again. This is, of course, fun for Mr. Wolfe, and it may even be instructive for the rest of us — in so far as such feats of intellectual derring-do reveal their invariable hero — but as criticism it is not even second-rate. What does finally emerge from Mr. Wolfe's rigid intelligence and façile pen is exactly the kind of settled Olympian pomposity which, in the case of older men like Dr. Van Dyke, we have been politely overlooking for years. For, in the dispute between the old gents and the young fellows, Mr. Wolfe is decidedly on the side of the old gents.

We are all familiar with the professor of literature who, by merely ringing in the names of the more radical writers, establishes himself as a lecturer of catholic sympathies, and can then proceed to "criticize" them in a manner which even some members of his audience may find pretentiously ignorant. This is Mr. Wolfe's method of critical approach. If the literary question under dispute — and he never raises a literary question unless he is sure he has the answer — is one in which he feels that something *can* be said (up to a certain point) for the wrong side, he makes the *advocatus diaboli* a "sympathetic character"; and when the battle (or rather, Mr. Wolfe's display of virtuosity in confounding his own puppet) has come to its inevitable conclusion, Saladin is allowed to proceed from the fold under his own power. He is struck all of a heap, of course, and is so shaken that presumably he sees the error of his former ways, and will soon be baptized — but at least he is not publicly humiliated. But when Mr. Wolfe is fighting a cause (as how often he is!) of real literary life and death — woe, woe to his luckless opponent! For in such a case, even the stars in their courses will fight for Mr. Wolfe.

It is really a one-man show, of course, but it is worth the price of admission to see the powers of darkness thus silenced, humiliated, enraged, and put to flight — and by one whom not only old gentlemen, but old ladies too, would beam upon, and beam upon delightedly.

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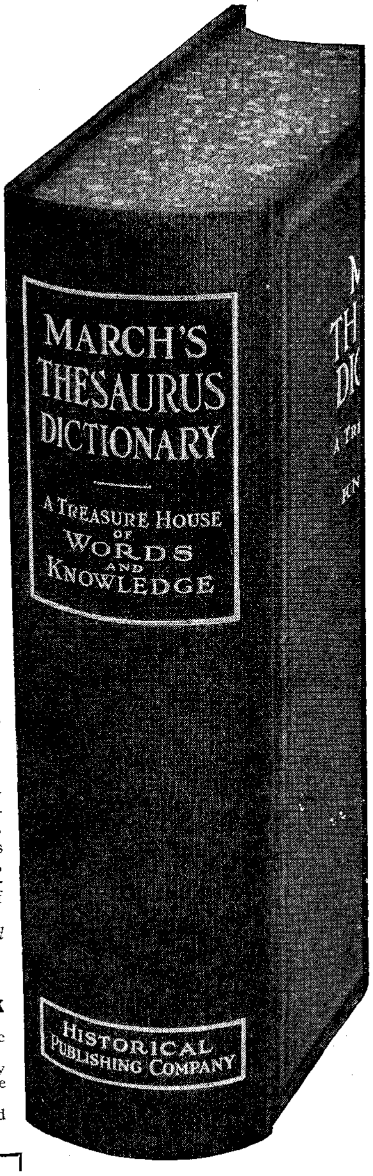
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Black Haiti

THE MAGIC ISLAND, by W. B. Seabrook; Harcourt, Brace, $3.50.
Reviewed by H. P. DAVIS.

ALTHOUGH Mr. Seabrook's latest book deserves, and will undoubtedly achieve, success as a vivid and amazing narrative, it would be a pity to ignore the more solid significance of the author's contribution to our knowledge of the people of Haiti — those two million or more primitive, illiterate peasants who are, for the time being, wards of the United States. *The Magic Island* is an account of what Mr. Seabrook saw and thought and — more important — of what he felt during many months of intimate contact with all classes of people resident in Haiti — whites, blacks, and mulattoes of the upper circles, and the great peasant mass whose language he mastered and has accurately recorded.

The author of *The Magic Island* was quite frankly and, from the point of view of American officialdom in Haiti, even crudely indifferent to the political aspects of the very real and complicated problems which confront United States agents in the job of regenerating the Haitian people. In his kindly intentioned sketches, however, of the Haitian *élite,* and in his humorous, if perhaps less kindly, appraisals of the officials of the American occupation, he has cast interesting sidelights on an involved and vexatious situation. That his comments on the social aspects of this problem will be resented by both of the articulate peoples in Haiti is of comparatively small importance, because of the magnitude of the service which he has rendered.

Mr. Seabrook has done a far greater and more important thing than to write an absorbing story. He has, with marvelous insight and sympathy, given to the world the first and only authentic interpretation of the soul of a people, of some two million

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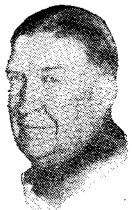

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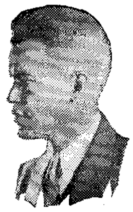

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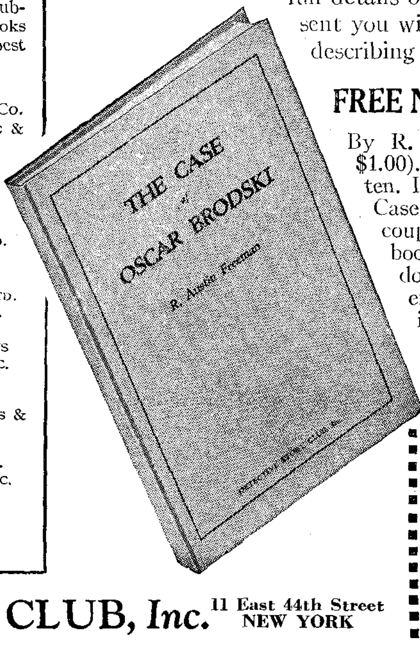

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The conventional picture of the interior of Haiti — a fearful, mysterious, Voodoo-ridden country where human sacrifices and cannibalism are common — disappears before Mr. Seabrook's illuminating account of religious ceremonies which he not only witnessed but in which he actually took part as an initiate. That there have been, even in recent years, human sacrifices in Haiti, is a matter of official record; but, as Mr. Seabrook has conclusively shown, such sacrifices have no place in the great majority of the ceremonial practices and rituals.

Diminished Giants

Peder Victorious, by O. E. Rolvaag; Harper, $2.50.
Reviewed by Clifton P. Fadiman.

Always interesting and intelligent, often beautiful, this tale of the second generation of Norwegian pioneers nevertheless fails to grip the reader as intensely as Mr. Rolvaag's splendid first novel. But that the sequel to *Giants in the Earth* should be less moving than its predecessor was inevitable. The difficulty lies in the step down from a theme of universal import, surrounded with honest glamour, to one which is not so much a theme as a problem. In *Giants in the Earth* the conflict was a primordial one — man's lone struggle with the land. In *Peder Victorious*, which deals with the boyhood of the son of Per and Beret Hansa, the land has already ceased to function as a labor for giants, with the result that the giants are gone and with them some of the epic quality that filled the first book. Instead of the struggle of Titans we must now be content with a very sensitive portrayal of the rather familiar conflict between the strong, dominating mother and the rebellious, burgeoning son. With the Norwegian pioneers the acceptance of America was a profound necessity, but subconsciously apprehended; with the sons and daughters of the pioneers it has already become a "problem." The talk is now of "assimilation"; mother and son take up their inevitable positions as antagonists in the language controversy. The rounded Hamsun note, holding within it an accent of the eternal, has begun to die out, and the first faint whine of the problem novelist is heard. Consequently, there is a general lowering of emotional tone.

O E. Rolvaag

But, as has been said, this was inevitable; for it is dependent on the historical evolution of the Norwegian immigrants within their given territory. Per's soul had nothing less than a new earth and a new nature to accustom itself to. In 1880 Peder, his son, is now concerned with the more specific problem of becoming an American; and Peder's son will probably be bothered mainly by the question of economic aggrandizement; and his grandson by that of boredom with his country. As soon as your characters are concerned with "problems," even where these problems are as unpedantically posed as they are in *Peder Victorious*, as soon as their

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lives are conditioned by a foreseeable social development, they cease to be epic. They are no longer superhuman and they often become less human. That is to say, their creator is bound to see them in terms of social factors and to use them, therefore, as instruments whereby to illuminate a social situation. In the present volume, for example, the reader knows from the beginning that the Lutheran Norwegian Peder will love and marry the Catholic Irish Susie; for this is the accepted symbol of the resolution of that social problem known as the Americanization of the immigrant. Rolvaag is an artist of the utmost sincerity, and nothing is more distasteful to him than the easy conventionalization of character, yet does not the climax of his novel remind us inevitably of the last act of Miss Anne Nichols' Struldbrugian comedy-drama?

Peder Victorious, then, was bound to be a less inspiring and satisfactory work than *Giants in the Earth;* but it is not without its extraordinary excellences. Particularly admirable, for example, is the slow care with which the unique Lutheran morality of the Norwegians is illuminated and the perception which enables Rolvaag to distinguish it from the more customary forms of American Puritanism. Rolvaag's ethic sensitivity is as delicate as a seismograph; his older generation, at least, is completely and recognizably Norwegian. Never could it be confused with a nineteenth century native American farming population. His people form that most admirable thing, a genuine free-born peasantry. They are a peasantry, not a yokelry, possessing an indigenous culture and a definite code of morality which may be narrow and is often terrifying, but which is never the expression of brutality or ignorance. It is this community, so lovingly portrayed with not even a hint of sentimentality, and not the central characters, which one remembers long after the last page of this fine book has been closed.

Medical Humanism

CONSECRATIO MEDICI, by Harvey Cushing; Little, Brown, $2.50.
Reviewed by T. SWANN HARDING.

HARVEY CUSHING is a gentleman physician of the old school. His felicitous facility with Latin betrays him. He is a humanist of the Oliver Wendell Holmes type and, like many other older physicians, is very suspicious of the modern highly scientific laboratory methods of diagnosis which seem to prevent any human understanding of the patient by his doctor. But Dr. Cushing is neither a fanatic nor an incorrigible Tory. He is urbane, tolerant, scholarly, alert. He is quite willing to give medical modernism its due

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in so far as the physician does not lose the ability to approach the sick as human beings and to treat their pains and aches with sympathetic wisdom.

Consecratio Medici is composed almost entirely of papers which the author has delivered from 1904 to 1927. The first and title paper keys the entire lot to a high ideal of therapeutic consecration too often neglected in this era of split fees, dollar chasing, and needless operations. The remaining chapters are quite naturally uneven in quality. Some, like the war memories, are not significant; some, like "The Western Reserve and Its Medical Traditions," are too localized to interest the general reader much. Others, like "Realignments in Greater Medicine," admirably preach Cushing's fundamental message: hold fast to that which is good in the old while judiciously utilizing modern methods and ideas. "The Doctor and His Books" is delightful reading and doubtless portrays its humane physician author to the life. It is pervaded with real humor and ripened wisdom.

Perhaps one could ask for no better portrait of the ideal doctor, who could so soon annihilate charlatanism should his tribe increase, than that which is drawn by Dr. Cushing in his chapter on Osler. Osler not only had sound technical equipment, but an air of perfect simplicity and directness. He entered the sick room with a song and an epigram, "an air of gayety, an atmosphere that lifts the invalid instantly out of his ills." The very joy of Osler's visit made the ward forget the symptoms it fancied were important before that visit was made. Compare this with the solemn, all too often indifferent and somewhat heartless manner of the average doctor or scientific specialist and you can begin to see what medical humanism really is. Moreover, as this reviewer is aware from wide acquaintance with his more technical papers, Harvey Cushing continually practises effectively what he so ably preaches.

The book is completely non-technical and should not stump the most unscientific reader. While not in any sense a masterpiece, it well repays reading, for it is good to know that medicine can produce a Cushing, a Draper, a Barker, a Cabot, and, among younger men, an Alvarez.

Jewish Isolation

THE CHOSEN PEOPLE, by Jerome and Jean Tharaud; translated by Frances Wilson Huard; Longmans, Green, $2.00. Reviewed by JEAN B. TEMPLE.

THIS ACCOUNT of the Jews in Europe is a brief and swiftly moving narrative which takes its point of departure from the life of the ghetto, that racial

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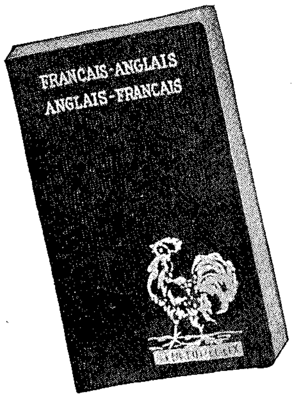

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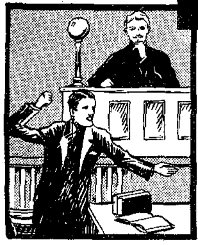

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isolation which was at first self-imposed but later became a penalization. It is vividly written, full of delightful passages. But the book's readability does not detract from its value as a study of the later phases of Jewish history, which are no less dramatic than those of its beginnings in the desert wanderings of nomad shepherds.

The Tharauds see the history of the Jews in Europe as patterned by two lines of effort to escape from the dominance of the Synagogue. The first has been that of intellectual revolution, beginning with the rationalism of Maimonides and reaching a peak in the work of Moses Mendelssohn, which was aimed at occidentalizing the Jew socially rather than religiously. The second effort toward escape has been by way of the mysticism of Cabbala and the recurring manifestations of the messiah psychology. If the Jews of the present do not await the coming of a messiah who shall lead them to dominance, at least many of them substitute in place of his rallying the "call to justice and perfect equality" of the internationalism of Moscow, and the summons of the Zionist movement which shall reinstate a small portion of their number in Palestine.

But the Jewish mind has found in emphasizing its racial particularism, by the arts and by new forms of social conduct, another channel of wish-fulfillment than either Bolshevism or Zionism. This the authors deplore as presenting the peril of "intellectual immoderation." One feels somewhat let down by this conclusion to an otherwise excellent history. There is in the Jew a something always proudly unassimilable, an austere and unyielding spiritual isolation as real as the old objective one of the ghetto. It is an isolation such as that of the artist, such as that of any being with a different scale of values, who must seem always something of the *Schlemil* — the awkward, unlucky one — to his fellows. And if to counterbalance the sensitive type there is another type of Jew whose gifts are less obvious than the racial defects at which the authors hint — well, the same could be said of the Englishman or the German.

Any deprecation of an unassimilated racial group, even though it have the unaccustomed urbanity of this one, must have a familiar ring to our ears. For if we here have not enforced the pale of the ghetto upon the Jew, on the other hand we have failed signally at times to respect in him that very inner isolation which will make no easy surrenders. But our demands for conformity to Nordic captions meet in him, fortunately, the resistance of an ancient racial strength. He has resources, both intellectual and spiritual, wherewith to combat the arbitrary standards which we, in a somewhat obtuse fashion, have attempted to impose upon him.

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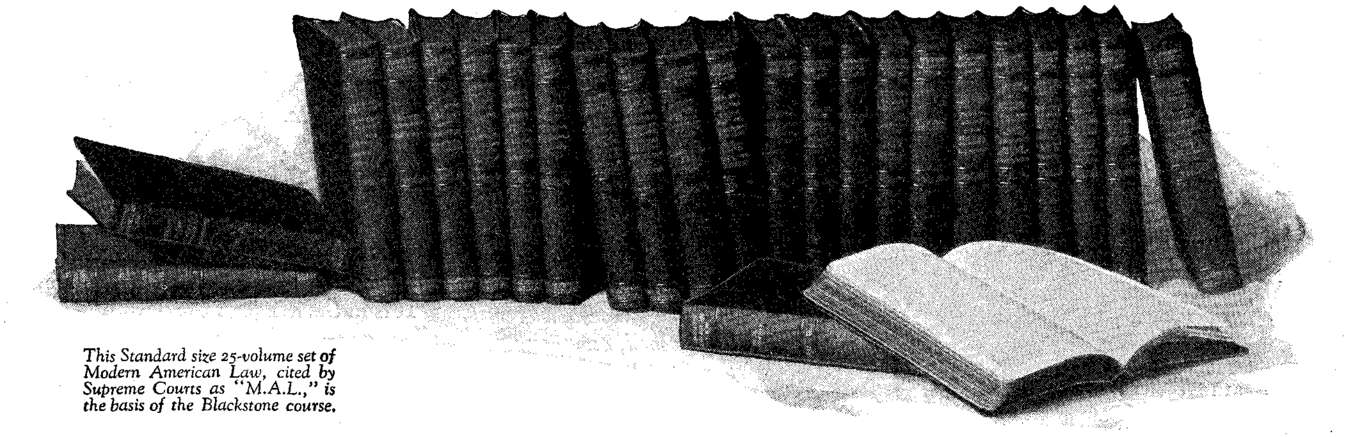

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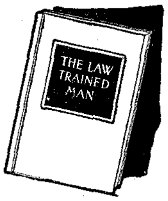

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The Forum Airway

On December 2nd The Forum gathered together several representative persons of the theatrical world to discuss "What Is Wrong With the Theatre?" Dr. George Reed Andrews, President of the Church and Drama Society, represented the viewpoint of the audience; Mr. Paul Turner, counsel for Actors' Equity, represented that organization; Mr. Grant Mitchell, actor, and vice-president of Actors' Equity, spoke for the actor; Mr. Charles Coburn, producer and actor, described the modern producer's difficulties; and Mr. Hamilton MacFaddan, another producer, spoke on the theatrical situation as an economic whole. Commenting letters were unusually good, but many were so long that they had to be automatically ruled out. A year's free subscription to The Forum has been awarded to the authors of the three letters which follow — the best of those received both in force and brevity.

FIRST LETTER

To the Editor:

Up to the present era, the theatre has been a great source of education as well as entertainment. The actors of any prominence were men of education and, above all, had training in their work. All who came to the front had graduated from the school of hard work and gradual attainment. They brought to the theatre an atmosphere of sincerity, which, as you know, is sadly lacking to-day. Stars now are made over night, if they happen to be a certain "type" needed for a play. After the play has had a long run these same actors are left high and dry since their experience is not sufficient to make them versatile and useful for other plays requiring different characters.

Producers make the grave mistake of thinking that money alone can put a play across. We in Philadelphia have just had another example of how far money can take a production. The Art Alliance brought "Macbeth" over here with Margaret Anglin and Lynn Harding in the cast. All sorts of trick scenery, lighting, and costuming, as well as much advertising were expended on this production and all that it lacked was real art. The Ben Greet players put "Macbeth" over without any scenery or lighting to speak of and you heard Shakespeare's beautiful lines spoken as you haven't heard them since. Every actor on the stage had his heart in the rôle he portrayed and that sort of thing gets over the footlights. You cannot bluster and mumble your lines if the audience is to enjoy itself. Half of the audience neither saw nor heard half of "Macbeth," as the futuristic scenery was built so high that it was only visible to the people on the first floor of the Broad Street Theatre. One sincere artist is worth a million dollars in scenery and advertising. Things that are to last in the artistic world must be built from the ground up if they are to hold the public.

CAROLINE PARR

Wyncote, Pa.

SECOND LETTER

To the Editor:

What's the matter with the theatre?

It is in the hands of the pawnbrokers — all ornamentation and superstructure, but directed by gentlemen with finger nails in mourning, mentally.

The theatre has to make its goal a better one than money and sexual appeal.

The remedy? Investment of capital by small idealists — millions of them — with serial tickets of admission.

Uniting corporations of the improved theatre — controlling more than one theatre so losses would be offset by successes — and the whole "cleared."

Dramatic education.

Shooting the poseur critics who are students of nothing and who only aim to turn a new epigram.

LAWRENCE F. DEUTZMAN

Smithtown Branch, L. I.

THIRD LETTER

To the Editor:

THE FORUM, by radio, this afternoon made an impression because it was manifestly a sincere discussion by competent people. The speaker who mentioned the young people as delightful to play to touched what seems to me the heart of the matter discussed, for in the young people lies the whole problem of the future as well as the present. My experience confirms Dr. Andrews' opinion that young people, alive and responsive, entering into the soul and spirit of the play as the older theatre-goer often fails to do, are a necessity to a normal audience. I observe a strong and widespread response in the young people of to-day to dramatic interests. As spectators and participants they are interested in the spoken drama, keener, more appreciative than erstwhile, but for various reasons getting nothing but infrequent contact with it. Why?

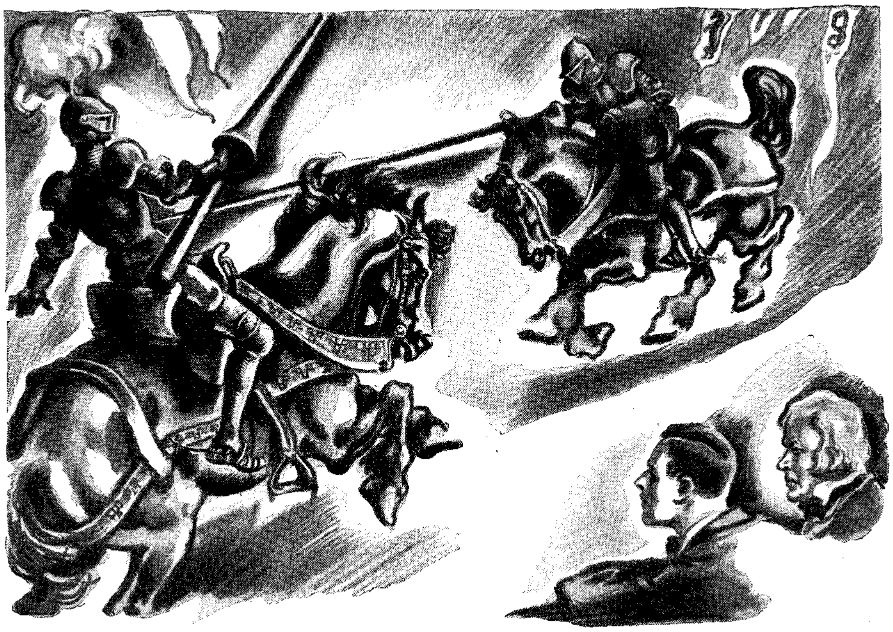
Diverted by the movies? Yes, because it is the easiest entertainment to reach and the price is not prohibitive. Rare indeed is the boy who can afford a "date" at the price of the present spoken drama.

Most of all I would suggest some organized effort to increase contact between stage production and youth. Notwithstanding all its freedom and opportunity, youth requires introduction by calculated means to the theatre of the spoken drama, which would be the joy of its life for youth, and for the theatre, life itself.

EDWARD ABORN

East Orange, N. J.

Last night—Richard the Lion-Hearted crushed Athelstane—*before my very eyes!*



MY friend Walter Scott and I sat breathless. Our eyes were riveted upon three heavily armored knights spurring their great stallions against a single horseman. His shield bore the Spanish word *Desdichado,*—Disinherited.

The *Disinherited Knight* at first seemed a match for his three grim opponents. Wheeling like a hawk he drove his sharp lance viciously against one and then another. Now he plunged at Athelstane the Saxon—now at Front-de-Boeuf the Norman—now at Sir Brian the Crusader. Yet it was clear that against such odds he must soon yield, unless • • •

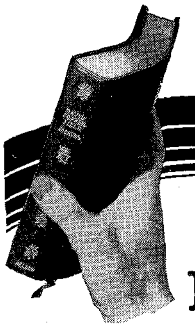
Suddenly from the other end of the lists, a trumpet blared a shrill note of defiance. From his gaily-flagged pavillion a tall knight on a coal black horse thundered across the field into the fray.

"To the rescue, Black Knight!" yelled the watching thousands.

Straight as an arrow galloped the Black Knight. With such force did he meet Front-de-Boeuf that their horses recoiled backward on their haunches. Then a flashing sword stroke and Front-de-Boeuf, horse and all, crashed to the ground.

The Black Knight then swerved his rearing charger. In a moment the powerful Athelstane was also crushed, before my very eyes!

The crowd screamed its applause of the Black Knight. Yet none realized that they cheered their true King of England, Richard the Lion-Hearted—secretly returned from The Third Crusade to regain his throne from a treacherous brother! No one guessed that within a few days his traitorous enemies would collapse with the fiery ruins of their own castle—the gray-haired Ulrica perched atop the flaming turret, shrieking her war song like one of the ancient furies!



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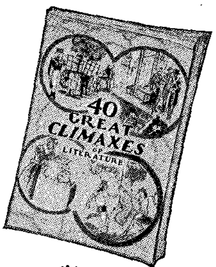

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5. What is psychology?
6. Who were Donatello, Cellini, Bologna, Rodin?
7. What is the Milky Way?
8. Who was Delilah?
9. What famous speech begins: "Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears"?
10. What do the following mean: (a) "Sprechen sie Deutsch"; (b) "Parlez-vous français"; (c) "Habla Usted Espanol"?
11. How far does a falling body drop in the first second after starting from rest?
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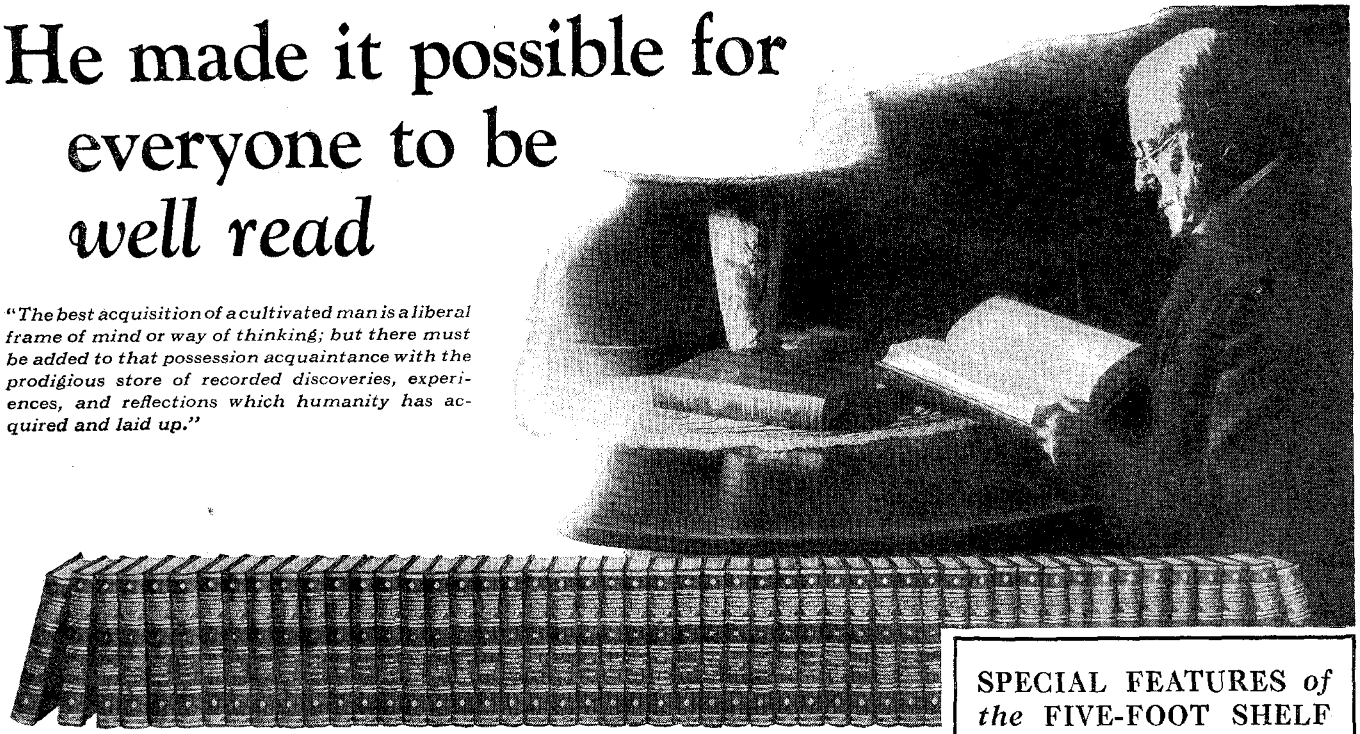

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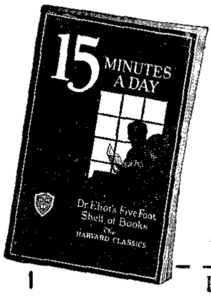

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THE little ship steams slowly out of the harbor. And no one looks behind as *the island* vanishes in the noonday haze. It is the Island of Living Dead — Culion.

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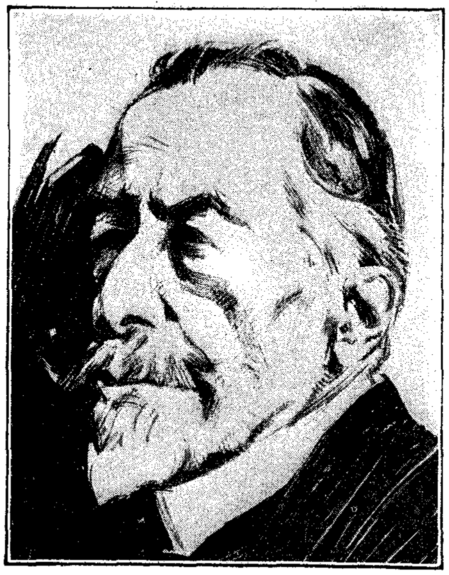

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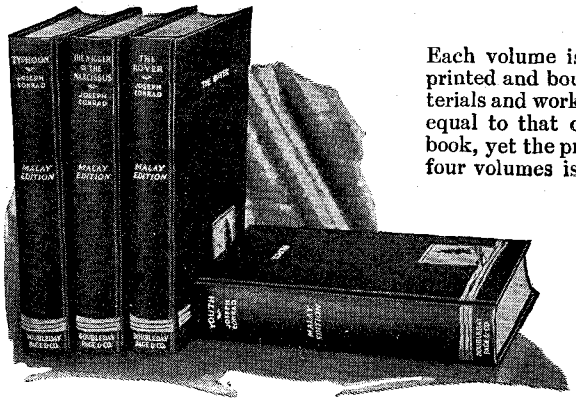

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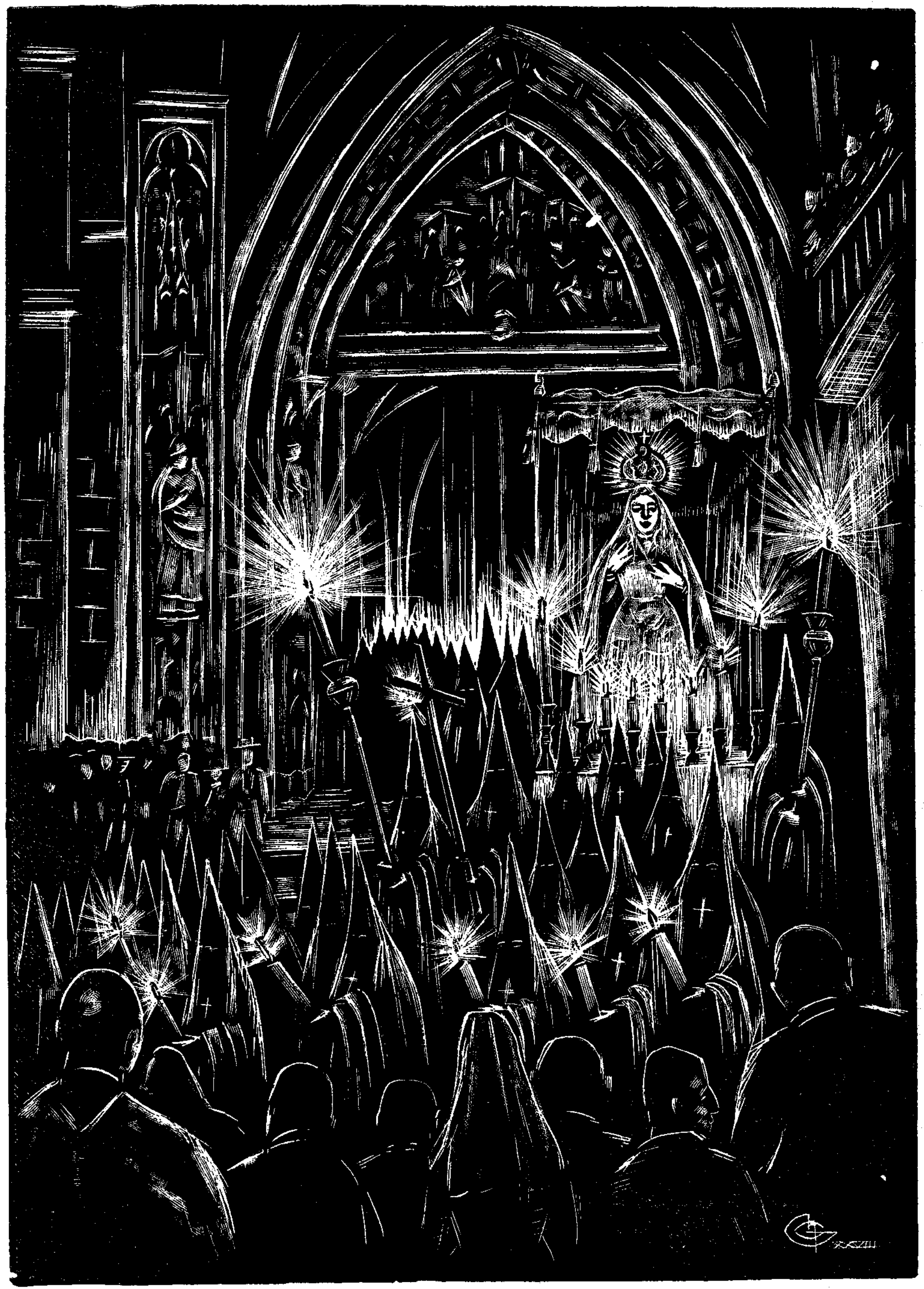

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EASTER PROCESSION, SEVILLE

F O R U M

MARCH, 1929 VOL. LXXXI, NO. 3

SPAIN and AMERICA

by SALVADOR DE MADARIAGA

I

A FEW YEARS after the Spanish-American War a party of Americans was touring in the south of Spain. They came from Morocco and had brought over with them a small Moorish boy to provide a playmate for the American children of the party. The Spanish innkeeper in whose house they were staying had children of his own. One afternoon the American tourists heard a great hubbub and turmoil under their windows. They rushed out and beheld the Spanish boys in regular battle with the little Moor. After they had brought back a perhaps precarious peace, one of the Americans expostulated with the host: "Your children had American boys right here close at hand; why should they go and beat that friendly Moor?" And the innkeeper: "Oh, you know we have forgotten all about the Spanish-American War, and you Americans are too far away, while we have known the Moors for centuries and they are so handy for a fight!"

So much for the natural trend of instincts in the Spanish people. The Spanish-American War notwithstanding, the United States as a nation is not antagonistic to Spain in the sense in which Germany is antagonistic to France or Servia to Italy. The Spanish people have no natural enemy on the whole round earth. This lack of potential adversaries — a feature of the nation's subconscience — adds strength and purity to the universalistic tendency of Spanish political thought. It is a curious fact that Spain is — I should not care to say the only country — but certainly a country in which the League of Nations has no adversaries on the narrow, nationalistic side. The only Spaniards who are not convinced advocates of the League are those who do not believe in politics at all, the disillusioned observers of mankind as a hopeless herd, or the religiously minded people who look at life in general as vanity. Spain will be searched in vain for the Spanish nationalist who will denounce the League of Nations as dangerous to Spanish interests.

The universalistic tendency is very old in Spanish thought. As the cloud of Protestant bigotry, raised by the counter-cloud of Catholic bigotry, begins to lift, Spain's real physiognomy is seen in its true features and complexion. And in the same proportion the world begins to realize the greatness of the Spanish jurists who founded international law on a higher and nobler basis than Grotius and one whole century earlier. That century-long dynasty of Salamancan jurists, which opened with Vitoria and closed with Suarez, laid down

the *jus gentium* and defined nations as limbs of mankind, with a comprehension and a detachment from national and religious fetters which our present world has not yet attained. The spirit that prompted those men is inherent in the nation. It was distorted — worse still, forgotten — during the years of the Spanish decadence; but it was not dead, and in our day it quickens and directs Spanish public opinion on all foreign matters.

Such is the background which our American friends must contemplate before they can fully understand the attitude of Spain toward the United States. A descriptive sketch of this attitude must cover four points: the United States and Spain; the United States and Spanish America; the United States and the world; the United States and its outlook on life.

So far as Spain herself is concerned, the very swiftness with which she has forgotten the Spanish-American War is sufficient proof of the detachment of her other views concerning the United States. To be quite honest about it, I think Spain has forgotten too quickly. A few years ago when a ceremony was held in Cartagena to honor the memory of the sailors who lost their lives in that war, the American Ambassador was invited to attend. In my opinion Spain should have waited till the American Government had publicly acknowledged the innocence of Spain in the accident of the *Maine*. It is now obvious to every conscientious American that the *Maine* was destroyed through no action of Spain. It was, of course, obvious at the time to every man in his senses. The United States of America owes Spain an apology for the terrible slander it inflicted on her at the time. Nothing could raise its credit and moral authority among the nations more than a spontaneous acknowledgment of the error it committed then. But let me say again that Spain is more sorry than angry on this account, and she has repeatedly shown the United States that she harbors no rancor about it.

II

THE POSITION IS not so easy as regards Spanish America. Let the reader refer to the background outlined above and he will realize that Spain's concern in Spanish America is of a purely spiritual character. It cannot be commercial, because as a market Spanish America is too distant, and the required commodities (machinery and capital) can be more easily found in the United States or Great Britain. It cannot be racial, for there is a considerable portion of South America which racially is still in the melting pot. It can only be of a spiritual character. The Spanish Empire had an astounding creative vitality. This is another fact which Protestant bigotry and historical prejudice have obscured, but contemporary scholarship (and in particular that of several excellent American workers in this field) is bringing it to light. All Spain wants is that the nations she planted on American soil be allowed to grow in their own way and without undue pressure from outside.

Now, on this question, there is no doubt that Spain shares the fears felt by the whole South American continent. The arguments and attitudes generally employed in the United States to cover with a mantle of respectability the stark imperialism of the United States — territorial first, financial afterward — cannot be expected to meet in Spain with the same amount of credibility which they obtain at

Woodcuts by H. Glintenkamp

home. Spain, whose turn of mind is realistic and apt to pierce through words till it strikes the bed rock of things, is deeply imbued with the feeling that the United States considers the whole continent as its prey. Annexation begins in the soul, whence it passes into the language. Spain attaches a profound significance to the fact that the United States calls itself "America." This act of verbal annexation of the whole continent, precisely because it is subconscious, innocent, and, so to say, "unmeant," is, to Spain's way of thinking, the revelation of the imperialistic intention of the United States.

The next stage is an act of conquest in the mind. To Spain the Monroe Doctrine is the charter of American imperialism over the whole continent. We need not discuss what it means, even if such a discussion is possible. For our purpose all we need remark is that the United States has repeatedly asserted its decision to reserve for itself the exclusive right to define, interpret, and apply the Monroe Doctrine. Now the significance of the Monroe Doctrine lies in this very fact, and not in what the Doctrine says or means. The essential fact about the Monroe Doctrine is that while it vitally affects all the South American states, these states have no access to it, no coöperation or acquiescence in its definition, interpretation, or application. By asserting the unilateral character of the Monroe Doctrine, the United States has at one stroke — a stroke of sheer force — beheaded all the South American countries and reduced them to the status of protectorates. It is doubtful whether so far-reaching an operation of imperialism has ever before been known in history.

This view, it may be argued, is purely theoretical. But, to begin with, purely theoretical points are not unimportant. Far from it. Believing that politics is chiefly psychology and spirit, I hold that a point which vitally affects psychological relations — even if it affects no other — is of the very first importance in international life. But even if we turn now to the claims of the tiresome person who can see nothing but what he calls facts, what are the facts about the immediate effects of the Monroe Doctrine? To put all South American nations at the mercy of the great power which has decapitated them. For the basis of the political independence of small nations is their liberty to keep a delicate balance of power between the several nations which, under the guise of friendship, exert pressure upon them. If the Monroe Doctrine is going to exclude all nations but the United States from effective action in South America, it follows that in every South American capital the only minister with actual force behind his words is the minister of the United States, and, therefore, that every Spanish-American nation feels that its liberty has been sold to Washington.

We have now gradually come closer and closer to tangible realities. We began with an act of subconscious annexation revealed by the adoption of the name "America." Then we came to a juridical or intellectual annexation, for that is what the unilateral Monroe Doctrine amounts to. Then we observed the diplomatic and political consequences of such a juridical annexation.

But what about the actual working of the Doctrine? My favorite answer to this question is in the form of a story. A German professor had undertaken an experiment to find out whether it is possible to accustom a lion to live in the same cage with a lamb. Asked whether his experiment had been successful, he answered: "Yes, very successful; only now and then I had to replace the lamb." It is true that we are told now and then that the lamb has become so wild that the lion's life and property are in danger; still, we wonder. . . .

Looking at it from a detached point of view — I would even prefer to say from a point of view *attached* equally to both sides — the record of the United States in Spanish America can hardly be considered satisfactory. It would be absurd to deny the benefits which the countries of the Caribbean Sea, for instance, have derived from closer familiarity, more or less compulsorily developed, with the United States of America. Health and justice in particular have improved in direct proportion to the degree of responsibility taken by American authorities — a fact which our American friends will find handsomely acknowledged even by the Spanish authors inclined to judge them most severely.* But in many respects more important than these, perhaps, the picture is far from worthy of a great democracy professing ideals of liberty and Christianity. It is doubtful, in fact, whether the American people are fully aware of the deeds which are perpetrated in their name. The general trend of American imperialism south of the Rio Grande may be summed up as the ruthless application of economic laws regardless of all racial, spiritual, or national issues, when such issues stand in the way. It is an intelligent enterprise, for it does not bruise the spirit whenever this bruise cannot be translated into dollars; but it is a ruthless enterprise, for it does not hesitate to bruise or even to kill the spirit whenever for economic or military reasons the operation appears to be necessary.

I would be failing in my international creed if I wrote what I have written believing it to be an absolute truth. It is the Spanish truth — *i.e.* the idea which Spaniards have sometimes reluctantly formed of American policy in Spanish America. Their field of observation and information covers the following cases, which I can do no more than barely outline.

Cuba, leaving Spain for America, fell from the frying-pan into the fire. The Platt Amendment was a terrible humiliation to her. No one who has gone into the matter can hold that this humiliation has been compensated in any way by a statesmanlike use of the privileges granted to the American Government by this extraordinary limitation of the Cuban Constitution, which was first moved and adopted in the Congress of the United States. It is generally held in Spain, as it is held by the best type of Cuban, that the power granted to the American Government by the Platt Amendment has served to maintain in office men subservient to American interests rather than the best men that Cuba would have wished to elect if free.

The policy of the United States in Cuba appears to Spain as one of gradual economic and financial conquest, and not one of Cuban progress. Thus, for instance, through the operation of hard economic laws, the island is rapidly falling from the predominantly white standard which it managed to maintain under Spanish rule, and is becoming another region in which racial trouble will soon be brewing because of the rapid immigration of colored people. Cuba would therefore appear to confirm that curious law recently observed by one of her distinguished writers, that whenever an island leaves Spanish hands it is rapidly negrified. Jamaica and Haiti are examples from the past; Santo Domingo and Cuba are examples from the present.

Perhaps the future is reserving Porto Rico as still another example. Spain has followed the destiny of this little island with deep feelings of sympathy and sorrow. In all fairness we must grant that it is one of the countries which have benefited by better administration, better health, and better justice since they passed from Spain to the United States. But that is not the whole story. When, in his Armistice Day speech, President Coolidge expressed the view that American foreign possessions are held not for profit but for duty, did he remember this little island? What duty keeps the United States there? The Porto Ricans, like the Cubans, have seen their economy deeply transformed for the worse by the ruthless application of market laws since they entered the American community. They have been gradually evolving from small landownership to an agricultural proletariat, from variety of culture to specialized production, and a corresponding dependence on their large neighbor for every staple article of food and life. And the land of the free denies them their independence.

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* See, for instance, *La Agonía Antillana*, by Luis Araquistain.

Moreover, Porto Rico is a land in which Spain feels one of the handicaps of American immigration laws. The laws which yearly admit about 50,000 Germans and about 20,000 Italians into the United States, close American doors to Spaniards at a figure considerably below two hundred a year. This means that the Spanish colony in Porto Rico, which is the natural feeder of the white race in the island, and to which the island looks for the continuation of its Spanish culture and blood, is bound to die out within a generation. For the quota makes it practically impossible for Spaniards to land on the island. This quota, of course, was not meant to discriminate against Spain. It was chosen for statistical reasons, in which the relations between Spain and America had no influence. Yet it acts in a deplorable way on the white element in the island, while the economic forces which have already exerted their influence on the other islands of the Caribbean Sea may sooner or later — in fact the tendency is already at work — increase the influx of black workers, the proportion of which is at present very low in Porto Rico.

Spain is deeply interested in Mexico, and enlightened public opinion — which is the opinion described in this article as "Spanish" — is not in sympathy with the reactionary Spanish colony which has been a thorn in the flesh of every Mexican government since Porfirio Diaz fell. Spain did not fail to observe that for a number of years the good name of Mexico was slandered in a certain influential section of the American press by men whose expert qualifications for slandering good names can best be summarized by quoting their own — Senator Fall and Mr. Doheny. The rapid improvement of Mexican-American relations, brought about by the skill and talent of Ambassador Morrow, has been duly noted, and the new Mexican policy of the United States has certainly increased the good name of the United States in Spain.

But Spain remembers how Mr. Roosevelt "took Panama" and has duly observed how President Coolidge, with the Pact to Outlaw War in one hand, is "taking Nicaragua" with the other. She knows that economic and financial penetration is generally accompanied on the American continent by a corresponding loss of political independence and territorial integrity of the peoples penetrated. The mechanism of loans, financial advisors, and even naval missions is slowly disintegrating Spanish America. Spain knows her defects too well not to realize that the defects of the Spanish-American peoples go a long way to explain many of the unpleasant features in the situation; but if they go a long way, they do not go all the way by any means, and it is the opinion of Spain that the United States has not been equal to the opportunity for statesmanlike coöperation and even leadership which the situation afforded.

There is no suggestion of antagonism in Spain's attitude. Any attempt to polarize Spanish America between the two opposite poles — Pan-Americanism on the one hand, Spanish-Americanism on the other — would miss the main point. The main point is that the nations of Spanish America must be considered as ends in themselves and not as pawns in a game between the United States and Spain. If Spain or the United States were mistaken about it, time and the Spanish-American nations would take care to put them right. But Spain at any rate has no illusions on the point. She has no desire to become a sun in a Spanish-American constellation, and she certainly has no wish to act as a negative pole for repelling the United States from the Spanish-American field.

If a proof of this assertion is wanted, it may be found in the fact that Spain keeps open to the United States the gates of all Spanish-

American gatherings organized by her. This was true of the Postal Conference which took place in Madrid in recent years, though this Conference was obviously based on a linguistic division and the exclusion of the United States would have been justified. Similarly in the Spanish-American Exhibition, which is to take place in Seville in 1929, the only non-Iberian nation represented will be the United States. Spain has not only refrained from barring the United States from access to Spanish-American gatherings, she has gone out of her way to admit her in spite of the fact that, linguistically at any rate, such an inclusion is not logical. And yet Spain remains in doubt as to how far the United States responds to her generous attitude in such matters. She does not claim or wish membership in the Pan-American Union, though her presence there would not be less justified than the presence of the United States in Spanish-American organizations. But she would be happier if she felt that the policy of the Pan-American Union was more sincerely inspired by genuine respect for the political independence and territorial integrity of the nations born of her empire.

III

THUS UNDERSTOOD, the opinions of Spain on the problem of Spanish America cannot be dissociated from her opinions on the world rôle of the United States. I have said that Spain's attitude toward the world problem is deeply imbued with the spirit of her wonderful renaissance. In its essence, this spirit is deeply religious and inspired by the feeling that all men — whatever their color, creed, race, or country — are equals. Spanish contemporary thought is therefore strongly in favor of a League of Nations as universal in its membership and as thoroughgoing in its activity as possible. Spain is inclined to take an unfavorable view of the attitude of the United States toward the League of Nations. The reasons put forward to justify it appear to Spain to be explanations of a deplorable phenomenon rather than vindications of a reasonable act. A keen student of Spanish-American events, Spain is less apt than other European nations to forget the American policy of the United States when discussing its European policy. It is the opinion of Spain that American events reveal a lower international morality than that revealed by European events, and that were it not for the fact that the American continent contains only one great power, many of the events of American international life would have brought about American continental wars worse than the European wars which often seem to scandalize the peaceful American citizen. When Spain remembers the Monroe Doctrine and all that it covers and implies, America's criticism of the League and her no-entanglement slogan appear to be inspired by a desire to remain free to roam in her cage among her lambs rather than by a righteous fear of becoming polluted by contact with European Machiavellis.

Spain feels that America has put back the clock of political evolution decades, if not centuries, by refusing to ratify the Covenant of the League of Nations. She is too prone to pierce through mere words to grant much value to the Kellogg Pact. She would in fact put the Kellogg Pact at about the level of efficiency at which it was left by President Coolidge when, on November 11, 1928, he advocated the time-honored policy of preparing for war in order to keep peace. The crucial question which the Kellogg Pact raises — the advisability of leaving each nation to decide whether she is fighting a just war or not — was discussed by Spanish jurists exactly four hundred years ago. These men proved then that the "prince" — *i.e.* the state — cannot be trusted, because, though he may act in good faith, he may be wrong. Spain does not think that it is either sound thinking or sound feeling to come forward in 1928 with a rough-hewn, elementary, and much simplified sketch of the Covenant and ask the world to believe that a new dove of peace has just been hatched.

Spain knows the history of the Panama Canal, which her kings were the first to study in the sixteenth century. She admires the technical skill, the organizing ability, the enterprise and perseverance which conquered nature and opened this magnificent artery to the world. But the sight which she wishes to admire is considerably spoiled by the transformation which the Canal has undergone in passing from Colombian into American hands. An artery of commerce and peace has been turned into a line of rivalry and death. Guns are everywhere. In order to make sure of their emplacement, a province was torn from Colombia and turned into a subject state. Cursed by its ill-begotten birth, the Canal has led the United States from intervention to intervention and from naval base to naval base. It is evident that the Caribbean is fast becoming another Mediterranean.

For Spain does not think America is in fact worse than any other European or Asiatic power. She is fully aware of the deplorable failure of her own governments precisely in the lands in which nowadays she thinks American governments are failing. She does not stand above the United States as a reproachful schoolmaster. She watches as a retired empire-builder, sorrowfully beholding her successor committing different but equally deplorable mistakes on nations issued of her flesh which she herself once misgoverned. If she is especially interested in the United States, it is first because of this family relationship between herself and the victims of America; second, because the power of the United States for good or evil is overwhelming; and finally, because this power is wielded without sufficient regard for, or knowledge of, foreign conditions.

IV

AT BOTTOM Spain finds in the United States a spirit profoundly different from her own. Briefly put, and with the inevitable distortion which goes with foreshortening, Spain believes in *being* while the United States believes in *doing*. This fundamental difference manifests itself in a variety of ways. Thus, for instance, the United States has gradually made prosperity a dogma of its national life, while for the Spaniard it is always a secondary consideration. In Spain material ambition is sometimes looked upon as a sign of spiritual decadence. The United States is fundamentally an economic community, the ideal of which is a smooth-working efficiency. Spain is a family of individuals whose ideal, in the famous words of Ganivet, is that every Spaniard should carry in his pocket a charter declaring: "This Spaniard has a right to do as he pleases." The United States is in continuous motion; Spain is not particularly prone to move and is apt to consider motion as a mere bridge between two shores of immobility. Success, of the outward, material, and social kind, catches the imagination of the American; the Spaniard's ambition is a kind of inner success in which the outer kind seldom counts for much.

The differences are in fact so subtle and so deep that they lead to the absence of a common measure or criterion — a fact which contributes greatly to mutual misunderstanding. The Spaniard, moreover, is not given to judging others at all; his attitude is one of sheer indifference to ethics. The result of this common lack of criterion tells against Spain in the United States rather than against the United States in Spain. In fact, the outlook of the United States would not be criticized in Spain at all if the Americans were not so militant

about it. The trouble is that Americans are so honest and sincere in believing that they hold a superior civilization that they grow impatient at the slowness of their southern neighbors to adopt it and wish them to swallow doses of American civilization at the point of the bayonet. Spain believes that the root of the trouble is the conviction of the American that the South American is an inferior being.

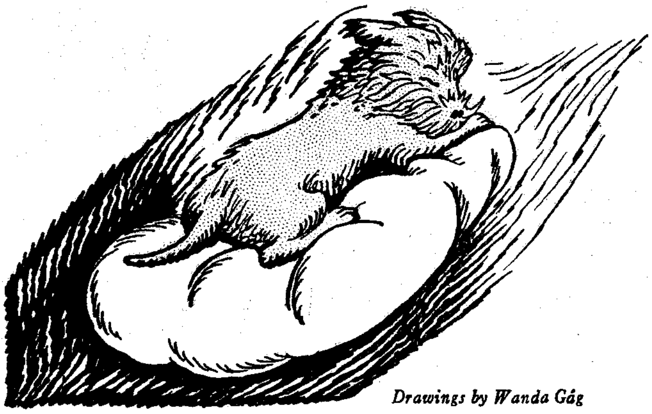
There appears to be a basis for this belief, as well as for the tendency of the United States to divide the Spanish-American nations according to the curious classification of races printed at the back of the forms which American consuls abroad make travelers fill out before granting them a visa. In these lists the peoples of the Spanish-speaking world occupy no less than five categories: Spaniards, Spanish-Americans, Mexicans, Cubans, West Indians other than Cubans. This would appear to be a revelation of the tendency of the United States to class in a lower racial category all that part of the world on which it has decided to cast its nets. But the idea behind this tendency could not prosper if it were not based on a popular prejudice, which Spaniards believe to be based on ignorance.

Ignorance in a small country close to the soil is somewhat relieved by the inspiration which comes from nature. But ignorance of spiritual values in an immense mass of population imported from Europe and mechanized by prosperity appeals to Spain as a terrible phenomenon, almost as impressive as a landslide, a deluge, or an earthquake. Familiar as international Spaniards are with the keen, intelligent, and generous minority which floats above the isolated and ignorant mass, they are apt to take a pessimistic view of the trend of international feeling in America because of the increasing separation between the best type of American intellectual — than whom there is, perhaps, no better internationalist in the world — and the mass behind and below. This mass belongs to the machine and seems able to swallow anything. Its capacity for holding contradictory ideas in utter innocence of their incompatibility is astounding. The American has inherited from the Englishman this capacity for thinking incoherently, but he seems to have developed it with a truly American enterprise.

But Spain is too old a country not to possess the historical sense. She is conversant with the difficulties which her own political and psychological shortcomings have raised in her historical path. She realizes, moreover, that the amazing vitality of the American people and their freedom from traditional shackles are bound to develop an original civilization, and she is not surprised that the beginning of such a process should evince a lack of balance between energy and wisdom — in favor of energy; or, to put it in Shakespeare's words, that America should be more prosperous in blood than in judgment. A country with a strong dramatic genius, Spain has a natural aptitude both for a detached observation of events and a keen valuation of power. Hence it is that a subcurrent of sympathy and attraction should flow in Spain and Spanish America toward the United States, with its vitality, its expansive force, its assertive youth, its blundering assurance, its immense courage for enterprise, and the untold generosity which a blind faith in progress kindles in its business men.

There is even, for the Spanish psychologist, a fascinating temptation to seek a parallel between sixteenth-century Spain and twentieth-century America. True, at first sight Spain's adventure seems to have been predominantly spiritual while America's adventure strikes one as predominantly material. But such a view may turn out to be superficial. Ultimately it is the spirit which moves even the most hard-hearted materialist to life and adventure. Moreover, all lives are mixed, and the picture of a Spanish Empire bent on purely spiritual adventures is as false as the picture of an American Empire set on purely materialistic enterprises. On the other hand, Spain in the sixteenth century was obsessed by the necessity of achieving national unity above the variety of religions, just as twentieth-century America is obsessed by the need of national unity above races; so that our expulsion of Moors and Jews corresponds to the American immigration laws and our Inquisition may be found in contemporary America in subtler forms stretching from the Ku Klux Klan to the strict book censorship to which Massachusetts owes the purity of its mind. As for the Spanish reverence for the Holy Trinity, its counterpart may be found in the American creed which has triumphantly enthroned President Hoover — the dogma of the three Pro's: Pro-sperity, Pro-testantism, and Pro-hibition. And after all, wasn't President Coolidge as taciturn as Philip II?

"Hound of HEAVEN"



Drawings by Wanda Gág

by SARAH ADDINGTON

THE LITTLE DOG was riding on a cloud and he was extremely annoyed because there was no wind-shield on the thing to keep the wind out of his whiskers. His ears and nose were full of wind, his eyes burned with it; but especially were his whiskers involved. Wildly they blew every which way, streaming now east, flowing now west. And this indignity the little dog felt keenly. For his whiskers were heroic, proud whiskers. Red, profuse, goatlike, they sprang from his under jaw a very triumph of a beard, proclaiming at once his conquering sex and his redoubtable terrier breed. His glory, his munificence, his plume, these whiskers; they had won him many a tribute on Earth.

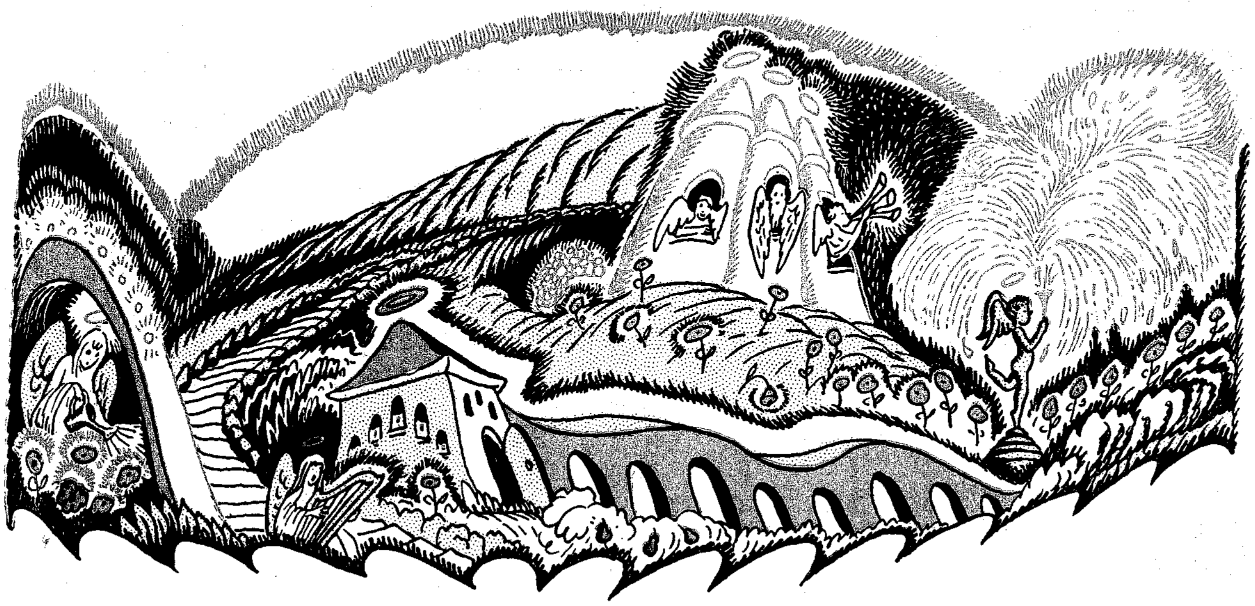
The cloud swooped dizzily against the cutting blade of the wind. That's all there was up here, just wind, and emptiness, and more wind, and more emptiness, and this bloomin' slippery cloud. . . . "What a fine cloud *you* turned out to be," he said. For he was a wag at heart — perhaps it was the Irish in him — and he often said witty things like that.

He tried to think as the cloud went skewing along. But thinking is too difficult when your eyes are blind with wind and your nose stings with it and your beard is being whisked around at rakish, freakish angles. Eyes closed, beard awry, city-blunted claws sliding and clutching, he was borne helplessly along. And he was distinctly peevish. . . . "It's a wonder they wouldn't have traffic cops," he growled. "Supposin' we bumped into another one of these hell-bent cloud things!" He tried to dig his haunches more securely into the sliding, billowing surface of the cloud. But every time he got a good hold, the thing sagged under him like a wet rag. . . . "I'll be doin' a Prince of Wales in a minute."

He wondered dimly whether, if he looked down, he could see New York and his house and perhaps the Boss through his skylight window. But he dared not risk looking down again. It made such disagreeable things happen to the stomach. Empty, that stomach, too. When had he eaten last? He seemed to remember a ghostly rasher of bacon some æons before — before —

Oh yes, he remembered now. He had been sick — not the kind of sick that comes from eating too much garbage, but another kind. Wait a minute now. Wait — there, he had it. Something had hit him and it had made him sick. What was it that had hit him? He strained hard to recollect, but the wind was too much for him; he couldn't fish it out of his dizzy, whirling brain. He could only remember that something had hit him and done him in, and that before that, he had lived a fine, free, careless life with the Boss.

The Boss. He must get back to the Boss.



They had an understanding about that. They could both wander where they liked and stay as long as they pleased and no questions asked, but always in the end they had to go back home to each other. That was their compact, man to man.

The little dog opened one cautious eye, and at what he saw then his jaw dropped. . . . "My God, I'm headed straight for the sunset!" For ahead of him was a burning glare such as he had never seen before in all his eventful life.

Yet, as he got closer, this blazing, golden glare in the sky hardly appeared to be the sun, after all. For against the glare, he could see the shapes of buildings, glassy and gleaming; fragile walls that shimmered with color; fantastic trees rearing golden arms.

They were getting pretty close now, he and the cloud. What a glare it was! Broadway he knew — he and the Boss had explored it many times together; but this razzle-dazzle made Broadway look like Main Street.

Swish-sh, swish-sh, the cloud was sailing faster, through the tearing wind. Zoom, zoom, now they were right abreast of the fiery light. Plunk, the cloud ducked, like a beast of burden, and the dog scooted off. He found himself scrambling at a pair of golden shoes. He looked up, blinking. The shoes belonged to a man, a chap with a fleecy beard. He wagged his tail. The chap with the beard smiled, threw open a pair of gates — gleaming gates, like giant oyster shells — motioned the little dog in.

The dog trotted in through the gates. What the hell —?

Inside he stopped. His face, that shrewd, bland, poker face of an Irish terrier, was a study in mystification. "Gosh amighty," he whispered.

Columns, arches, cupolas, of marble and gold and crystal. Shimmering trees, heavy with jeweled fruit, cutting frail arabesques against a turquoise sky. Over everything that wash of dazzling light almost too strong to bear. He caught, now through an arch, now through a wide-flung window, the vagrant scurry of flying white robes. He heard somewhere in the distance the music of harp strings — tinkly stuff, he thought, not nearly so good as a hurdy-gurdy.

"Maybe it's Coney Island," he thought. He had heard tales of Coney Island. Phoebe, the cat, had been there. Only Phoebe was such a liar.

The glass felt funny to his feet. There was no garbage anywhere, nor any good smell of people's dinners. And where, he wondered profoundly, were all the automobiles? "Of all the dumb places," he muttered.

Then suddenly his body stiffened, his nose went up, his tail flew out. One instant he stood rigid, glaring. Then his red-brown body was hurtling through the air, had landed squarely on another body, black, silky, writhing, spitting. . . .

It was a mighty, glorious, soul-thrilling fight. Never had the little dog met a more valiant feline. Never had he felt such sharp, fierce claws. Never had he sunk his own teeth so deeply into fur and flesh. Never had fur and flesh tasted so sweet. Clawing, biting, ripping, slashing, their hot breath fusing,

their blood surging in one delicious, torrential stream, the dog and the cat fought on. Hours they fought, or hours it seemed, until at last their stout hearts panted, their muscles languished, cried out for respite.

"Sir," said the cat then (he spoke thickly, since the dog had him by the throat), "sir, beasts — as — well as men — are wise — " He gargled, choked, went on, "are wise — when — they recog — cognize — ug — ug — satiety."

"What say?" said the dog, holding on just to make sure.

"Sir, I am — " The cat strangled here and the dog relaxed his grip by a fraction. "Er — thank you. Sir, shall we not — glug — I thank you, sir, again — shall we not abate our hostilities *in tempore* — glug — ?"

"Oh, all right," said the dog loftily, "if that's the way you feel about it." His gesture, as he flung off the cat, was magnificently haughty.

The cat, on all fours once again, shook himself, gave a pass at his paws with a moist, red tongue, and smiled. "An excellent diversion, sir," he said.

"A hell of a good fight," conceded the dog. "But say," looking about him, "what's all the shootin' fer? What is this dump, anyway?"

"Child," said the cat softly, "is it possible you are ignorant of your whereabouts?"

"Ignorant is the word," snapped the dog. "Why shouldn't I be? This is a fine racket. First I ride on a cloud like a bloomin' angel, now I crash into a glass factory — "

The cat's whiskers rose in displeasure.

"Your language, sir, is a strange one and unseemly. But you are an American. That, of course, accounts for anything."

"Careful there!" said the dog, flaring up.

"Sir!" thundered the cat. "No man tells Hodge to be careful of his speech." He gathered himself up majestically, spoke again with crushing thunder. "Sir, you will not dispute me. I say again what I have often said before: For anything I see, foreigners are fools. And Americans and Scotsmen head the list."

The dog cowered. Never before in all his history had this Irishman cowered in front of man or beast. But he cowered now. He wondered at this and was ashamed of himself. Yet he could not seem to help it. This damn cat had him buffaloed.

"Sir," said the cat then, more graciously, "let us both forget our hasty words. I am a choleric old cat. I speak strongly, but I intend no ill."

"Right," said the dog. He was looking about him again. "Gold trees," he breathed. "Marble houses. Glass streets." His eyes widened suddenly. "Good night!" he cried, in sudden terror.

The cat smirked knowingly.

"Say!" shouted the dog. "*Is* this Heaven?"

"That is the name man has given to our country," replied the cat coolly.

"Well, fer cryin' out loud," said the dog.

"Sir?"

"My God," the dog was muttering, "my God!"

"I rejoice to note that you are pious. Religion, sir — "

"Religion!" shouted the dog at last. "Religion be damned. I'm dead!"

"I too feared death," spoke the cat softly. "The whole eighteenth century echoed with my plaints, shook with my fears. But death, I assure you — "

The dog was not listening. Dead, was he? Now that was quaint. "Me, dead!" Then he shook himself carelessly. All right, dead he was then. But he was still Irish.

"What," he cut in then, "is the eighteenth century?"

"The eighteenth century, my friend, *was*, not *is*. And alas, it will never be again. But it remains on the calendar of civilization as the most privileged and enlightened age ever granted to man or beast."

"Oh," said the dog. "And when was this here knock-out age?"

"It began with the birth of my patron."

"Your what?"

"My patron — my master."

"You mean your boss?"

"That might be the American solecism."

"And who was he to make everybody hot and bothered?"

"His name," replied the cat, stiffening proudly, "was Samuel Johnson."

"Huh," sniffed the dog. "Common name. Very common. My boss's name is MacInerny. Michael MacInerny."

"But my patron was a man of letters, the most eminent in all London."

"I don't know anything about this London, but my boss writes poetry!"

The cat smiled loftily.

"A minor poet, no doubt."

"He's a swell poet!" cried the dog. He was about to leap on his antagonist at that, but he paused. "Say," he said, "they let you *fight* here, don't they? Nobody stops you?"

"I told you it was Heaven," said the cat.

THE DOG liked Heaven, he found, after Hodge had shown him around a bit.

Not, as he said, that he could hand the Coney Island part any carnations. He had no eye for artifice or splendor; and what good were glass streets to an earth-loving, earth-digging terrier? Also, the angels were pretty dumb too — simpering creatures lolling over their harps, who patted his head with unfeeling hands and couldn't raise a puppy biscuit among 'em. He cared little for humans, anyway, except the Boss, and these slobs weren't even human.

And St. Peter — that was the name of the guy at the gate — was downright comical. The dog and the cat came upon him just after some gay fellow had crashed the gate and the old boy was in an awful pucker. It seemed that the gay fellow had been a gate-crasher on Earth, and of course after a guy has crashed the Dempsey-Tunney fight and all the Army-Navy games and every first night on Broadway, mere pearly gates are no trick at all. The dog tried to point this out to St. Peter, but the old fellow was not to be consoled. He just went on tearing his hair and beating his breast and crying out about his professional honor. Gosh, it was comical!

But it was when they got to the Alley that things really began to look up.

The Alley was back of the palace kitchen-gardens. It had been designed especially for cats and dogs. There had been quite an argument over it in the beginning. The Head Angel thought alleys were vulgar and uncelestial, and said so firmly. But the Architect, who had been brought up on cats and dogs, won out. So the Alley had been added as a sort of afterthought, and it turned out, as the Witty Angel said, a howling success. (The witty one had been a columnist on Earth, which accounts for his being such a card.)

And certainly the Architect knew his cats and dogs, for the Alley was indeed a model one. It was narrow and dank and secret and tortuous. Everywhere you looked — excellent garbage buckets crammed and running over with the most succulent slops. Everywhere you stepped — tin cans, broken boxes, bottles, bones, bits of coal, old shoes, bread heels, fish heads, covering the cobblestones like a thick, rich carpet. Over it all, a soul-satisfying smell. And best of all, it flaunted a bold sign: "Cats and Dogs Only. *Homo Sapiens* Keep Out." The Witty Angel was responsible for the *Homo Sapiens*. "If you're ever going to use dead tongues — " said he, then he wagged his head in a special way and you were supposed to see the joke.

Beyond the Alley, through a deep and devious covered passageway, lay the Meadow. This was also very nice. If a fellow got tired of alley life, he could always go out to the Meadow and have a run. The Meadow had an excellent patch of immortal catnip and other tasty weeds.

It was a fine spectacle that greeted the eye as Hodge and the dog approached the Alley. Dogs, cats, hundreds of them, swarming in loud confusion, fighting, barking, yowling, jumping, chasing each other, chasing their tails, chasing rats (the celestial rats were especially large and juicy, the little dog noted), rolling, prancing, frisking. A few slept serenely in corners. Here and there a dog gnawed a bone, a kitten licked her pretty face.

But when Hodge appeared, they all left off their business and stood respectfully waiting for him to speak. And Hodge did not disappoint them. He spoke at length, he orated, he reeled off elocution and argument and Latin phrases like a truly oracular cat. His address was peppered with "Why now, sir's" and "No, Madame's." It bristled with contentiousness. It all but sank and fell under the weight of polysyllables. But the audience listened, spellbound. That is, all but the new little dog. He was frankly bored. "He shoots off his eighteenth-century mouth too much," he stated to himself, stifling a yawn.

Then with belated graciousness and no little pomp, Hodge turned to him, the newcomer. "Sirs," he intoned, "and ladies," bowing here to a female or two, "I have the honor to present Padraic MacInerny, a canine of parts who has just come amongst us to share our celestial joys. Bid him welcome as befits your high degree."

The welcome that befitted their high degree was loud and vociferous. The animals swarmed toward him, barking, yelping, baying, miaowing — a wheeling confusion of hairy bodies, flashing eyes, licking tongues, flying tails; and as Paddy licked back, smelled back, wagged back, he smiled to himself, "Where dogs are dogs!"

Hodge stood apart from the onslaught, stentoriously calling off names. Paddy heard his voice like a horn through the fog: "Boatswain! Turk! Linda! Flush!" But Paddy cared not for names. It was enough to be welcomed by these jolly good fellows. Welcomed — and how! He reflected afterwards that the only thing they left out was the keys to the city.

LATER, PADDY got the low-down, from Hodge's ready tongue, on the chief members of the Alley.

The biggest Newfoundland, the one with the melancholy eyes and the posturing airs, was Boatswain. "Had belonged to a poet," said Hodge, "named Byron." (Only Paddy had always thought Byron was the name of a Presidential candidate.) "He has a fine way with the ladies," explained Hodge, one would have thought almost enviously. But Paddy chuckled at that. "If that big, overgrown bimbo is a sheik, then I'm Rin-Tin-Tin."

The lovely mastiff was Turk. "An amiable fellow, Turk," annotated Hodge. "Always in high flash." Turk talked too vivaciously for Paddy. Especially did he try to impress him with the merits and beauties of a place called Gad's Hill, where it seemed he had lived on Earth. But Paddy only smiled. When you're a born New Yorker, you can afford to humor provincials. Gad's Hill, indeed!

Turk was *cicerone* (Hodge's word) to a large family — Linda and Bumble and Don, Newfoundlands, and Mrs. Bouncer, a Pomeranian. At Linda, Paddy sneered. No sex appeal. Mrs. Bouncer was otherwise. Indeed, Mrs. Bouncer and Boatswain were the scandal of the Alley. A respectable widow once, she was now that pitiable object, a woman infatuated. Boatswain had only to roll his romantic eye and she trembled; he had but to loll against a garbage can in all his lordly grace and she was devastated. One flick of Boatswain's tail, and her dainty jowls watered. One seductive growl and she fluttered. Twenty times a day, Turk, the outraged, would shout, "Look out, Mrs. B! Mind what you're doing. I know your tricks and your manners." But it was no good. The lady remained entranced, as Turk admonished, and the Alley gossiped, and Boatswain smiled his faint contemptuous smile. "I guess he *is* a sheik, after all," thought Paddy. "The big stiff!"

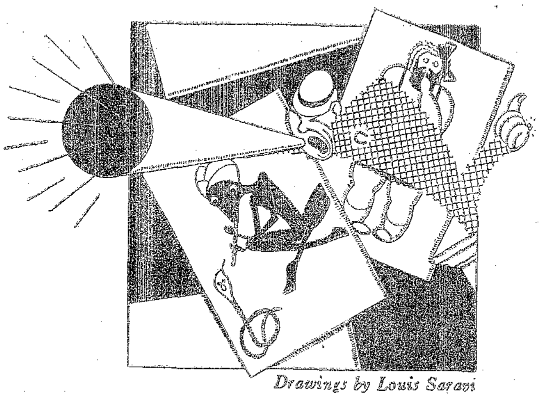
Woggs was a Skye terrier who, said Hodge, "labors under the handicaps of a Scottish birth and a frail constitution, and who yet emerges the brightest spirit of us all." Woggs had "R.L.S." engraved on his collar.

There was a funny, sombre little brown dog called Flush who ambled around murmuring wanly, "I'm but a poor, tired, wandering singer, singing through the dark," and now and then inquired faintly whether anybody had any macaroons. Flush had belonged to a lady poet, Hodge said. Certainly, thought Paddy, he was a pretty poor stick.

(*Continued on page 184*)

Are We Victims of PROPAGANDA?

A DEBATE



Drawings by Louis Saravi

I — Our Invisible Masters

by EVERETT DEAN MARTIN

YES, says Mr. Martin. Propaganda is making puppets of us. We are moved by hidden springs which the propagandist manipulates.

NO, says Mr. Edward L. Bernays. The propagandist has developed a technique which minorities can employ equally well to break up majorities. Thus employed, propaganda becomes a powerful weapon against intolerance and the tyranny of the herd.

FOR PURPOSES of this discussion, propaganda is defined as the manipulation of the public to the end of securing some specific action. The definition is abstract and inclusive. It covers many forms of activity, every sort of method, and all kinds of ends — good and bad. I do not propose to discuss a definition or an abstraction — something which exists only *in conceptu* — but something which exists *in re.* Propaganda is not something conducted in the universe of discourse for the ends of formal logic. It is a business conducted for profit or power. It is something which happens to-day in this country; and the proof of this pudding is the eating thereof.

Men have always communicated their ideas to their neighbors; have sought to convince them and to influence them for causes which seemed desirable. The right of self-expression and the desirability of the widest dissemination of truth are so important that we have determined to secure them in this country by constitutional law. To the extent that present methods of propaganda operate to increase general knowledge and to keep open in public life an arena in which truth may have a fair deal in its endless contest with ignorance and falsehood, no reasonable mind could possibly object to it. I am convinced, however, that propaganda does not often serve these ends. It is not designed, even at its best, for such service, but for something quite the reverse. Its aim is to "put something over" on people, with or without their knowledge and consent, and its result in general is to produce a social situation in which neither truth nor the basic values of civilization get a fair hearing.

Propaganda is not the same as public instruction. It is never disinterested information. The propagandist has an ulterior purpose. He uses information, or misinformation, for the sake of something else. He is not a disinterested party in the pursuit or spread of knowledge. Apologists for propaganda freely admit that sometimes it is used for ends that are evil, but they argue that it is more often used for good ends. Hence there is bad propaganda and good propaganda, according to the ends served.

In reply it may be said, first, that even good ends may not justify the means commonly employed; and second, since widespread and irreparable harm may result when propaganda is employed for evil purposes, public safety requires that good propaganda — assuming it to exist — be encouraged and evil discouraged. For it is admitted by defenders of propaganda that the methods used are so effective that the average person is entirely at the mercy of those now in command of the forces by which he is manipulated.

Who, then, decides whether the ulterior end to which the public is to be led or driven, with or without its assent, is good? Decision in this all important matter is left to a few people — the very ones who have something to gain by manipulating the public. Furthermore, the identity of these people is seldom disclosed and they are responsible to no one. Propaganda is making these irresponsible and unknown persons the real rulers in American democracy. Let me quote a few passages from Mr. Edward L. Bernays' charmingly written book in defense of propaganda:*

> For the masses promised to become king. . . . To-day, however, a reaction has set in. The minority has discovered a powerful help in influencing majorities. It has been found possible so to mould the mind of the masses that they will throw their newly gained strength in the desired direction. . . . The important thing is that it (propaganda) is universal and continuous, and in its sum total it is regimenting the public mind every bit as much as an army regiments the bodies of its soldiers. . . .
>
> There are invisible rulers who control the destiny of millions. It is not generally realized to what extent the words and actions of our most influential public men are dictated by shrewd persons operating behind the scenes. . . . In some departments of our daily life in which we imagine ourselves free agents, we are ruled by dictators exercising great power. . . . The invisible government tends to be concentrated in the hands of the few because of the expense of manipulating the social machinery which controls the opinions and habits of the masses.

What are the qualifications of these invisible governors? Who are they that they should command? In what virtue or wisdom are they eminent? If there is to be any stability or order in society, those who rule must at least be known and something must be required of them; otherwise their rule is pure impertinence. When before have the governing few been unknown and hence so irresponsible? When before have the rewards been so great for wrong doing, or the means so certain and easy for those who have the power? It is not enough for gentlemen to say, "Oh yes, we admit that propaganda is sometimes abused." An enterprise so uncontrollable, so susceptible of abuse, and so constantly under the temptation to abuse, is a public menace. Hence I do not think that the admitted abuses of propaganda can be dismissed from the discussion as irrelevant.

But I am concerned about the methods and ultimate effects of propaganda even at its best. One effect of propagandist methods is greatly to increase the susceptibility of the public to slogans, catchwords, and vulgarly stated half truths. Every real educator and political philosopher in history has noted the danger of this popular tendency. Now the "knowing ones" are urged to see this mob psychology, not as a social menace, but as a natural resource to be exploited for private gain. Mr. Bernays says:

> It was, of course, the astounding success of propaganda during the war that opened the eyes of the intelligent few in all departments of life to the possibilities of regimenting the public mind. . . . The manipulators of patriotic opinion made use of the mental clichés and emotional habits of the public to produce mass reaction against alleged atrocities, the terror and tyranny of the enemy. It was only natural after the war ended that intelligent persons should ask themselves whether it was not possible to apply a similar technique to the problems of peace.

Precisely! The propagandist has learned to apply a wartime psychology to the accomplishment of any ends whatever! He proceeds by utilizing, for ulterior ends, the prejudices and passions and fixed ideas of the mob — a new rôle, I assure you, for "the intelligent few" in the history of civilization. Not even Machiavelli quite dared to propose such procedure. The intelligence of the community is thus told to abandon its historic rôle of keeping alive the values of civilization, and, by turning demagogue and sycophant, to pander ignorance in return for vulgar favors — which means that prejudice and the well-known weaknesses of human nature are to be exploited and thus encouraged. Moreover, the regimentation of opinion so achieved (for a consideration) means standardization on a low level and greater conformity to herd opinion. This accounts, in part, for the astounding growth of intolerance in American democracy since the war. In this way also, fundamentalism, prohibition, the Ku Klux Klan, censorship, and other forms of organized crowd insanity have now become a serious menace to American liberty.

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* *Propaganda;* Liveright, 1928.

Another result of propaganda on modern society is what I would call intellectual shoddiness. To be a genuine seeker after truth disqualifies one for the career of propagandist. As Mr. Bernays says, the propagandist is a "special pleader." As Public Relations Counsel, he is chiefly occupied with the interests of his client. Of course, as counsel, he would prefer an innocent client to a guilty one. Any man without criminal tendencies would rather tell the truth than lie, other things being equal. But business is business, and even among reformers the end seems in these days to justify the means. It is probably an exaggeration to say that all propaganda is lies, but it cannot be denied that the propagandist tells only one side of his story. He is interested in producing an effect, not in unbiased research.

It must be borne in mind that everything the propagandist does or says is for effect — most commonly the effect on fools. The public wants not truth but a show? Very well, he will play the mountebank. The responsibility for the intellectual integrity of the intelligent few is now for the first time in history passed on to the public. In the future, as Mr. Bernays says, "If the public becomes more intelligent in its commercial demands, commercial firms will meet new standards." So with all propagandists. This is to say, so long as the public may be manipulated by misrepresentation and by appeal to ignorance and prejudice, it is the public's own fault if the "knowing ones" make use of questionable methods. Why worry about being decent, so long as the opposite cause has public approval? Just now it is the rule to be "low brow," to come down to the level of the man in the street. In striving for mass action, intelligence exhausts itself in the methods of gaining the attention of the ignorant and stupid and neglects consideration of ends and values. You are justified to-day by the success of your effort rather than by the worthiness of your cause in the minds of men of uncompromising principle. Integrity now is "high brow." Superficial cleverness counts.

A public ruled by an "invisible government" of this ilk becomes like its rulers. It worships the "go-getter." Its hero is anyone who, by whatever cheap device, succeeds in capturing its attention. In this manner it is encouraged to worship itself, its own power, and the cheap greatness it can bestow. It loses what little respect it once had for intellectual honesty. Note the moving picture and the tabloid newspaper and the success of "ballyhoo" everywhere. To stuff the public mind with trash means increased circulation, which is now a necessary means of manipulating the mass. The big hits are the Snyder murder trial, the Browning scandal, and the Hall-Mills case. Hence it is good propaganda for salesmen, reformers, motion picture actresses, and even preachers to make capital of the publicity they may gain from such scandals by getting themselves into print in some kind of association with such episodes, thus grafting on them for their own private ends. In this passion for the short cut to success regardless of the means employed, propaganda has brought back to us the Roman holiday.

The evil effect of these attempts to manipulate the multitude by pampering its weaknesses — in return for material and other advantages to persons and for ends not disclosed — is clearly seen in various aspects of our common life. In politics such effects have long been deplorable. The low level on which our political counsels are now conducted is chargeable to this trickery of mass appeal. Everyone knows that political opinion can be manufactured like brick and delivered to anyone who can pay the cost. Heretofore we have been able to save certain other human interests from the kind of degradation that humiliates us in politics and has made the very word, as Emerson said, a hissing and a shame. But now, thanks to our new "intelligent few," all fences are down, the cattle are in the corn, and our cultural heritage is sold daily to the barbarians in our midst in return for their favor.

Religion, for instance, seems to be trying to worship both God and Mammon in Protestant America. It often makes use of high-powered salesmanship, thus putting itself on the same spiritual level with tooth paste and commodities advertised to prevent "halitosis." It is the trivial, the irrelevant, the sensational, the appeal to obsolete bigotry which naturally give it greatest publicity. In such publicity it becomes a mere vulgar caricature of itself.

Education also suffers grievously from propaganda. We learn that organized propaganda of electric power companies has recently so seriously menaced the sanctuary of the disinterested pursuit of knowledge that it has been thought necessary to have a national committee of leading educators to "save our schools" from this sort of thing. The committee itself will probably in turn make propaganda. But it makes all the difference, for the future of civilization, whether men seek truth in order to make a plausible case for their existing interests and profits and the preconceived ideas they are determined to believe, or whether they seek it for light on all sides of a question. The first makes the ignorant more opinionated; the second leads slowly to one's becoming an educated and civilized individual. One of the serious results of propaganda is that it has caused the public to think that education and propaganda are the same thing, and thus to make an ignorant multitude believe it is being educated when it is only being manipulated. Education aims at independence of judgment. Propaganda offers ready-made opinions for the unthinking herd. Education and propaganda are directly opposed both in aim and method.

The educator aims at a slow process of development; the propagandist, at quick results. The educator tries to tell people *how* to think; the propagandist, *what* to think. The educator strives to develop individual responsibility; the propagandist, mass effects. The educator wants thinking; the propagandist, action. The educator fails unless he achieves an open mind; the propagandist, unless he achieves a closed mind.

Perhaps the most deadly thing about propaganda is that as it more and more organizes the vast agencies for communication and human intercourse in the interest of power and success and the dominance of certain influential groups, appealing always to "clichés and emotional attitudes," it sets up a vast system which excludes everything that is rare and challenging — except that which may produce insignificant popular sensation. Mr. Bernays says that every means of human association and communication may be made a means of propaganda — that is, may be organized for ulterior ends. Try to picture this state of affairs. This means that as such social forces become organized and controlled by the unknown few who can pay for such a vast enterprise, ideas that may not be utilized to the ends for which such organization exists cannot gain a hearing. Already we see many instances of censorship by such a controlling power. As Mr. Bernays correctly says, "of late a reaction has set in."

When the future historian, an American Sallust or Tacitus, records the downfall of our republic and its loss of liberty, he will point out the leading place that organized propaganda played in this unhappy business. Sallust tells us how such propagandist tricks as the Roman manipulators discovered — bread and circuses — brought about an unholy alliance between the passions of the mob and the ambitions of "the intelligent few." Tacitus tells us that when Augustus assumed divine attributes, and tyranny and persecution were later universal, these evils were possible because no one was able to protest. This also is the inevitable end of modern organized propaganda. Once we had an uncomplimentary word for such an industry. We called it "intrigue." The ambitious few who destroyed the freedom of the ancients won over the mob by making themselves visible. To-day, as Mr. Bernays says, their successors are setting up an "invisible government." *Respublica Americana delenda est.*

P. S. They got the job!

II—Our Debt to Propaganda

by EDWARD L. BERNAYS

As A TRUTH SEEKER and a propagandist for propaganda — the two are not incompatible — I welcome the opportunity to answer the challenge set forth in this debate. Mr. Martin's article is an example of what the public generally regards as "impropaganda." He voices the opinion of a section of the intelligent public which knows a little about propaganda, but knows more about what propagandists against propaganda believe it to be. This sweeping emotional belief is expressed in a series of unsubstantiated statements. It is my opinion that anyone reading the article secures a distorted point of view. Mr. Martin looks at the whole subject of propaganda much as a man who, asked to write on the question, "Are we victims of medicine?" would discuss only the fakers and quacks.

The difficulty propagandists have in pleading any cause is that they must deal with facts, not only as they are abstractly, but as they appear to be to individuals or groups who react emotionally. In approaching a subject which should be faced impartially, such individuals or groups bring to it a definite bias of their own. Mr. Martin's article represents this attitude, which every propagandist for any cause has to face continually. In meeting his arguments, I, as the special pleader for propaganda, am put to a particular disadvantage. The critic has known how to surround the word *propaganda* with all the atmosphere of suspicion, distrust, and downright condemnation which grew up about it in the public mind during the years of the war and immediately after.

It is my belief that propaganda serves a useful purpose. It increases general knowledge. It tends to keep open an arena in public life in which the battle of truth may be fairly fought. Propaganda of the past and present gives an enormous amount of evidence of this. Great religious leaders have been propagandists, and so being, have served a definite and useful purpose in lifting the moral tone of their times. In politics, all the great leaders I can recall have been propagandists for their points of view. They believed their theses and propagandized for them. Abraham Lincoln may not have regarded himself as a propagandist, but certainly he proved himself one of the ablest when, in his debates with Stephen A. Douglas, he aroused the conscience of the nation on the slavery question. And what man can be found to-day who will say that Lincoln demeaned himself or victimized the public when he won it over to his own most profound convictions?

To be sure, there have been propagandists in every field who have been rewarded by position, by money, by fame, by power. Lincoln himself was so rewarded. But who shall dare to proclaim that the desire for these rewards has been the only motive, or even the principal motive, behind the propagandist? One must take a very sinister view of human nature, indeed, to believe that men may not be as profoundly concerned for the success of their ideas as for the rewards that may come to them as a result of that success. Mr. Martin comes dangerously near to assuming this position.

Of course, the strongest condemnation is meted out to the business activities of propagandists. If we accept the premise that our present economic system demands mass distribution of products and ideas, it follows that businesses must propagandize for their own products and their own points of view, and hence that propagandists are indispensable to this civilization. But it does not follow from this reasoning that the public generally must become victims of the business man. Any business man who makes or distributes products that are unsound or socially destructive is, and should be, condemned. He is the quack, the faker, in his field. The conscientious propagandist — and there are many such — will have nothing to do with a product or a cause that is socially vicious, just as a conscientious doctor — and no one denies that there *are* conscientious doctors — will not practise quackery. In short, to say that propaganda is vicious because certain quacks use propaganda to further their anti-social schemes is about as logical as to say that religion is opposed to progress because the Fundamentalists of Tennessee and Arkansas passed laws forbidding the teaching of evolution.

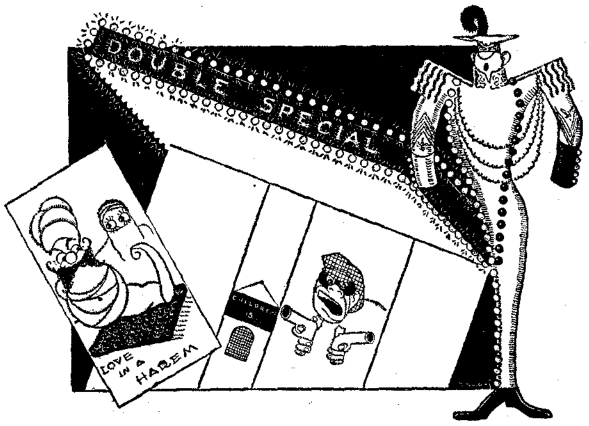
When society is organized as it is to-day, the happiness of a nation is very largely dependent upon its economic well-being. Those business men, therefore, who have propagandized successfully for basically sound products, have not only added to the economic stability of their communities, but, by doing so, have also contributed indirectly, but none the less surely, to the happiness of the people generally. This seems to me to be an obvious statement of fact — so obvious that it hardly needed to be formulated. But Mr. Martin, and perhaps others equally sincere, cannot escape a suspicion that somewhere in this relationship between the business man and the public sinister forces are at work. If business is piling up huge profits for itself through skillfully directed propaganda, it must be at the expense of the public — as if it were impossible to conceive of a bargain in which both parties derived equal profit and advantage!

As a matter of fact, the ambitious man striving for power, the inventor, the innovator who has produced a new idea, the manufacturer who has brought forth a new product and wants it to be accepted, has succeeded only because public interest and private interest have coincided. The manufacturer of a vacuum cleaner engages in intensive propaganda to get the public to accept his product. For his own private advantage he would like to place one of his vacuum cleaners in every home. But if the housewives of the country had not needed the vacuum cleaner and had not desired it, once they learned of its value to them, the private interest of the manufacturer might have expended itself in a series of futile efforts. That this did not happen was because his private interest was found to coincide with the public's interest, to their mutual benefit. It is sheer nonsense to say that either party to such a bargain is the victim of the other.

During the last twenty years there has hardly been a single new idea, new invention, or new product accepted by the public which was not made available for the public's benefit through the use of propaganda in one form or another. Schools, colleges, churches, the theatre, literature, art, music, charities and other forms of social service — all have used propaganda effectively. And the mere fact that propaganda may have behind it a personal, self-interested, or ulterior motive does not preclude the possibility that the final end accomplished may not coincide with some great public good. Indeed, when one begins to talk about the motives behind propaganda, it becomes extremely difficult to see how a charity drive differs in essentials from a campaign to make vacuum cleaners available to every housewife.

Just here Mr. Martin asks: "Who, then, decides whether the ulterior end to which the public is to be led or driven, with or without its assent, is good?" He answers by saying that "decision in this all important matter is left to a few people — the very ones who have something to gain by manipulating the public." This is the central point of Mr. Martin's argument, and I want to take direct issue with him upon it because I am convinced that his conclusions are entirely erroneous.

Propagandists have existed ever since Eve persuaded Adam to eat the first apple, and they will exist as long as one person attempts to convince another of anything. In all ages leaders of the people have employed propaganda. Sometimes these leaders have conducted their own publicity campaigns; again, professional propagandists have placed themselves at the disposal of leaders to make their appeals more effective. In any case, the person directing propaganda has himself insured the public against his own dominance, because he has developed a technique which is available to his opponent as well as to himself. This technique has enabled all factions to make themselves heard. To-day, one of the great social advantages of propaganda is that it has made



vocal scores of minority groups of all factions, who, without propaganda, could never bring their views before the public. As long as this remains true, it can never be justly said that the public is being "led or driven, with or without its assent," by a few designing men bent on private gain.

Mr. Martin is also unduly nervous because propagandists are anonymous; and since they are not known to the public, he is sure that they must be irresponsible people. It is true that the public rarely knows who the propagandists are. But the propagandist does not work in a vacuum. He works in behalf of the leaders of public opinion, and he must adopt the same point of view as the man who accepts his services. Thus, though the propagandist may remain in the background, the man or the group or the cause to which he devotes himself becomes known to the public, and these the public not only can but does hold responsible whenever propaganda is used for anti-social ends.

I am convinced that propaganda has been the most effective weapon against intolerance and other forms of post-war madness. The New York *World* and other courageous newspapers employed propaganda to fight the Ku Klux Klan and check its threatening advances. Through effective propaganda Al Smith brought a new point of view to hundreds of thousands of American citizens. Clarence Darrow made propaganda his ally in fighting bigotry at Dayton, Tennessee. Similarly, propaganda has wrought a very definite series of material and economic changes in American life which have completely transformed the habits and standards of the people.

Propaganda should not be confused with "press notices." The most important function of propaganda is to modify the actions of an individual or a group to conform to some definite end desired. Thus defined, propaganda is not a new phenomenon; men knew how to mold public opinion long before there was a press. But when printing was discovered and newspapers grew up, and, more recently, when the motion picture and the radio made the people more accessible, public opinion became vastly more important than it had ever been before. And just as experts developed in the law, in public health, in engineering, so experts in public opinion came forward whose business it was to give advice in this important field.

It is of these men that Mr. Martin says: "To be a genuine seeker after truth disqualifies one for the career of propagandist." As a propagandist I can testify that the reverse of this statement would be more nearly accurate. A propagandist can function only when his first step is a search for the truth. He must acquaint himself with all the facts and implications of the cause or product in which he is interested. He must find out the intrinsic value of the new ideas he is to expound. To take a concrete example, he must learn all that science can tell him about cancer before he attempts to tell the public about the methods prescribed for its prevention.

Finally, Mr. Martin would have us believe that propaganda is chiefly concerned with humanity at its worst. "Everything the propagandist does or says," writes Mr. Martin, "is for effect — most commonly the effect on fools." The fact is, of course, that the whole structure of group psychology makes it necessary for leaders to accept an idea before the masses accept it. Consequently, the very first effort in propagandizing for a new cause or a new idea is usually directed at the intelligent few.

But the tremendous diversity of public opinion in America cannot be summed up in one sentence. How can one dismiss in a few derogatory and sentimental tirades the whole field of propaganda, which takes in at one sweep the Rockefeller Foundation's fight against disease and all of the thousands of campaigns for civic and moral improvement waged by different groups all over the country? I have indicated in this article that propaganda, like any other powerful force or agency, may at times be made to serve harmful ends; but, as Bruce Bliven recently said: "The cure for propaganda is more propaganda." It enables minorities to break up dominant groups. It is the advance agent of new ideas and new products. Since it is available to all, it is an insurance against autocracy in government and against standardization and stagnation. It seems to me that the future historian will ascribe to propaganda a very large share of responsibility for America's progress, and that he will point to us, not as victims of propaganda, but as its beneficiaries.

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III—Rebuttal

by EVERETT DEAN MARTIN

I SPECIFICALLY stated that I would discuss the evils of propaganda at its best; Mr. Bernays replies that I am like one who, in writing about the medical profession, "would discuss only the fakers and quacks." I quoted passages from Mr. Bernays' recent book to show that propaganda tends to set up an invisible and irresponsible government. The language quoted is plain. In reply Mr. Bernays makes three points, in all of which I think his logic is weak.

1. He cites the example of history and refers particularly to Lincoln. But, in contrast with modern propagandists, people knew who Lincoln was. He did not have ulterior purposes which were undisclosed. His methods were just the opposite of those of modern propaganda. He tried to enable people to do some critical and independent thinking. The propagandist seeks to "put something over" on people.

2. Mr. Bernays says in effect, "Let the public hold responsible those who employ these unknown propagandists." But as he has himself stated in his book that once such propagandists are on the job they proceed with such scientific efficiency that the public is really at their mercy, I wish he would explain how the public, being so manipulated, can rationally hold anyone to account.

3. Mr. Bernays says, "To-day, one of the great social advantages of propaganda is that it has made vocal scores of minority groups of all factions, who, without propaganda, could never bring their views before the public." In other words, propaganda enlightens the public. How? By the post-war trick, as he tells us, of appeal to popular emotion. Why, it is by just such appeal to unreason that the propagandists seek to "regiment" the largest majority possible — a queer way to enlighten the public and break up majorities!

Mr. Bernays does not really discuss my argument, that the methods used by propagandists, even at best, in the necessary attempt to translate all things into such terms that one hundred and twenty millions of people can be "reached," make for cheapness, insincerity, and intolerance. His argument is in substance that propaganda serves the truth by giving both sides of an issue a hearing. But is it true that, as things are, each side of an issue gains a fair and equal hearing? Is it not a fact that the little business and the unpopular cause — those that have not the money to pay for the services of high-pressure salesmen and large-circulation advertising, however worthy they may be — are increasingly unable to compete for a hearing with forces organized on a nation-wide scale?

It seems to me that Mr. Bernays is primarily concerned with specific and immediate results — good results I readily grant — but let the end justify the means. I am more concerned about the effects of the method employed even in the service of a good cause. Mr. Bernays' impressive reference to colleges, churches, and other national agencies now employing propagandist methods for worthy ends only tends to substantiate my contention that we are living at a time when the very most sacred, rare, and hitherto carefully guarded treasures of civilization are obliged to turn to ballyhoo and sell caricatures of themselves to open-mouthed idlers in the market place.

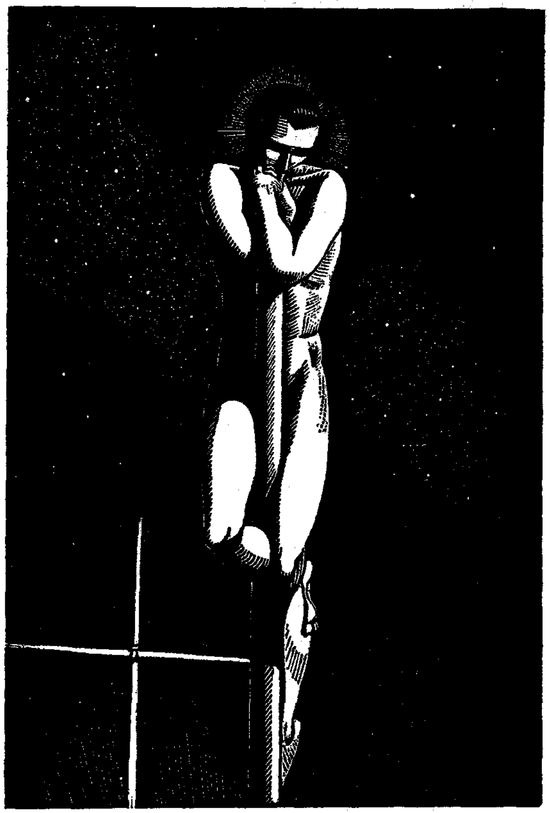
I did not, as Mr. Bernays seems to think, bring severest criticism against propaganda in business. I am primarily interested in preserving our cultural inheritance. Doubtless propaganda in the form of advertising works less harm than elsewhere. The man who advertises soap generally sells what he advertises. Even the sale of an occasional gold brick is not the worst evil of propaganda. What I object to is the nation-wide sale of cultural gold bricks.

Mr. Bernays' quotation from Mr. Bruce Bliven has literary value, but surely this passage carries no weight as argument. It is summed up in the slogan — "The cure for propaganda is more propaganda." One remembers similar "cures" — that for democracy is more democracy, and so on. As Shaw once said, such reasoning is to say that the way to cure measles is to infect everybody with smallpox.

SEEING Pictures

by RALPH M. PEARSON

THIS INTRODUCES a series of articles which will examine the whole content of pictures. Probing into the structure and function of music, poetry, and drama is generally admitted to yield a better understanding of these arts, as well as more or less pain or pleasure in the process. This should also be true of the visual arts. Mr. Pearson claims it is. The present article discusses four contemporary woodcuts. Further articles will contrast old masters with moderns, moderns with academicians, popular with "high-brow" art, and may even discuss such other forms of visual art as skyscrapers and textile designs.



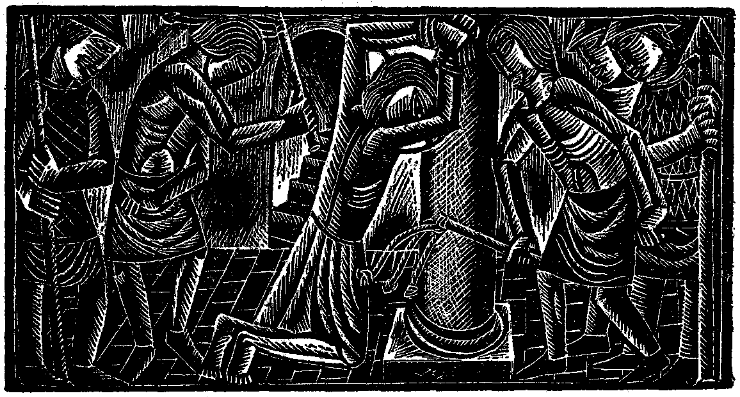
Courtesy, Weyhe Gallery

ROCKWELL KENT

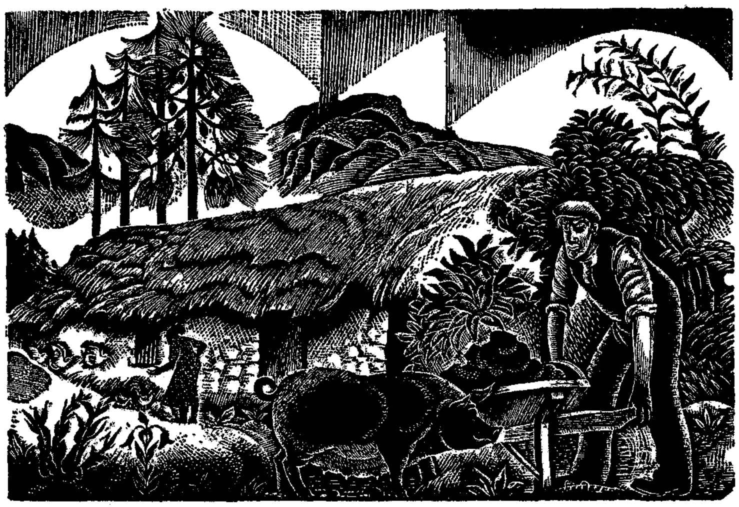
HERE ARE four pictures. Between one of them and the other three there is a difference that is fundamental and far-reaching in its effect. That difference I want to feature as a starting point for these articles.

For the sake of argument, we can limit the content of pictures to five main aspects: *subject*, with all its inducements to speculation, *skill*, *invention* (in idea and the way of expressing it), *plastic quality*, and *design*. By plastic quality the moderns mean the modeling or control of the surface of the picture to produce emotional effects through the sense of sight, entirely apart from the intellectual implications of subject. This plastic quality holds the eye of the observer frankly on the picture surface, whereas the surface of the academic, representative picture becomes in effect a pane of glass through which one has the illusion of looking at actual objects. Design is the orchestration of line, space, texture, color, and form in two and three-dimensional relationships, by means of which this plastic quality is achieved.

DAVID JONES



All four of these woodcuts have enough technical skill to tell their story effectively and thus to serve our intellectual needs. The experience of history, however, and certain emotional wants inherent in our natures tell us that this intellectual satisfaction is not the only end of art. We have



DOUGLAS PERCY BLISS

the right to certain sight-sense satisfactions, which, by supplementing the intellectual with the spiritual, round out the function of the picture as a whole.

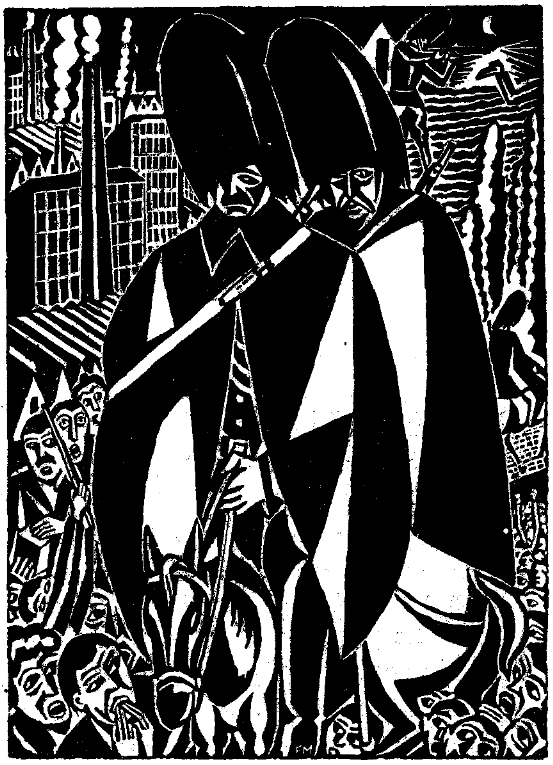
The cut by Rockwell Kent gives ample material for intellectual speculation. There is inventive story, together with skill enough to present that story effectively. There is such spiritual content as may come through the medium of the idea. Beyond these virtues, however, forms are not realized for their visual effect as form, and elements are not integrated into design. The conception of subject, in other words, is literary, not plastic. Here is excellent illustration without the additional qualities of enduring art.

In the Masereel, the picture surface is frankly plastic. Great, slashing, conscious spots of angular black and white are contrasted with a medley of small, curving shapes of heads and smoke and the square gridirons of buildings. Though deep space is portrayed in arbitrary perspective, there is no attempt at illusion. Abstract treatment and distortion intensify the expression of the story. The design is still simple and two-dimensional in character.

In the print by Douglas Percy Bliss, lines, spaces, forms, and textures are woven into design.

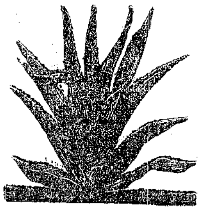
David Jones, in addition to an adequate story and invention in its expression (granting the primitives part credit), approaches the "grand design" tradition of the old masters and the best of the moderns. His design is three-dimensional. Forms are expressed as forms, and — more important — are woven into an integrated design. In other words, like the Masereel and Bliss, the Jones print goes beyond the intellectual, tapping the spiritual through the harmonies of plastic design in pictorial art.

Modern art at its best is part of the grand tradition of the ages, because it is creatively designed — because it plumbs the spiritual through sense as well as intellect. The true modern is master of this design. The academician, trained in the imitative approach, is a stranger to it, even when he imitates its superficial aspects. In these four pictures we see three designed works contrasted to one which, with all its visual and emotional enrichment of story, lacks design. I stress the difference. If design is an ingredient of the works both of old and modern masters, its presence or absence in a picture, or in the state of mind that produces it, is significant both to him who makes and to him who sees.



FRANS MASEREEL

Dry Rot in HOLY PLACES



by FREDERICK K. STAMM

In February of last year The Forum published a debate — "Is Protestantism Declining?" — between Herbert Asbury and Dr. S. Parkes Cadman. The present article recalls that debate in a peculiar way, because, although it comes from a Protestant minister, it grants Mr. Asbury's major charge of dry rot in the holy places of Protestantism. Dr. Stamm suggests that nothing short of a new Reformation can save Protestant Christianity from extinction.

Protestantism is becoming panicky over the lack of church attendance and membership accessions. It points to Romanism and says, "Look how the Catholics go to church. Protestantism is on the skids. No one goes to church." The main reason assigned for this situation is that Romanism has a ritual, a symbolism, and an order of worship that are satisfying to the worshiper, while Protestantism lacks the proper elements in worship to attract the people. We used to hear it said, "Back to Christ." Now, "Back to worship."

Worship seems to be the "cure-all" for the ills of Protestantism. I would not be understood as belittling the necessity of worship. Mankind has always worshiped something, and there is no justification for condemning an orderly and worshipful church service. But worship has too frequently degenerated into a mere performance, and the performance of some preachers is not good.

To imagine that a flustered, drowning Protestantism can save itself by clutching at the straw of ritual, liturgy, and symbolism, is pure nonsense. It comes about as near to the solution of the problem as the physician does to the curing of a malady by feeling the patient's pulse and telling him to put out his tongue. If we want to determine the cause of Protestantism's ills, we must resort to something more drastic than the mere restoration of a more ornate worship.

When faith declines, people take refuge in a ritual. If ritual were all that Protestantism needs, it could easily be supplied. All that Romanism has to-day in the way of worship belongs to its genius, and it doubtless would be shorn of much of its power without it. But Protestantism can never maintain itself by paralleling Romanism. The remedy does not lie in that direction. The remedy lies in making Protestantism true to itself. It will dwindle and die if it tries either to compete with Romanism or to oppose it.

The Reformation gave us Protestantism. It was born of the travail of men's souls. Its moving spirit was the *young* Luther, not the Luther of middle or old age who compromised his conscience in the Peasants' War. It represented a religion of the spirit, and as such it must continue to be interested in the mystery and mastery of life. The purpose of its theology must be to give its leaders an intelligent point of view from which to talk to men about the problems of life. In doing so it will definitely contribute to humanity the thing for which it was born.

Unfortunately, however, while Protestantism cleaned up some obvious abuses, the substructure of its thinking remained mediæval. It denied the Roman contention that the Bible and Christian doctrine can be properly interpreted only by the Church, but it retained the conception of the Bible as an infallible book which is to be interpreted by the individual believer. But what good is an infallible Bible in the hands of fallible interpreters? The idea of an infallible book and a fallible interpreter cannot be split in two parts. It is either true or false. There is no half-way house between Romanism and Protestantism, for as Glenn Frank so aptly says, "The Protestantism of the Old Reformation is simply Roman Catholicism with the keystone of its arch removed."

In order for Protestantism to become the distinctive force it seeks to be in the establishment of the ideals of Jesus, it must definitely take its stand along several lines. First of all, *it must keep the teaching of Jesus from being lost in a maze of ritualism and superstition.* We hear it said, "Let us use everything at our disposal — pictures, candles, dim lights, and what not — to aid the worshiper in finding God." Yes, let us do that, but let us not get the cart before the horse. "The wind bloweth where it listeth; thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, or whither it goeth. So is everyone that is born of the Spirit." Religion is a great, big, mysterious thing that blows upon the spirit of man in the dark, in the blazing sunshine, in the midst of perplexities. It whitens his soul and lifts up everything in the universe, and the beauties of nature, the work of the artist's brush, the tool of the sculptor all speak to him of the glory of God.

This is the natural process, and unless religion enters the soul of a man in some such fashion as that, all the outward aids to his religion will be sounding brass and clanging cymbals, with no entire satisfaction to the inner depths of the soul. If one has any imagination at all, he can visualize Paul as he walked up the Appian Way with his soul ablaze, and in his mind a vision of the world-wide kingdom of God. Somehow or other, he was doing exactly what Jesus did — walking straight into the face of opposition with a message of repentance and the mystical experience of God in the human soul. His message was simple and direct, and he left no doubt in the minds of his hearers as to its meaning. He pointed men to Jesus. His going to Rome was the greatest event that ever occurred there. The grandeur and glory of Rome sink into insignificance alongside of Paul's appearance before Nero. When we let our minds travel back beyond Paul to Jesus as he talked with the woman of Samaria and told her how she could see God, we cannot help wondering why it should ever become necessary to have all the symbolism and ritual in order to bring people — even the most illiterate — into the presence of God.

Many of the things to which Protestantism tenaciously clings have been brought over from paganism. They have somehow gotten in between God and the individual to such an extent that it is difficult to see the life of God in the face of Jesus Christ. If Jesus were here to-day, he would find a system of superstition extant in Protestantism which would far outmatch anything he found in the system of the Pharisees. It is for Protestantism to say whether the Sermon on the Mount and Jesus' outdoor method of bringing men face to face with God shall take precedence over an elaborate method of worship which is confined within the four walls of some more or less lovely edifice.

Again, *Protestantism must not fear to give a scientific interpretation of religion.* But she does fear it, even though many of her ministers in their private thinking believe in it. The rising generation is clamoring for it, and the thinking man of the street believes in it; but the Church withholds it. It is afraid of its elderly membership — its sleek conservatives who do not want to be disturbed; and the conservative church member hides behind the youth whom he is fearful the new teaching will corrupt and drive into unbelief.

Just the other day word came from England that Bishop Gore and a number of other bishops and clergymen have come upon facts which definitely prove that the stories of creation, the flood, the Tower of Babel, are pure legends. A prominent American clergyman asked me, "Did you see what Bishop Gore said?" To my affirmative reply he jerked out, "Well, it had to come; it had to come from somewhere, and Protestantism may as well face the facts." These men are not putting out this information to mystify the believer or to destroy the faith of Christians, but for the purpose of aiding us in giving a sound, sensible, and satisfying interpretation of the great underlying ethical teachings of the Biblical narratives; to set our feet upon a rock so that the storm of emotionalism and the flood of literalism will not sweep us away and drown us in an ocean of unfaith and fanaticism.

Let Protestantism be honest. Let it turn on the light so that men may no longer walk in darkness. Protestantism can't remain at a standstill. She must either be moving out into the atmosphere where she challenges the finest and best thinking of the age, or she must go backward. If Rome can continue to grow on her sacerdotal authority, Protestantism can grow only on the authority of the spirit which results from scientific investigation. The scientific conclusion of the scholar must be set to work upon democratic opinion and not be kept bottled up in theological institutions.

Theology is a peculiar thing. Science enjoys an advantage over religion in that its doctrines rest upon evidence. If it strays or stumbles, one may be sure that it will find its feet again and come back to the right path. But the shakiest hypothesis in religion, once discovered in the Bible, once settled by council or church judicatory, forthwith becomes a portion of the eternal truth, and we tamper with it at temporal and eternal peril. Dogmas block the way to new truth and close every avenue to new life. Emerson's great prayer was, "O Lord, make me willing to be willing to do Thy will." Protestantism ought to take the spirit of that prayer and say, "O Lord, make us willing to see Thy great truth as revealed through human agencies, and make us willing boldly to declare that truth for the sake of the onward progress of the kingdom of righteousness in the hearts of men." If we rest our case on the belief that men are going to be more righteous and that they will flock to church to find God because of more elaborate ritual, in the end we will need a reformation to save Protestantism from dry rot.

You just can't put a new patch on an old garment. If liberal Protestantism has anything to say that cuts underneath the old and destroys it, she must say it. If science definitely destroys our preconceived ideas of religion, then let science be heard. If the old structure of Protestantism totters and falls under the blasts of a new dynamic, then let her fall. If there is no other way to save her life than by losing it, then let her lose it. To have a right to exist, Protestantism must exist for something. Her ritual must be the ritual of doing good, and seeking the truth in all things must be her watchword.

But perhaps the greatest need of Protestantism, to save her from this panicky feeling and to restore her to the hearts of men, is *the ability to quicken in the human heart a sense of sin, and the necessity for an experience of God.* It needs a return to severe Calvinism. Not the kind that damns infants and preaches the doctrine of election, but the kind that stands up and looks the natural man in the eye and tells him he is damned because of his sin. We have been laboring under the delusion that man is essentially good. He is no longer a sinner. We have humanized Christianity, and in doing so, we have shorn the church of its power to redeem men by making them see their sin. The church has lost the power to Christianize humanity.

Ritual can develop into anything. It can become a despot that holds its victim in its iron grasp until it squeezes all the life out of him and lets his soul dangle at its girdle. It can become a soporific, deadening the senses and lulling the soul to sleep in the belief that somehow it will wake up in the glory of the celestial city. But the soul that senses its sin and hangs its need on a redeeming God, lifts its head and walks with sure tread as a Son of God.

Protestantism has no redeeming God. Jesus is a nice, benign being, who went about healing sick folks, folding his hands in prayer, tenderly laying his hands on the heads of little children, and who was finally given over into the hands of an angry God to be put to death on the cross as a sacrifice for the sins of humanity. It happened two thousand years ago, and now we have grown so accustomed to hearing about it that Protestantism can blithely make a hard pathway across Calvary without once taking a look at the cross.

A large element of Protestantism thinks it is religious when it doggedly defends all the doctrines that have been woven about the person of Jesus and when it does not deviate one iota from traditional orthodoxy. It guards these beliefs from the onslaught of the enemy. It fears anything that is remotely related to socialism. Once it feared despotism, but now it tramples on the principles that gave it liberty. It worships at the shrine of the God of Prosperity, and rests its case in the hands of those who sit in the seats of the mighty.

I am going to put my finger on an old forgotten element which was vital in the beginning of the Church, but which has given way to "ballyhoo," "church advertising," "selling religion," and "whooping-her-up." When I was a boy, I occasionally attended revivals. I saw people go to the "mourners' bench." The preacher asked, "Are you saved?" And frequently the question was asked, "Do you hold a grudge against anyone?" "Have you been dishonest?" "Are you living a life of impurity?" These were straight questions and they had to be answered. When the difficulty was satisfactorily adjusted, something occurred which was called the "new birth." It lighted the torches for many a sacrifice and produced a new force in the church.

The question, "Are you saved?" sounds strange to the ears of Protestantism to-day. But suppose you transfer this question to the academic realm. Suppose we make it read, "What is your religious experience?" Suppose a professor should ask the question of a company of church members of long standing: what would be their answer? They would rack their brains to find one single instance where a real experience was felt. Certainly they have never been sawn asunder; they have never wandered about in sheepskins and goatskins, being destitute, afflicted, and tormented for their religion. Their religious experience would read like the "short and simple annals of the poor." But the question of the preacher I heard in my boyhood, and the academic question of to-day, are essentially the same — "Have you got religion?"

What is religion doing for the Protestant churchman? He knows the Ten Commandments, the Beatitudes, the Lord's Prayer. When he goes to his task, he knows pretty well how he ought to act. If a deal is pending whereby the modern churchman is able to make a large sum of money if he will just shade the truth a bit, he knows what he ought to do. He knows he should not take revenge on his enemy. He knows what he ought to do in any circumstance. But the question is not one of knowing, but whether his religion has any working power in shaping his actions.

Protestantism is concerned about statistics, securing money to maintain the institution, endowing colleges and seminaries, and keeping the machinery well oiled. Jesus was concerned about giving people a religion that would test itself against the world. He said that there was power enough in his religion to help a man do the thing he ought to do. When Paul arrived, he said, "I am not ashamed of the Gospel, for it is the power of God unto salvation." We have woven a lot of theological speculation about that saying, but it is the same proposition which Dr. L. P. Jacks states in his book, *Religious Perplexities*. "There is a Power somewhere," he says, "in the height above or in the depth below, waiting to back me up. That Power, if I find it, shall be my God." How many Protestant churchmen have set out on this quest, or have even *wanted* to set out on it?

When Protestantism begins to cut underneath superficialities, when it demands sainthood which is willing to risk itself against a paganized civilization, it will face a vanishing membership, but it will find a new reason for its existence. The Bishop of Beauvais asked Joan of Arc in her last hour, "Do you believe that you are in a state of grace?" She replied, "If I am not, God will put me in it. If I am, God will keep me in it." "Will you submit to the judgment of the Church militant?" asked the Bishop. "I have come," she replied, "to the King of France by commission from God and from the Church triumphant above; to that Church I submit." So they led her away to the place of execution, and from her funeral pyre she looked over the city and said, "O Rouen, Rouen, I have great fear lest you suffer for my death." Then as the flames leaped about her, "Yes, my voices were of God! They have never deceived me! Jesus!" Just as the crowd was breaking up and falling away, an English soldier was heard to say, "We are lost, we have burnt a saint." Somewhere she had found a Power to help her do what she ought to have done in that dark hour. She had religion.

This was the kind of religion Nietsche spoke about. We execrated him during the war, but he spoke something which was akin to the life of Joan of Arc when he said, "This new table I put over you, my brethren. Become hard! Before the saint the strongest have always bowed reverently, because they perceived behind his frail and wasted appearance a superior force, which would test itself against the world." I am not arguing for a perfection in Protestantism which will match the perfection of Jesus, any more than I am saying that every golf player must be as good as Bobby Jones; but I am saying that a cure for Protestantism's ills can come only when those who make up its membership will set their faces in the direction of loyalty to the ideals of Jesus and be willing to take the consequences.

On Captain Scott's trip to the South Pole the physician of the party was equipped against the inevitable with thirty opium tablets for each member. In Scott's journal, dated March 11, 1922, was written: "What we will do, God only knows. We discussed the matter after breakfast. One satisfactory result to the discussion, I practically ordered Wilson to hand over the means of ending our trouble. We have thirty opium tablets apiece." On March 22, Captain Scott wrote in his journal, "Blizzard as bad as ever. Must be near the end. Have decided it shall be natural." When they took the snow from his dead body, there in one frozen hand was the pencil, and in the other his journal. Captain Scott was religious when, from somewhere, he got the power in that hour to die as he knew he ought to die — like a gentleman.

Some such loyalty must find its way into Protestantism — loyalty to the ideals of righteousness. Jesus followed in the wake of a long line of Hebrew prophets and seers. They followed the gleam. They went out to build the City of God. They never turned back. Jesus was ever loyal to their spirit. He spoke words, not to hear himself speak, not to mark himself off as different from his fellows, but because there was an inner voice which bade him speak. The words he spoke are not true because *he* spoke them, but he spoke them because they are true. He never failed men. He found a Power that helped him do what he knew he ought to do, and he never went back on that Power. He was a saint. And Protestantism will be saintly when it once accepts the sainthood of Jesus and finds the Power to do what he did — to build the City of God on earth.

Love Song

I

HAD I concealed my love
And you so loved me longer,
Since all the wise reprove
Confession of that hunger
In any human creature,
It had not been my nature.

II

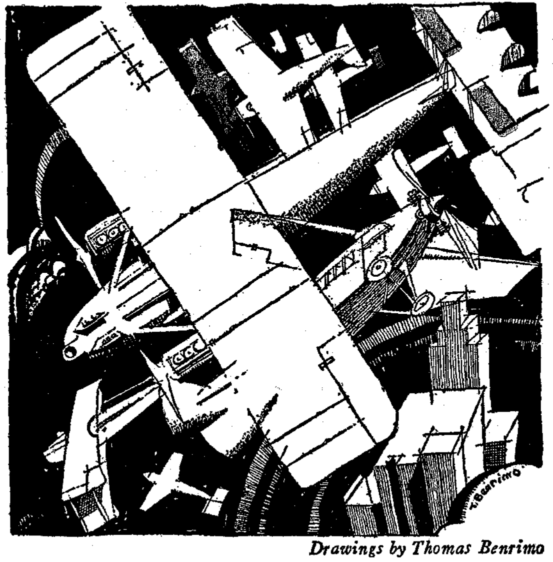
I COULD not so insult
The beauty of that spirit
Who like a thunderbolt
Has broken me, or near it;
To love I have been candid,
Honest, and open-handed.

III

ALTHOUGH I love you well
And shall forever love you,
I set that archangel
The depths of heaven above you;
And I shall lose you, keeping
His word, and no more weeping.

—*Elinor Wylie*

AIR FLIVVERS and the Future



Drawings by Thomas Benrimo

by ROGER W. BABSON

EVERY TIME two companies merge, one less manager is needed. Mergers are coming thick and fast. The tendency will be to reduce the number of executive jobs. White-collar men will have to hunt harder for work. While this reduction is taking place in the office force, there is another cut in the number of workers in the factory, for a different reason. The thing which is likely to lay off even more hands is the continued development of automatic machinery. Hence there will be fewer people needed both in the office and the mill. Moreover, labor-saving machines and methods will be applied to mental as well as manual labor. This will mean less demand for clerical workers. Finally, the growth of chain stores, chains of department stores, and group buying, will reduce the field open to salesmen. All these influences will create a big problem. Where will all kinds of workers find enough jobs to go around?

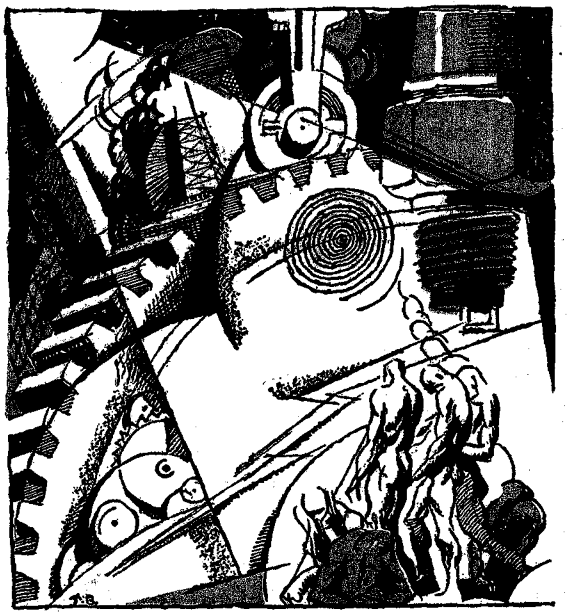
It is true that these labor-reducing influences have been in play for many years. Thus far, however, they have been largely offset by the growth of a phenomenal industry — the automobile industry. Had it not been for the development of the automobile industry, we probably would not have had the great expansion we have witnessed in highways and other building, in public utilities, in the volume of money, in national income, in wages, and in profits. The United States now produces about seven-eighths of the world's output of motor cars, which, in itself, is enough to make our country more prosperous than the many countries which share the other one-eighth of the business.

The latest available statistics show that already there are as many automobiles in the United States as there are telephones. Registration of cars and trucks: 23,127,315. Capital invested (net tangible assets): $2,080,657,664. Wages and salaries: $585,823,733. Number employed directly and indirectly: 4,063,665. Even such figures, however, fail to measure the industry fully. It is practically impossible to count the myriad activities which owe their origin and progress to the automobile. The automobile industry has been the mainspring of our recent prosperity. Had it not been for this or some other new invention, we might now be struggling with a fearful unemployment situation, affecting all kinds and grades of labor from chief executives to apprentices. As a matter of fact, I believe that if the automobile had not been developed, some other great industry would have been. The automobile represents only one of fifty new lines of industry awaiting the magic touch of men of vision to blossom forth. Of course I do not intend to say that the automobile has been the sole cause of prosperity. It is not the only spring, but I call it the mainspring.

A Saturation Point for Automobiles?

Clearly it is important to ask: Does this mainspring show signs of running down? If the activity of the automobile industry is all that is holding at bay the problem of unemployment, can we depend upon this influence to continue? Is the famed saturation point within sight? Finally, if the automobile ultimately ceases to act as a spur to prosperity, will the aircraft industry take its place? Will the flivver airplane carry on for us the prosperity which the flivver car initiated? The economic future of the country depends much upon the answers to these questions. In other words, when you ask me whether your children will do better than you have done or whether they will have a dreadful time making a living, I ask myself these two questions: What about the automobile? What about the airplane?

When measuring an industry's effect upon national prosperity, the real point is not how big the industry is, but rather how fast it is growing. The textile industry, for example, is enormous, but in recent years it has been comparatively stagnant. It has offered relatively few new jobs to young men. It has not required more plants and equipment. New customers have been so rare that it has not been profitable to send out a large number of salesmen to hunt for them. The industry has provided little fresh income and profits for investors. In spite of its great size the textile industry has, in recent years, failed to act as an impetus and stimulus. As always, the secret is found not in size but in rate of growth.



Therefore, what we really mean when speaking of a saturation point is not some absolute number. Do not make the mistake of trying to forecast a definite registration figure, such as 25,000,000, as the probable saturation point of the automobile. Even *per capita* figures (such as one car to five people) have no particular significance to students of prosperity. Rather, the factor to study is the percentage of annual growth. During recent successive years, these percentages of annual growth in registrations have run about like this: 23%, 17%, 14%, 10%, 5%. Those figures interest me more than any mystical saturation point. They show me that for the five years under review the curve shows signs of rounding over.

Merely from those figures alone we would be led to conclude that the mainspring is beginning to weaken. Indeed that may be true. At this point I will speak briefly of a great law of economics — the Law of Growth. Whether you chart the growth of population, the growth of a business, the growth in the number of flies in a cage, the growth of yeast, or various other kinds of growth, the chart tends to take a certain form. It looks like an old-fashioned letter S. At the outset the rate may be slight and the curve flat. Then it begins to slope upward more and more steeply. The point is finally reached when the upward pitch no longer becomes steeper, but passes the turning point. After that the rate of growth lessens and the curve gradually rounds over.

Statistics, however, do not make one a fatalist. After a country, a city, an industry, or an individual concern has completed one of these old-fashioned S curves, it is possible to start and develop a fresh curve of growth. If the automobile industry can now enter upon a new growth curve, it can continue to uphold national prosperity. Without such a fresh start and new expansion, the records apparently suggest that the automobile industry as an impetus to prosperity will presently begin to fade. It cannot thus function indefinitely with a diminishing percentage rate of annual growth.

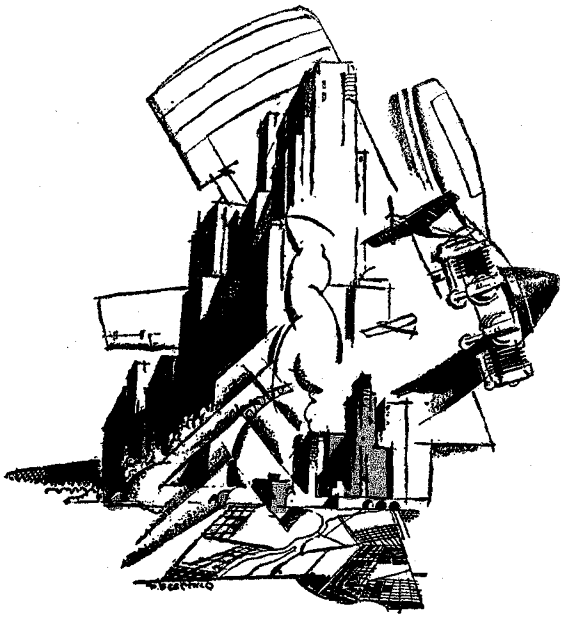
How could such a new period of expansion be achieved? I will suggest some ways; not that I count on these particular things, but more to give you an idea of some of the possibilities. For example, bus transportation is capable of much further development. This may be a way to tack another S curve onto our automobile growth chart. Thousands of cars are being operated when they have long passed the safety point and ought to be swept off the highways and into the junk pile. This would be a great step toward public safety as well as a legitimate aid to business. The opening of suburban shopping areas would help. I believe that one of the important causes of the lessening rate of growth is the intolerable traffic conditions in many downtown centres. Some of the downtown establishments have shown the foresight to set up suburban branches.

NEW PARKING DEVICE

The automobile itself is capable of further improvement. More than one engineering department could design a better car to-morrow if its hands were not tied by the production and financial departments. The gear-shift, for example, is only a makeshift. It is absurd that such a magnificent machine as a modern automobile should stick to a gear-shifting mechanism crude and clumsy enough to bring a laugh to the mechanics of Pharaoh's time.

A few months ago I thought I was making a forecast when I predicted an automobile that would run sidewise, for convenience in parking. I understand that such a car is already offered. The chief difficulty in forecasting nowadays is to announce a dream of the future quickly enough so you will not receive a catalogue of it in the next mail.

Another possibility very far from visionary is the growth of foreign markets. The progress of our foreign trade service under Hoover as Secretary of Commerce was very encouraging. With the government helping to foster this trade, and with our manufacturers reaching out for it vigorously, it is conceivable that we can compensate for the flattening tendency that is appearing in the curve of domestic consumption.



There is this to be said for the automobile industry. It has always been characterized by an extraordinary type of man. The leaders of this industry have been more concerned with principles than precedents. They have repeatedly done things which "aren't done" and "can't be done." They have given constant proof of energy, initiative, foresight, courage, and integrity. Thus, whenever I attempt to analyze the automobile industry, I always give more attention to humanics than to mechanics and statistics.

THE INSTALLMENT PLAN

A word must be said of the time payment plans and the finance companies. It is obvious that these plans, and the financial machinery through which they are operated, had the effect of giving the automobile industry a new lease on life. It is not yet plain to me whether this will prove to be genuine growth or semi-inflation. I am frankly conservative in matters of banking. I was brought up to believe that credit should be granted for production purposes rather than for personal purchasing. Banks are regulated by safeguards which have grown up during generations of experience. Similar safeguards do not surround the finance companies. I do not question that a good finance company may be sounder than a poor bank. Nevertheless, a bank's a bank "for a' that." It is subject to restriction and answerable to authority.

Until and unless we get regulations for the finance companies comparable to banking regulations, I cannot regard them as of similar caste with other departments of the automobile industry. Furthermore, the time payment plan itself is not immune to criticism from the social point of view. Installment buying stimulates business, but it is not the most desirable business. In any event, the part payment plan has now done its best — or its worst — and we can no longer look forward to installment buying as something that will save the day and spur a lagging rate of growth. The automobile industry must look elsewhere for its next comeback.

Let us assume for the moment that the automobile industry, as an influence upon prosperity, is waning. Will the flivver airplane take its place and give us a new era of activity? Will it give us jobs to make up for the jobs abolished by mergers and labor-saving machinery?

THE FLIVVER AIRPLANE

Many of the great inventions have first appeared in a crude form. To hear the early phonographs, you had to stick tubes in your ears. The horn was the key that unlocked the phonograph's greatness. Horseless carriages were an old invention. The key that opened the future of the automobile was the invention of pneumatic tires. The key for radio was the invention that made it possible to broadcast something more than code. These are examples of master keys. Most industries have minor keys. For instance, to the automobile, the differential gear was a key — but a mere differential gear would not have brought greatness to the horseless carriage without pneumatic tires. Disc records were a key for the phonograph — but disc records alone would not have popularized a talking machine that had to be plugged into the ears with tubes. The socket-power system has improved radio reception, but the utmost perfection of this system would not have sold millions of receiving sets if all they broadcast was "dit-dit-dah-dit." The master key of an industry is an invention which makes the industry serve the millions instead of the millionaires.

In its present state, I look upon the aircraft industry as somewhat like the telegraph and cable industries. They are important, even indispensable. They are not universal. Millions would not sit up all hours of the night listening to Morse code. I cannot imagine a family buying a telegraph instrument on installments. Before the aircraft industry can hope to come into the same class as the automobile industry, it must find a master key. Without such a revolutionary invention, it is vain to expect a true flivver airplane. The nature of the master invention is easy to forecast. In some way it must do the job of a helicopter. The plane must be able to rise straight up, hover at a given spot, make a slow vertical descent — and possibly perform as a parachute when the power is cut off. Without such an invention, it is futile to figure on one airplane for every five people in the United States. The automobile itself would still a relatively unimportant industry if you had to journey to a municipal autoport every time you needed your car, and if you couldn't drive it under fifty miles an hour.

Therefore, in attempting to give you some blueprints of the future, all my conclusions are based on the assumption that there will presently be developed a helicopter or its equivalent. This will be the master key. Other key inventions may be as follows. The planes or blades can be folded up as a grasshopper folds its wings. A pontoon construction will permit landing and locomotion on water or on snow. The landing wheels may be power driven, so that the machine can be operated on the road like an automobile. For example, after flying to a city, it will be possible to land outside its limits and then use the plane as an automobile. Fundamentally this is the flivver airplane which I visualize. Granting the possibility of such a design, we can foresee an industry of giant size. Moreover, it will have profound effects upon human life, equal to or even greater than the vast changes which can be traced to the automobile industry.

Some houses will have roof garages, reached by automatic electric elevators. Once discovered, the roof may be utilized for other purposes in addition to that of garage. Long rows of apartment houses have a roof area that can well be smoothed and generally redesigned to form a landing field. In our big cities there are millions of square feet of roof area that are now an economic waste. We complain about lack of room, but there is still room at the top.

These changes, however, seem trifling in comparison with other tremendous readjustments in living conditions resulting from the flivver airplane. We get a glimpse of these possibilities by observing what the automobile has accomplished. The automobile has created the suburbs. The airplane will create the countryside. People who used to live in the city now live ten miles out in the suburbs. People who now live in the suburbs will live fifty miles out in the countryside. In point of time, our offices, stores, and factories are as near as they used to be; it isn't the ten miles we count, but the twenty minutes. Remoteness is not measured by odometer but by clock. The present generation has seen the growth of suburban stores, suburban highways, and suburban theatres, schools, and churches. In this upbuilding of the suburbs, the automobile has been the prime mover. Just as great developments will be witnessed by the coming generation, when the flivver airplane builds up the countryside.

A NEW OIL INDUSTRY

If these anticipations are realized, a mammoth and varied volume of construction is on the horizon. The conquest of the skies will result in rebuilding the face of the earth. For example, poles and wires will be recognized as obstructions and they will be removed and placed underground, on the same principle on which we are spending millions to make our roads more clear and straight. Towering smokestacks will be replaced by power-draught systems. The campaign for smoke prevention will gather new force. In the northern regions snow removal from highways will be extended. While it is true that the plane in flight is indifferent to impassable roads, nevertheless the plane on land will want to taxi about and will insist on adequate facilities. Plane drivers will join car drivers in demanding good roads the year round.

The resort and recreation industries will gain fresh impetus. The country is full of localities which would be well patronized as tourist centres if only within the tourist's reach. These limitations of distance and inaccessibility disappear with the coming of the flivver plane. Hundreds of attractive regions will become accessible. The resort habit was only started by motoring and will flourish amazingly under the stimulus of flying. Week-end trips especially will gain in favor. They will be further encouraged by the proposed thirteen-month calendar, which will systematize our holidays and, without inroads on business hours, will enable people to schedule their free time more effectively.

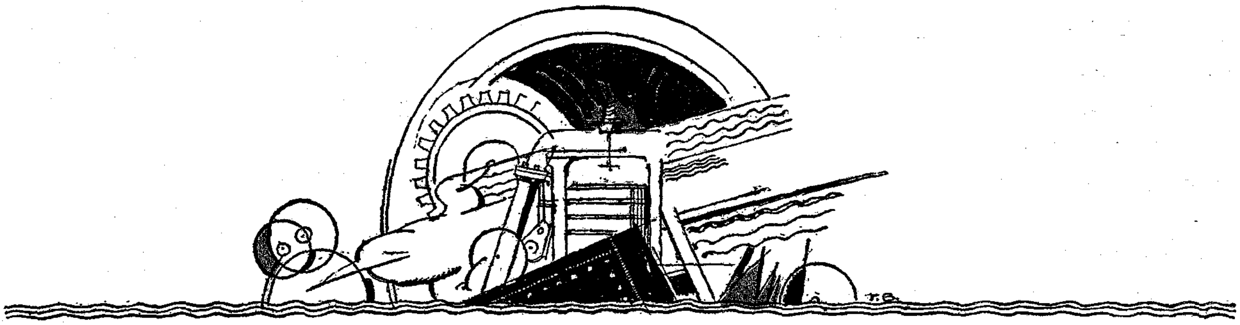
One of the most important results of all these changes will be felt by the oil industry. In the first place, there will be an increased demand for gasoline. Further, however, there must be better methods of distributing gas. It is already antiquated for gasoline to be hauled through the streets in tank-wagons. Gasoline is a liquid and advantage should be taken of a liquid's ability to flow through pipes. It has even been suggested that some day coal may be liquefied and sent through pipes. In other words, we are on the eve of developing a network of pipe lines, so that fuel can be on tap everywhere like water. Already trunk pipe lines are in operation from the oil fields to the larger distributing centres. The next step is to pipe from the distributing centres to the individual filling stations dotting our highways. The tank-wagon will become a museum piece like the goatskin water bottle slung over the back of a donkey. The aircraft requirements will help to speed this development. Even to-day there is more gasoline sold than electricity. The oil industry is about to become our latest public utility.

This means a further strengthening of the filling station's position. It seems inevitable that the filling stations will awaken to the advantages they possess. They have good locations, growing patronage. By becoming distributors of groceries, car and plane goods, hardware, or other lines, the filling stations have an opportunity to take their place among the greatest of retail outlets.

NEW MAPS

The incoming administration will undertake to develop our inland waterways. The airplane may contribute to such a movement. The plane of the future must be able not only to alight on water but to travel on water. The chief passenger traffic on rivers, canals, and lakes may not be boats as we know them to-day, but planes — planes that are at home in the three elements, earth, air, and water. This possibility gives the waterways programme redoubled interest.

Universal use of planes will require a new type of map. When dealing with a public of



20,000,000, the scientific delicacies of topographical maps will not suffice. There will be need of a map that tells its story at a glance. The aviator properly requires a bird's-eye view map that lacks nothing in accuracy even though it doesn't call for a civil engineer to read it. The idea will spread, and many of the maps of the future will be in perspective or relief. Reliance cannot be put on maps alone. Methods of guidance by radio will be devised, whereby a given locality will signal aviators desiring to find it, like a hen calling her chickens. Or television may be employed also, so that the aviator can see before him, in its correct location, a town which he wants to reach—a mirage that will help instead of deceiving.

BETTER EYESIGHT

Flying may have a good effect upon eyesight. Reading, writing, watching movies, and most of the activities of modern life, tend to use excessively and exclusively the short focus muscles of the eye. Life in the skies will help to correct this cause of our poor eyesight by bringing into play the long-focus muscles. In fact, one of the exercises recommended for eye fatigue is to fix the gaze on some point at the extreme range of sight. The trouble has been to find any object in civilized life that isn't right under one's nose. In another sense, also, the airplane will widen our breadth of view and give a new focus. Village squabbles, town jealousies, and sectional quarrels have their roots in provincialism. The broadening process begun by the automobile will be continued by the airplane. As sky-riders we shall gain not only better eyesight but broader vision.

As a matter of fact, nearly all the effects which the airplane will bring, can be summarized as a broadening out. For example, we have already passed the point where it is enough to have city planning. The problems and necessities introduced by aircraft will bring the need for state planning. Great areas must be zoned instead of mere city blocks. We can no longer afford to think and design in units of blocks, but must adopt units of square miles. The immense increases in speed and radius of activity will change the entire scale of our lives.

BETTER WEATHER

Already the airplane has made weather *reports* insufficient — the request is for weather *forecasts*. It is not inconceivable that the ultimate demand will be for weather *controls*. Experiments have been proposed for dissipating fog. The laboratory is studying electrical disturbances. Engineers have discussed the theoretical possibilities of shifting periodically the course of the Gulf Stream to modify the climates of continents. Remember that the three steps of technical progress are: first, to *record*, second, to *forecast*, third, to *control*. Can this succession be applied to weather and climate? It is certain that the growth of aviation will clamor for this achievement. Mark Twain's lament that everybody complains of the weather but nobody does anything about it, may yet be answered. The time is ahead when the Weather Man will really make the weather.

Although artificial weather is still remote, artificial beaches are entirely possible. The airplane will have the effect of placing populations by the thousands within reach of the seashore. Many of our natural beaches are crowded beyond the saturation point, while hundreds of miles of shoreline are idle because devoid of beaches. In view of the tremendous expenditures which are being made on roads, the proposal to build a few miles of beach does not seem too visionary. Such a project would bring health and happiness almost beyond reckoning. Aircraft will increase rather than reduce roadbuilding, for the reasons already mentioned. Aircraft, however, will force us to consider destinations as well as routes. When we can reach places easily, we will want to find something worthwhile when we get there. Few objectives are more satisfying than a fine beach, especially if the number of grains of sand exceeds the number of people.

I have been asked what will be the effect of the aircraft industry upon clothing. When the automobile first appeared, it induced a peculiar style of apparel. Motorists distinguished themselves by goggles, dusters, and veils. To-day the professional chauffeur is the only costumed motorist. The same course can be foreseen for aviation. We are now in the goggle and helmet stage. This will pass. The more permanent effect will not be visible. It concerns the money spent on clothes. People will want clothes which have been produced and distributed as efficiently and economically as possible so that they may have more money to spend on gasoline and oil. A similar effect will be noticed in houses and house furnishings. Houses will be smaller and less bothersome. People will prefer to spend their time, energies, and money in other ways made attractive by the airplane, rather than in keeping up a burdensome establishment. Although oversized houses and overdressed men and women are disappearing, the average home is more livable and the average person is more suitably attired than ever before. These tendencies will be promoted by the airplane.

The airplane will help to give us better food. Perishable foods will be transported more quickly. In effect, producing regions and consuming populations will be brought nearer together. Shopping for food can be practised on a larger scale. The food problem is largely a farm problem. No group will benefit more from the aircraft industry than will the farmers.

The advantage of transporting the farmer's products is secondary to the advantage of transporting the farmer himself. The automobile shook most of the traditional hayseed off the farmers, and the airplane will blow away the last vestiges. All groups are mingling. The city man is moving to the suburbs or the countryside, and will spend his spare time as far away from the city as he can fly. The farmer will be motoring and flying to the big town and availing himself of its advantages.

The airplane will enable a manager to supervise more closely the work of widely scattered offices or factories. This will still further encourage the present marked tendency toward mergers and chains. Not only management but labor will be made more available for plants located in the smaller towns. To a less extent this is also true of materials and markets. With the aid of the airplane the smaller town is in position more readily to bring raw materials in and to ship finished goods out. Hence the airplane is a factor in favor of the small town.

Conservation is one of the good causes to which the airplane will make a real contribution. Every agency that makes the public better acquainted with country life furthers the

work of organizations such as the Isaac Walton League, which is working to protect and preserve the beauties of wild life and our scenic assets. Those who become the friends of outdoors are thereby converted to the conservationists' programme. Probably over a billion dollars is invested in golf courses. Aviation will increase this. Aviation will promote other sports and recreations. It will encourage living in the country because it creates more country life occupations — filling stations, garages, hotels, road construction, agriculture.

The automobile spread the travel habit. Events may yet show that the railroads have been more helped than hurt. Similarly, it will eventually be seen that the airplane has increased rather than decreased the utility of automobiles. I am speaking now not of temporary readjustments but of the broad trends. Horseback riding was never more popular than to-day. Nearly all branches of locomotion are stirred by new methods of locomotion.

Greater than the direct benefits from the airplane, I count the indirect benefits. This is the clear lesson we can read in the history of the automobile. Here is an industry that taught every other industry something about efficient producing and effective marketing. Methods and commodities which were worked out originally for the automobile industry have been utilized for other merchandise. A similar reaction may be expected for the airplane industry. For example, this industry will persistently hunt for lighter and tougher metals. Once developed, such metals will find uses in the other arts. All business will profit greatly by having a new pacemaker.

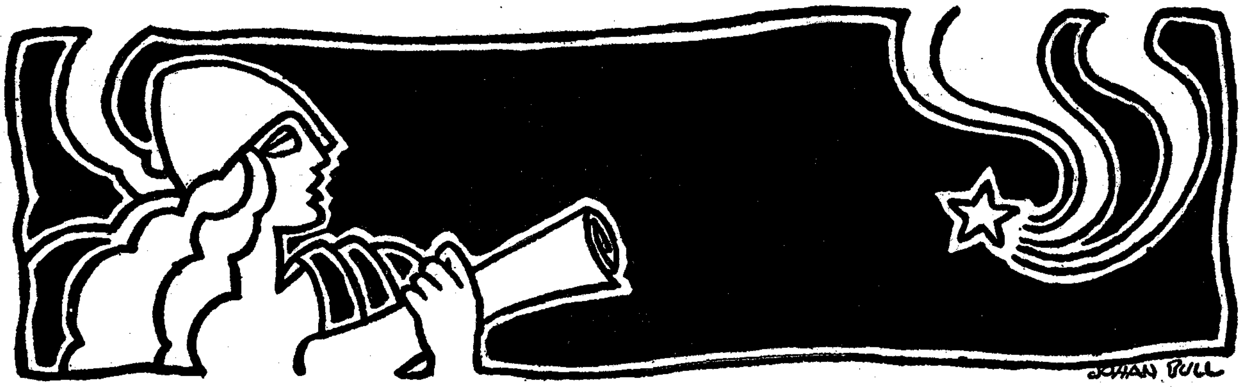
Better Men

Thus far we have been talking of tangible things — materials and motions. Motions, however, are nothing compared with emotions. Emotion is the spark-plug that gets action. Here is found the reason why the airplane can contribute so greatly to national prosperity. It enlarges man's field of effort, expands his personality, heightens his economic stature, takes him outside of himself and beyond himself. In other words, the benefit is not just the production of aircraft, the addition of some millions of dollars to manufacturing output and trade turnover, but likewise the possession and use of these new vehicles. Even if every plane were bought from foreign sources and not a penny were added to domestic business, the airplane would help our business because of the increased physical and mental activity aroused throughout the nation. When, therefore, we get both the bigger business and the aroused spirit, the reaction is unbounded. Beyond any doubt, the airplane industry has the potential power to continue the prosperity which the automobile industry played such a large part in beginning.

Although the airplane opens up boundless opportunities, it also threatens limitless perils. All depends upon whether we can match this burst of new material powers with an equal gain in spiritual forces. The coming generation can see in a minute more than the former generation could see in a week. The coming generation can out-hear and out-travel the former generation. Horsepower has expanded beyond all dreams. But what about man-power? What about spiritual power, and the power of judgment, discretion, and self-control? Unless there is a development of character equal to this enlargement of physical forces, there is sure trouble ahead.

Twenty-five years ago, an intoxicated man might tip the buggy over, but commonly the old horse would bring him home. To-day, a driver under the influence of liquor maims and kills. To-morrow, therefore, is something to ponder over. Without moral progress in pace with physical progress, the airplane will merely make dissipation more disastrous, immorality more widespread, and crime more efficient. As one result of the automobile has been to put hell on wheels, the airplane will put hell on wings, unless righteousness too is equally speeded up. On the development of character depends whether the flivver airplane shall bring prosperity or calamity.

TO COME, A SECOND ARTICLE BY MR. BABSON — "THIRTY WAYS TO MAKE A MILLION."



Why Educate WOMEN?

by W. BÉRAN WOLFE, M.D.

The title of this article reads like a challenge to women — and that is precisely what it is. Do women have any clear idea what they hope to obtain from education? Last month President Neilson of Smith College said that women should be educated for the same ends as men. Dr. Wolfe agrees with that but calls for a new definition of educational purposes both for men and women.

The number of articles dealing with the problems of college education published in recent years indicates that American colleges are subjecting their inner organization and their outer purpose to the light of scientific scrutiny. One of the most thoughtful and important of these articles — "Should Women Be Educated like Men?" — was written by President William Allan Neilson of Smith College, and published in The Forum last month. It dealt with the problem of curriculum from the standpoint of college administration, and the very cogency with which President Neilson proved that there is no reason for differentiating the curriculum of women's colleges and men's colleges inspires a further investigation of the aims and purposes of the liberal arts college, as well as the relationship of its aims to the trend of our civilization.

President Neilson defines the purpose of a liberal college education, as distinct from that of vocational or professional education, as "preparation for living itself." None can quarrel with this aim, nor with President Neilson's conclusion that "the general aim (of the education of both sexes) cannot well be differentiated. For women no less than for men it is desirable to sharpen their sensibilities, to develop their faculties, to broaden their outlook, to provide themselves with means of self-expression, to store up these resources that make life rich and full and give the soul immunity from the changes of fortune and the shocks of fate. For women no less than men it is important to develop sympathy, to achieve tolerance, to learn coöperation — in short to be a good neighbor."

Clearly, this view of the purpose of liberal education is based upon the assumption that men and women are equally educable. Pedagogically this is an established truth, based on data derived from almost every science during centuries of research. Yet a cross-section of contemporary institutions and laws demonstrates that the equivalence of men and women is by no means so firmly established in general life as it is in pedagogic theory. We are living in an age still dominated by a masculine ideal. Our culture is maintained by man-made laws. Our institutions give preference to men. Our theology and philosophy are permeated with the concept that the male is a superior being.

The tradition of male superiority is a heritage from the past, and although science has repeatedly demonstrated that there is no truth in it, the tradition dies hard. Moreover, the fallacy of the concept has become self-evident to all artificially subordinated women, with the result that our civilization is racked by a struggle which is essentially one of sexual dominance. The emancipation of women has gone far; still, neither equality nor coöperation between the sexes exists. Competition is the rule — the dominant male fighting to retain his prerogatives, the belligerent female struggling to attain her rights. This conflict colors every moment and every mode of our daily life, causing the most profound tensions in the economic, legal, social, educational, and human relations between men and women.

There seems little reason to doubt that our civilization will eventually readjust itself to provide an equable division of labor and opportunity between the sexes, for existing conditions are surely not in harmony with our scientific knowledge. To overcome present conflicts and prepare for the realization of the scientific ideal must, therefore, be one of the major goals of all education, and especially of that kind of education to which we apply the word *liberal.*

The failure of the liberal arts college can be attributed neither to its curriculum nor to defects in its pedagogy, neither to a lack of endowments nor to inadequate facilities. Its failure can be traced back to a fundamental defect in purpose. President Neilson's excellent list of the goals of a liberal education must be complemented by the addition of another essential purpose: young men and young women must not only be taught to be good neighbors to their own sex; they must also be prepared to be good neighbors to the opposite sex. Taking this as our yardstick, we may now measure the three existing groups of liberal arts colleges and determine how far they fall short of achieving this fundamental purpose.

The men's colleges are the oldest, and we shall examine them first. These institutions originated in an age whose cultural premises differed radically from our own. Most of these institutions pride themselves upon their ivy-clad traditions, and these are the traditions of masculine supremacy. The old colleges are strongholds of the impregnable male. In origin and purpose they are closely related to the ecclesiastical schools of the Middle Ages, whose ideology was colored by an insane fear of women.

The present-day men's colleges maintain their ancient aloofness. Fathers send their sons to them because they believe their boys "will attend to business" and "not bother with the girls." The ideals of masculine dominance are fostered and nurtured. Undergraduates assume a deprecatory attitude toward women's colleges and a patronizing air toward coeducational universities. The cult of athletics reinforces the masculine pride both of graduates and undergraduates. Contacts with women are few and bad. For the most part, they are limited to approved university functions for which girls are "imported" from neighboring colleges. These girls are assuredly not chosen solely because of their intellectual charm, and yet they are frequently the only feminine intellects which the college man meets. Such contacts only reinforce the false opinion he already holds of his own superiority.

If the college man has any other relations with women, they are likely to be clandestine contacts with women of the lowest intellectual and social level. Thus the social adjustment of the student in men's colleges is distorted by the worst aspects of the sexual struggle of our times. His education is permeated with the fear that woman is a distracting or demoralizing influence, while his social contacts serve to intensify his struggle for virility. President Neilson wonders why there is no demand for courses in fatherhood in men's colleges, and why college men do not endow women's colleges. The answer is obvious. The idea of training for fatherhood presupposes a desire to coöperate with women in the business of living, and the undergraduate in men's colleges is absorbed in maintaining the supremacy of the male. Alumni of men's colleges do not endow women's colleges because their whole education has taught them that thinking is alien to the nature of female human beings, that it is dangerous to try to teach women to think, and that women's colleges grant this and don't really try very hard. So why waste money on women's colleges?

Women's colleges were organized as an expression of protest against the exclusion of women from men's colleges. The idea was splendid, but its execution was faulty. Women can hardly be blamed for their failure, for women had never been educated in colleges before and their only model was the faulty one presented by the men's college. In taking this model, with its age-old tradition that one sex was superior to the other, the new educators of women quite naturally failed to see that the true purpose of education is coöperation in living; instead, women's colleges became expressions of the belligerent protest — "Women are as good as men!"

These colleges fail for the same reason that men's colleges fail — namely, a common defect in purpose which exaggerates the sexual struggle and leaves the problem of adjustment to be worked out through the battle of the sexes in later life. Evidence that women's colleges fail to "train for living" is technical in nature and is derived from sources unfortunately little known to college professors and administrators. This is the evidence of case histories from court, clinic, and private practice. The psychiatrist sees the women's colleges as important contributors to the mental disquietude of modern life. Because they do not aid students in making important mental adjustments, they not only fail in their avowed purpose but actually intensify the maladjustments of young women who enter them ill-prepared to face the problems of life.

Many parents send their daughters to women's colleges hoping that the semi-cloistered life will spare them the unpleasantness of reality; but the atmosphere of these institutions serves only to increase the perplexity of such girls or to blind them to the need of adjustment. As a matter of fact, only the very well-adjusted girl can go through the women's college unscathed by the unnatural segregation of work and interests. The maladjusted girl becomes more discouraged, more helpless, more neurotic. A common example is the girl who enters the women's college poorly prepared for any communal life. Frightened because she is unable to feel herself a part of the college community, she isolates herself from society and compensates for her isolation by cultivating a siccative erudition. She consoles her frustrated life with the feeble glory of a Phi Beta Kappa key, and later, becoming a teacher or a laboratory assistant, projects her social discouragement to the next generation.

Another example of how the poor preparation of pre-college days is intensified by women's colleges is the young woman whose abilities do not permit her to attain the Phi Beta Kappa stage of compensation. College teaches her the futility of being a woman, and when she graduates, she swells the growing number of neurotic women who fill the divorce courts and mental sanitaria. These women miss the opportunity to learn social and sexual adjustment during the most significant years of their development, because women's colleges offer them the sickly pabulum of archæology and art appreciation instead of the robust material of human coöperation.

Another common type is exemplified by the young woman whose interest in men is accentuated by the abnormal conditions of segregation in the women's college; her life becomes a glorified man-hunt. She is as maladjusted as her sisters, albeit more courageous. To the belligerent girl who is intent on proving that she is "as good as any man," a college education means little more than a rapid succession of proms, petting parties, and "heavy dates." Studies remain purely secondary to her underlying purpose. The real thing is to acquire *It*.

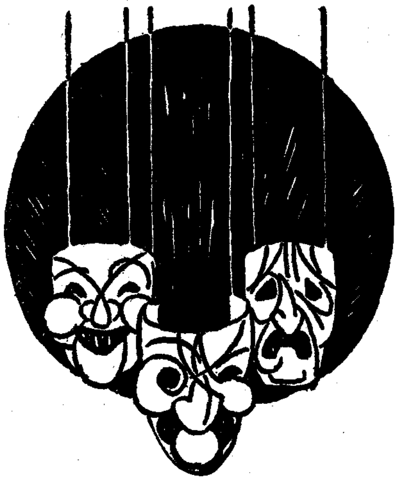
In a magazine intended for the general reader it would not be fitting to discuss some of the more serious and shocking types of maladjustment which the women's colleges tend to foster. Curiously enough, educators generally seem to be unaware of them, or, if they happen to come to their notice, are inclined to regard them as special cases having no bearing upon the broader problems of education. I only wish this were true, but I am convinced it is not. Such cases must be considered along with the other cases of maladjustment of greater or less degree, and to any physician who, like myself, is compelled to deal with them daily, they spell out a terrific indictment of women's colleges.

Our discussion has led inevitably to the conclusion that men's colleges are anachronisms dating from an age when the dominance of the male was accepted as biological gospel, while women's colleges are inadequate because they are little more than copies of men's colleges in which are developed the worst aspects of the sexual struggle for supremacy. Despite their manifest cultural training, the failure of both to "prepare for living" in the broadest sense compels us to seek constructive suggestions for a better educational system. If it is true that men and women must live together and work together after college days are ended, does not this fact suggest that they ought to be educated together for their communal life? If there can be no scientific objections to coeducation, now that the old prejudices concerning the mental powers of women have been swept aside, the coeducational college of liberal arts would seem the only sane solution.

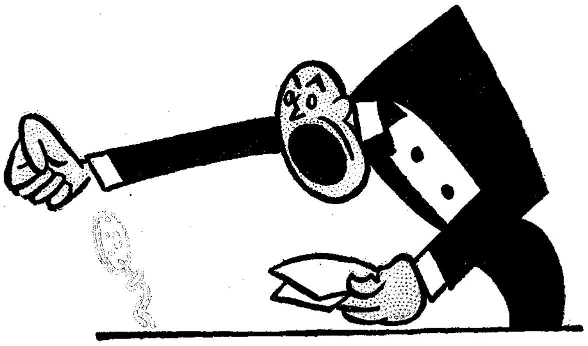
Yet the existing coeducational colleges of liberal arts have also failed — if to a less extent — in preparing their students for the communal tasks of adult life. It is well known that in some of these institutions what I have called "the sexual struggle" is actually intensified. In one of them it is a tradition for the men students to consider association with the "co-eds" beneath their dignity. All the faults I have indicated in the men's and women's colleges are to be found, and the explanation of this failure is not difficult. Almost without exception the coeducational colleges in America are in reality no more than men's colleges, built on the anachronistic prejudice of masculine supremacy tempered to the point of "tolerating" women students. These institutions pride themselves far more on their male athletics than on their coeducational cultural activities. Many courses are open only to men; few, if any, courses are designed to provide opportunities for mutual understanding and coöperation.

The coeducational college, nevertheless, is a step in the right direction. Its greatest defect as it exists to-day comes from confusing the meaning of coeducation. The mere juxtaposition of the sexes in a college of liberal arts is not coeducation unless that juxtaposition implies complete equality of opportunity, work, and rewards, together with actual training in euthenics. So far as I am aware, coeducational courses in euthenics do not exist in any American college of liberal arts. It is highly problematical, indeed, whether a true coeducational college of liberal arts exists in America.

Until such a college is founded with the avowed purpose of training young men and women for communal life, we must hold in abeyance our judgment of the benefits of coeducation. But this much we may declare: that the old colleges for men and women, built, the one to uphold male supremacy, the other to oppose it, are both misfits and the molders of misfit human beings in the modern world. The intellectual equality of the sexes is no longer subject to argument. It is an established scientific fact, and for this reason coeducation is an idea whose time has come. Neither armies nor ivy-clad walls can withstand it.



RADIO — A Blessing or a Curse?



Drawings by Julian de Miskey

by JACK WOODFORD

DO YOU REMEMBER, a few years ago, how we all felt a vague sort of elation when the wonder of radio came to our attention? Ah, at last, we said, here is something . . . something . . . we were not quite sure what. Something overwhelming that was going to broaden American life and culture. Something that was going to bring peace on earth and good will to men. Something that was going to do everything but change the actual physical outline of North America. Do you think I exaggerate? Get out the papers of a few years back and read the editorials.

And now we know definitely what we have got in radio — just another disintegrating toy. Just another medium — like the newspapers, the magazines, the billboards, and the mail box — for advertisers to use in pestering us. A blatant signboard erected in the living room to bring us news of miraculous oil burners, fuel-saving motor cars, cigar lighters that always light. Formerly, despite the movies, the automobile, the correspondence course, and the appalling necessity most of us feel for working at two or three jobs in order to be considered successful, we still had some leisure time. But radio, God's great gift to man, eliminated that last dangerous chance for Satan to find mischief for idle hands. There is now very little danger that Americans will resort to the vice of thinking.

I am writing this article on a memorable day which marks a change in radio broadcasting. Heretofore we have had operating throughout the country a great many small and more or less independent radio broadcasting stations. Some of these didn't even advertise. They had the conservative notion that the very fact that the station was owned by the "So and So Can Company" or the "This and That Shoe Company" was advertising enough. They had no ambition other than to furnish a radio programme of music, enlivened by an occasional prize fight or an Eddy Guest poem. The new Radio Commission has stepped in and put an end to this un-American practice of using broadcasting stations for purposes other than advertising. It closed some stations, took time away from others, and generally "bettered" things. Yesterday one heard snatches of music and a variety of innocuous junk coming in from the various stations in the vicinity. To-day, tuning in on any station in the country, there is nothing to be heard but advertising. The radio has been made safe for democracy — almost.

The Radio Commission, however, will be content with nothing short of perfection. There are already four large "chains" of broadcasters. These chains operate by hooking together dozens of broadcasting stations throughout the country, so that one high-pressure salesman, yapping into a single microphone, can send his message to millions. I predict that before the commission calls its task well done, there will be no broadcasting save chain broadcasting, and probably not over half a dozen safe, and sanely subsidized, chains.

The marvel of science which was to bring us new points of view, new conceptions of life, has degenerated in most homes into a mere excuse for failing to entertain. Mr. and Mrs. Babbitt, who used to make a feint at conversation by repeating to each other and their guests the ideas which they had gleaned from the editorials in the morning paper, now no longer go to that trouble. Bridge is too much of an exertion. It is not necessary even to serve ice cream and cake. All the modern host needs is his sixteen-tube Super-sophistication and a ration of gin. The guests sit around the radio and sip watered gin and listen to so-called music interspersed with long lists of the bargains to be had at Whosit's Department Store by those who get down early in the morning. If they are feeling particularly loquacious, they nod to each other. Thus dies the art of conversation. Thus rises the wonder of the century — Radio!

It would not be so bad if the listeners were taking in something even slightly informing. But I have searched the ether hopelessly trying to find something with some sense in it being broadcast somewhere. I have heard only the rattle and bang of incredibly frightful "jazz" music, played so similarly that it is impossible to tell one piece from another. Listened to for a time, it all becomes a prolonged jungle beat, monotonous and meaningless. During the political campaign I heard Mr. Hoover calling himself the Messiah and Governor Smith calling himself the Redeemer, as they read speeches written for them by "ghost writers." For my patience in listening to "News Flashes," I have gleaned information concerning the thug who slew a cop, the man who scattered his votes in every precinct, the organist who eloped with his sister-in-law, the man who bit a dog.

No doubt if the gods of the monthly book clubs left off arguing over whether Cabell is a moron or a genius and gave their minds to the matter, they would have little trouble in choosing the fifty most intelligent men in the United States. Probably they would eventually decide upon just about the same fifty men that ordinary people like you and me would pick.

Why is it, do you suppose, that such men are never heard upon the air? Instead of hearing the pick of the country's brains, we hear potential Presidents explaining how it is possible for them to be both wet and dry, both conservative and liberal, both for and against every issue before the "sover'n 'merican" voters of this splendid nation. And so it will always be. The hypothetical fifty men on our list have no interest in talking to a radio audience, for the obvious reason that a radio audience which enjoys what it is now getting would not know what such men were talking about, nor be interested if they did.

And yet we believed that radio was about to set up a new culture in America. Dr. S. Parkes Cadman, presidential timber, Aimee Semple McPherson, the Sunshine Boys, all of them crying aloud — that is the culture which the radio is bringing to America. That sort of thing is the radio's fodder, and it will continue to be radio fodder until the loud speaker follows the iron deer into blessed oblivion. New culture indeed. New nothing! Just the same old brummagem, with the single difference that it is brought to the home and delivered like certified milk.

I am not a reformer. I have no "constructive" blather to offer. Far from proposing a scheme for making radio broadcasting bigger and better, or for giving it a shave and a haircut, my only suggestion is that advertising agencies go on killing it. I predict that in two years, at the present rate of advertising exploitation which the radio is suffering, it will be as dead as a Democrat. We can dig a grave for it, alongside the handsome mound now occupied by "Business Ethics," and put up a headstone over both graves inscribed "Killed by Advertising." Probably in another five or ten years we can dig another grave in the same lot for Television.

Although I am looking around for a buyer for my own radio set, I must admit that I have heard really beautiful music over the radio. But the beautiful things are too rare and the horrors too frequent. Even when something beautiful is offered, it is usually spoiled by being mixed up with trash. To hear some old chorine, no longer fit for the boards, rattle off "Chloe" in a voice that is a born companion for a musical saw, and to have her rendition followed by an announcer trying to sell his hearers oil burners, is fair enough. But to have the performances of the various good symphony orchestras followed by an epilogue containing a message for the country's mothers, to wit: "Don't reach for a bon bon and grow fat; smoke a Lucky instead" — is like watching a nude and trembling virgin being dragged into a store window for the purpose of attracting a crowd to which bath salts will be sold.

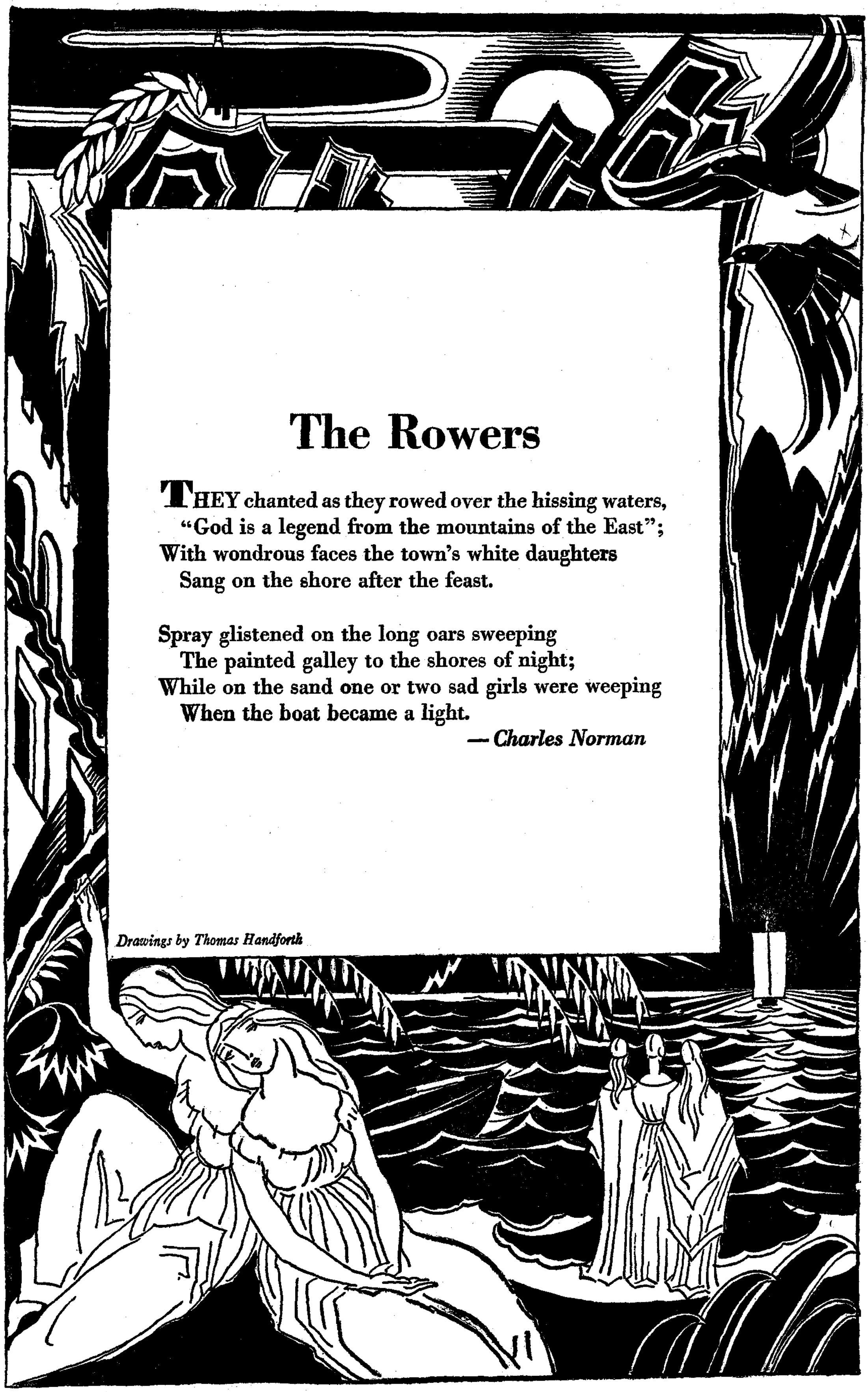
And the communized loud speakers! Never has such a curse descended upon America. Stores with loud speakers sticking out through their transoms, blaring into the streets . . . restaurants with radios that go night and day . . . dentists' offices where the rasp of the drill is welcome relief from the clatter of the loud speaker . . . barber shops where chamber music, rendered by the Midwest Battery Boys or the Baldwin Locomotive Works Trio, goes with a shave.

Anyone not knowing America, knowing nothing of radio, knowing nothing of our national temperament, would conclude, seeing these loud speakers stuck up everywhere, that some tremendous message of vital import was being given to the citizenry. If he could not understand the English language — and had no idea what we use the language for, principally — he would expect to see a great change come over the ordinary run of folks after this vital message had been blared forth everywhere day after day, week after week. And, indeed, it would be possible for a change to be effected. Americans — at least ninety per cent of them — spend the larger part of their waking hours snatching dollars from each other, making each other extremely uncomfortable in doing so, and rushing through their short lifetimes hell-bent to arrive somewhere with a fist full of money. A stranger watching their expressions would conclude that they had a straight tip to the effect that if they could only accumulate a million somehow they could purchase an immortality surrounded by oceans of good wine, platoons of willing women, a perfect climate, and free motion pictures.

Give fifty of the right type of men the microphone for a year and they would take those haunted, worried expressions from the faces of their countrymen. They would induce many of them to cultivate the voluptuous joys of leisure. Indeed, I venture to say that the clear, slow reading of just one essay before every microphone in America would work a small miracle — but probably make business bad for chain stores. I should be ever so much interested in knowing just what the effect would be of reading Emerson's "Apology for Idlers" from every radio station in America.

But, alas, there is absolutely no hope of such things being fed to the radio audience. The radio — as long as it lasts (and I predict that its life will be short) — will be dedicated, just as are the newspapers, to teaching Americans that there is but one morality — the slave morality of the Gospels; but one government — the government of Dollar Democracy; and that any attempt to inject new points of view into national thinking is not only a gesture toward the messier forms of anarchy, but also a direct slap at the Holy Ghost.

Next month GENERAL HARBORD will defend radio.



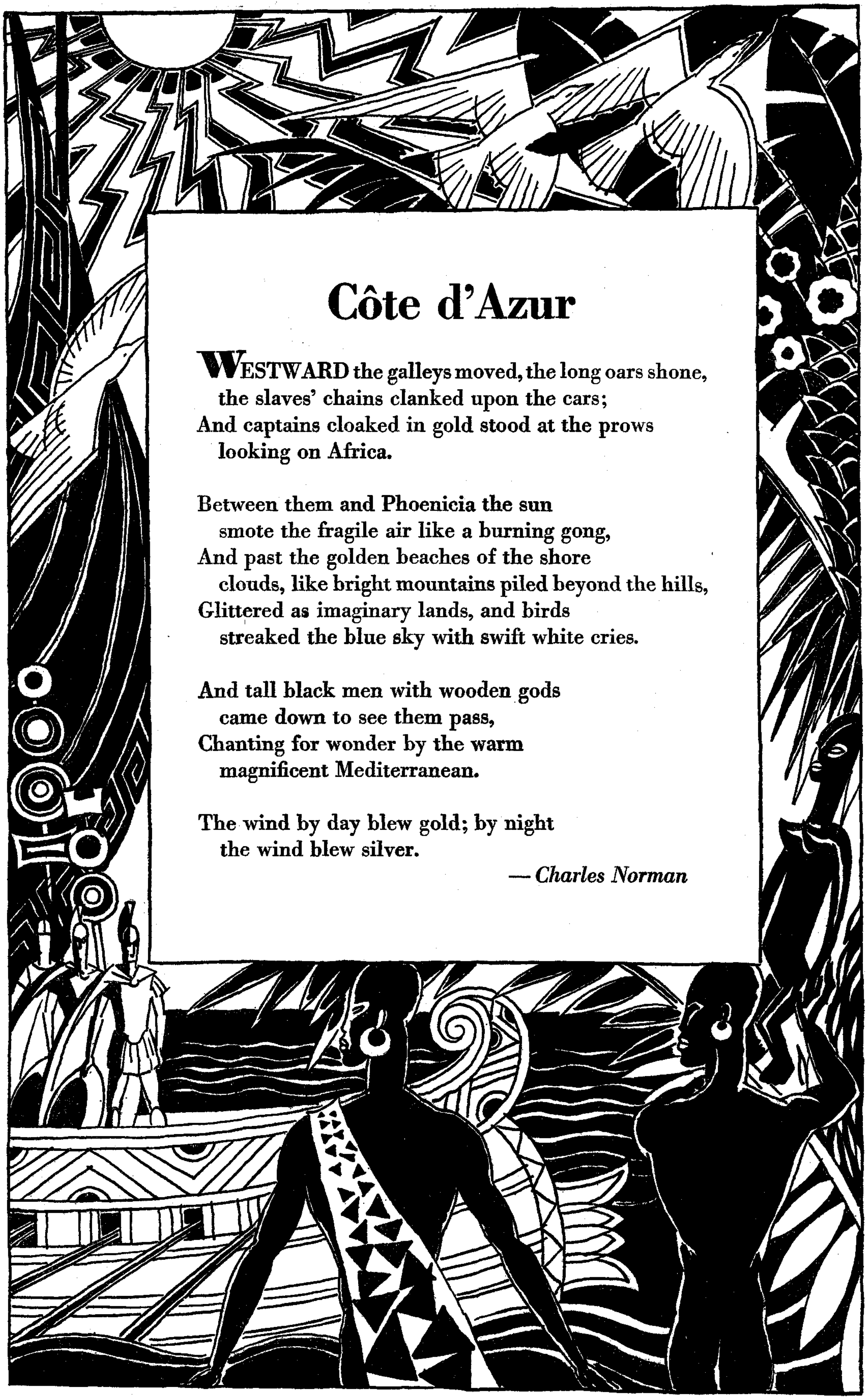
The Rowers

THEY chanted as they rowed over the hissing waters,
  "God is a legend from the mountains of the East";
With wondrous faces the town's white daughters
  Sang on the shore after the feast.

Spray glistened on the long oars sweeping
  The painted galley to the shores of night;
While on the sand one or two sad girls were weeping
  When the boat became a light.

— Charles Norman

Drawings by Thomas Handforth



Côte d'Azur

WESTWARD the galleys moved, the long oars shone,
the slaves' chains clanked upon the cars;
And captains cloaked in gold stood at the prows
looking on Africa.

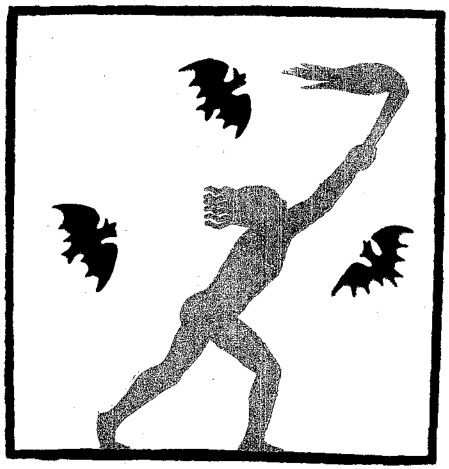
Between them and Phoenicia the sun
smote the fragile air like a burning gong,
And past the golden beaches of the shore
clouds, like bright mountains piled beyond the hills,
Glittered as imaginary lands, and birds
streaked the blue sky with swift white cries.

And tall black men with wooden gods
came down to see them pass,
Chanting for wonder by the warm
magnificent Mediterranean.

The wind by day blew gold; by night
the wind blew silver.

— *Charles Norman*

YOUR CHILD and the Fear of Death



Scissor cuts by Lisl Hummel

by BERTRAND RUSSELL

By means of modern psychology, many educational problems which were formerly tackled (very unsuccessfully) by sheer moral discipline are now solved by more indirect but also more scientific methods. There is, perhaps, a tendency, especially among the less well-informed devotees of psychoanalysis, to think that there is no longer any need of stoic self-command. I do not hold this view, and in the present article I wish to consider some of the situations which make it necessary and some of the methods by which it can be created in young people; also some of the dangers to be avoided in creating it.

Let us begin at once with the most difficult and most essential of the problems that call for stoicism: I mean the problem of death. There are various ways of attempting to cope with the fear of death. We may try to ignore it; we may never mention it, and always attempt to turn our thoughts in another direction when we find ourselves dwelling on it. This is the method of the butterfly people in Wells' *Time Machine*. Or we may adopt the exactly opposite course and meditate continually on the brevity of human life, in the hope that familiarity will breed contempt. This was the course adopted by Charles V in his cloister after his abdication. There was a Fellow of a Cambridge college who even went so far as to sleep with his coffin in the room, and who used to go out onto the college lawns with a spade to cut worms in two, saying as he did so: "Yah! you haven't got me yet!" There is a third course, which has been very widely adopted, and that is to persuade oneself and others that death is not death, but the gateway to a new and better life. These three methods, mingled in varying proportions, cover most people's accommodations to the uncomfortable fact that we die.

To each of these methods, however, there are objections. The attempt to avoid thinking about an emotionally interesting subject, as the Freudians have pointed out in connection with sex, is sure to be unsuccessful and to lead to various kinds of undesirable contortions. Now it may be possible, of course, in the life of a child, to ward off knowledge of death in any poignant form throughout the earlier years. Whether this happens is a matter of luck. If a parent or brother or sister dies, there is nothing to be done to prevent a child from acquiring an emotional awareness of death. Even if, by luck, the fact of death does not become vivid to a child in the early years, it must become so sooner or later; and in those who are quite unprepared, there is likely to be a serious loss of balance when this occurs. We must therefore seek to establish some attitude toward death other than that of merely ignoring it.

The practice of brooding continually on death is at least equally harmful. It is a mistake to think too exclusively about any one subject, more particularly when our thinking cannot issue in action. We can, of course, act so as to postpone our own death, and within limits every normal person does so. But we cannot prevent ourselves from dying ultimately. This is therefore a profitless subject of meditation. Moreover, it tends to diminish a man's interest in other people and events, and it is only objective interests that can preserve mental health. Fear of death makes a man feel himself the slave of external forces, and from a slave mentality no good result can follow. If, by meditation, a man could genuinely cure himself of the fear of death, he would cease to meditate on the subject; so long as it absorbs his thoughts, that proves that he has not ceased to fear it. This method, therefore, is no better than the other.

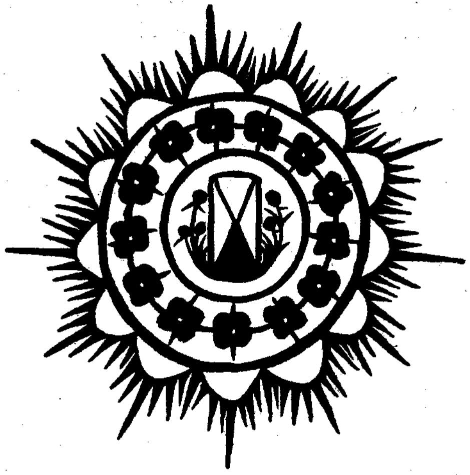
The belief that death is a gateway to a better life ought, logically, to prevent men from feeling any fear of death. Fortunately for the medical profession, it does not in fact have this effect, except in a few rare instances. One does not find that believers in a future life are less afraid of illness or are more courageous in battle than those who think that death ends all. The late F. W. H. Myers used to tell how he asked a man at a dinner table what he thought would happen to him when he died. The man tried to ignore the question, but, on being pressed, replied: "Oh well, I suppose I shall inherit eternal bliss, but I wish you wouldn't talk about such unpleasant subjects."

The reason for this apparent inconsistency is, of course, that religious belief, in most people, exists only in the region of conscious thought, and has not succeeded in modifying unconscious mechanisms. If the fear of death is to be coped with successfully, it must be by some method which affects behavior as a whole, not only that part of behavior that is commonly called conscious thought. In a few instances, religious belief can effect this, but not in the majority of mankind. Apart from behavioristic reasons, there are two other sources of this failure. One is a certain doubt which persists in spite of fervent professions, and shows itself in the form of anger with skeptics. The other is the fact that believers in a future life tend to emphasize, rather than minimize, the horror that would attach to death if their beliefs were unfounded, and so to increase fear in those who do not feel absolute certainty.

What, then, shall we do with young people to adapt them to a world in which death exists? We have to achieve three objects, which are very difficult to combine. First, we must give them no feeling that death is a subject about which we do not wish to speak or to encourage them to think. If we give them such a feeling, they will conclude that there is an interesting mystery, and will think all the more. On this point the familiar modern position on sex education is applicable. Second, we must nevertheless so act as to prevent them, if we can, from thinking much or often on the matter of death. There is the same kind of objection to such absorption as to absorption in pornography — namely, that it diminishes efficiency, prevents all-round development, and leads to conduct which is unsatisfactory both to the person concerned and to others. Third, we must not hope to create in anyone a satisfactory attitude on the subject of death by means of conscious thought alone; more particularly, no good is done by beliefs intended to show that death is less terrible than it otherwise would be, when (as is usual) such beliefs do not penetrate below the level of consciousness.

To give effect to these various objects, we shall have to adopt somewhat different methods according to the experience of the child or young person. If no one closely connected with the child dies, it is fairly easy to secure an acceptance of death as a common fact of no great emotional interest. So long as death is abstract and impersonal, it should be mentioned in a matter-of-fact voice, not as something terrible. If the child asks, "Shall I die?" — one should say, "Yes, but probably not for a long time." It is important to prevent any sense of mystery about death. It should be brought in the same category with the wearing out of toys. But it is certainly desirable, if possible, to make it seem very distant while children are young.

When someone of importance to the child



dies, the matter is different. Suppose, for example, the child loses a brother. The parents are unhappy, and although they may not wish the child to know how unhappy they are, it is right and necessary that he should perceive something of what they suffer. Natural affection is of very great importance, and the child should know that his elders feel it. Moreover, if, by superhuman efforts, they conceal their sorrow from the child, he may think, "They wouldn't mind if I died." Such a thought might start all kinds of morbid developments. Therefore, although the shock of such an occurrence is harmful when it occurs during late childhood (in early childhood it will not be felt much), yet, if it occurs, we must not minimize it too much. The subject must be neither avoided nor dwelt upon; all that is possible must be done, without any too obvious intention, to create fresh interests, and above all, fresh affections.

I think that very intense affection for some one individual, in a child, is a mark of something amiss. Such affection may arise toward one parent if the other parent is unkind, or toward a teacher if both parents are unkind. It is generally a product of fear: the object of affection is the only person who gives a sense of safety. In childhood, affection of this intense kind is not wholesome. Where it exists, the death of the person loved may shatter the child's life. Even if all seems well outwardly, every subsequent love will be filled with terror. Husband (or wife) and children will be plagued by undue solicitude, and will be thought heartless when they are merely living their own lives. A parent ought not, therefore, to feel pleased at being the object of this kind of affection. If the child has a generally friendly environment and is happy, he will, without much trouble, get over the pain of any one loss that may come to him. The impulse to life and hope ought to be sufficient, provided the normal opportunities for growth and happiness exist.

During adolescence, however, there is need of something more positive in the way of an attitude toward death, if adult life is to be satisfactory. The adult should think little about death, either his own or that of people he loves, not because he deliberately turns his thoughts to other things — for that is a useless exercise which never really succeeds — but because of the multiplicity of his interests and activities. When he does think of death, it is best to think with a certain stoicism, deliberately and calmly, not attempting to minimize its importance, but feeling a certain pride in rising above it. The principle is the same as with any other terror: resolute contemplation of the terrifying object is the only possible treatment. One must say to oneself: "Well, yes, that might happen; but what of it?"

People achieve this attitude when facing death in battle, because they are then firmly persuaded of the importance of the cause for which they have risked their life, or the life of someone dear to them. Something of this way of feeling is desirable at all times. At all times a man should feel that there are matters of importance for which he lives, and that his death, or the death of wife or child, does not put an end to all that interests him in the world.

If this attitude is to be genuine and profound in adult life, it is necessary that a youth should be fired with generous enthusiasms during adolescence, and that he should build his life and career about them. Adolescence is the period of generosity, and it should be utilized for the formation of generous habits. This can be achieved by the influence of the father or of the teacher. In a better community the mother would often be the one to do it, but as a rule, the lives of women are at present such as to make their outlook too personal and not sufficiently intellectual for what I have in mind. For the same reason, adolescents (female as well as male) ought, as a rule, to have men among their teachers until a new generation of women has grown up which is more impersonal in its interests.

The place of stoicism in life has perhaps been somewhat underestimated in recent times, particularly by progressive educators. When misfortune threatens, there are two ways of dealing with the situation: we may try to avoid the misfortune, or we may decide that we will meet it with fortitude. The former method is admirable when it is available without cowardice; but the latter is necessary, sooner or later, for anyone who is not prepared to be the slave of fear. This attitude constitutes stoicism.

The great difficulty, for an educator, is that the instilling of stoicism in the young affords an outlet for sadism. In the past, ideas of discipline were so fierce that education became a channel for impulses of cruelty. Is it possible to give the necessary minimum of discipline without developing a pleasure in making the child suffer? Old-fashioned people, of course, will deny that they feel any such pleasure. Everyone knows the story of the boy whose father, while administering the cane, said: "My boy, this hurts me more than it does you" — to which the boy replied: "Then, father, will you let me do it to you instead?" Samuel Butler, in *The Way of All Flesh*, has depicted the sadistic pleasures of stern parents in a way which is convincing to any student of modern psychology. What, then, are we to do about it?

The fear of death is only one of many fears that are best dealt with by stoicism. There is the fear of poverty, the fear of physical pain, the fear of childbirth which is common among well-to-do women. All such fears are weakening and more or less contemptible. But if we assume that people ought not to mind such things, we shall tend also to assume that nothing need be done to mitigate evils. For a long time it was thought that women ought not to have anæsthetics in childbirth. In Japan this opinion persists to the present day. Male doctors held that anæsthetics would be harmful; there was no reason for this view, and it was doubtless the expression of unconscious sadism.

But the more the pains of childbirth have been mitigated, the less willing rich women have become to endure them. Their courage has diminished faster than the need of it. Evidently there must be a balance. It is impossible to make the whole of life soft and pleasant, and therefore human beings must be capable of an attitude suitable to the unpleasant portions. But we must try to bring this about with as little encouragement to cruelty as possible.

Whoever has to deal with young children soon learns that too much sympathy is a mistake. Too little sympathy is, of course, a worse mistake, but in this, as in everything else, each extreme is bad. A child that invariably receives sympathy will continue to cry over every tiny mishap. The ordinary self-control of the average adult is only achieved through knowledge that no sympathy will be won by making a fuss. Children readily understand that an adult who is sometimes a little stern is best for them. Their instinct tells them whether they are loved or not, and from those whom they feel to be affectionate they will put up with whatever strictness results from genuine desire for their proper development. Thus, in theory, the solution is simple: let educators be inspired by wise love, and they will do the right thing.

In fact, however, the matter is more complicated. Fatigue, vexation, worry, impatience beset the parent or teacher, and it is dangerous to have an educational theory which allows the adult to vent these feelings upon the child for the sake of his ultimate welfare. Nevertheless, if the theory is true, it must be accepted, and the dangers must be brought before the consciousness of the parent or teacher so that everything possible will be done to guard against them.

We can now sum up the conclusions suggested by the foregoing discussion. In regard to the painful hazards of life, knowledge of them, on the part of children, should be neither avoided nor obtruded. Such knowledge should come when circumstances make it unavoidable. Painful things, when they have to be mentioned, should be related truthfully and unemotionally, except when a death occurs in the family, in which event it would be unnatural to conceal sorrow. The adults should display in their own conduct a certain gay courage, which the young will unconsciously acquire from their example.

In adolescence, large impersonal interests should be set before the young, and education should be so conducted as to give them the idea (by suggestion, not by explicit exhortation) of living for purposes outside themselves. They should be taught to endure misfortune, when it comes, by remembering that there are still things to live for. But they should not brood over possible misfortunes, even for the purpose of being prepared to meet them. Those whose business it is to deal with the young must keep a close watch upon themselves to see that they do not derive a sadistic pleasure from the necessary element of discipline in education; the motive for discipline must always be the development of character or intelligence. For the intellect, also, requires discipline; without it accuracy will never be achieved.

I have only one more word to say, and that is, that discipline is best when it springs from an inner impulse. In order that this may be possible, it is necessary that the child or adolescent should feel the ambition to achieve something difficult and should be willing to make efforts to that end. Such ambition is usually suggested by some person in the environment. Thus even self-discipline depends, in the end, upon an educational stimulus.

Where Monks Broke Bread

THE WORN old boards are black and slick with years
Of monkish elbows sliding down the grain.
The table's top is scarred, and here appears
A deep-gashed "Ave," and a brown stain.
There is your table, in a treasure-house
Of fine antiques, of pearl-inlay and gold,
Of double-gate-leg, and of painted grouse
On English platters — all the home can hold.

And some can see, ranged on that stiff, high bench,
The shaven-polled, in a brown, shadowy line;
And some, with widened nostrils, catch the stench
Of heated oils, and venison, and wine;
And some can hear the sudden, muffled clink
As three long, holy draughts the robed ones drink.

— *Audrey Wurdemann*

Drawings by E. H. Suydam

Women and FICTION

by VIRGINIA WOOLF

THE TITLE of this article can be read in two ways: it may allude to women and the fiction that they write, or to women and the fiction that is written about them. The ambiguity is intentional, for, in dealing with women as writers, as much elasticity as possible is desirable; it is necessary to leave oneself room to deal with other things besides their work, so much has that work been influenced by conditions that have nothing whatever to do with art.

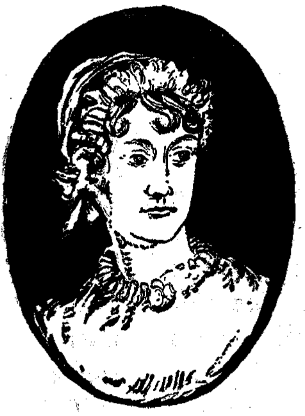
The most superficial inquiry into women's writing instantly raises a host of questions. Why, we ask at once, was there no continuous writing done by women before the eighteenth century? Why did they then write almost as habitually as men, and in the course of that writing produce, one after another, some of the classics of English fiction? And why did their art then, and why to some extent does their art still, take the form of fiction?

A little thought will show us that we are asking questions to which we shall get, as answer, only further fiction. The answer lies at present locked in old diaries, stuffed away in old drawers, half-obliterated in the memories of the aged. It is to be found in the lives of the obscure — in those almost unlit corridors of history where the figures of generations of women are so dimly, so fitfully perceived. For very little is known about women. The history of England is the history of the male line, not of the female. Of our fathers we know always some fact, some distinction. They were soldiers or they were sailors; they filled that office or they made that law. But of our mothers, our grandmothers, our great-grandmothers, what remains? Nothing but a tradition. One was beautiful; one was red-haired; one was kissed by a Queen. We know nothing of them except their names and the dates of their marriages and the number of children they bore.

Thus, if we wish to know why at any particular time women did this or that, why they wrote nothing, why on the other hand they wrote masterpieces, it is extremely difficult to tell. Anyone who should seek among those old papers, who should turn history wrong side out and so construct a faithful picture of the daily life of the ordinary woman in Shakespeare's time, in Milton's time, in Johnson's time, would not only write a book of astonishing interest, but would furnish the critic with a weapon which he now lacks. The extraordinary woman depends on the ordinary woman. It is only when we know what were the conditions of the average woman's life —

the number of her children, whether she had money of her own, if she had a room to herself, whether she had help in bringing up her family, if she had servants, whether part of the housework was her task — it is only when we can measure the way of life and the experience of life made possible to the ordinary woman that we can account for the success or failure of the extraordinary woman as a writer.

Strange spaces of silence seem to separate one period of activity from another. There was Sappho and a little group of women all writing poetry on a Greek island six hundred years before the birth of Christ. They fall silent. Then about the year 1000 we find a certain court lady, the Lady Murasaki, writing a very long and beautiful novel in Japan. But in England in the sixteenth century, when the dramatists and poets were most active, the women were dumb. Elizabethan literature is exclusively masculine. Then, at the end of the eighteenth century and in the beginning of the nineteenth, we find women again writing — this time in England — with extraordinary frequency and success.


Jane Austen

Law and custom were of course largely responsible for these strange intermissions of silence and speech. When a woman was liable, as she was in the fifteenth century, to be beaten and flung about the room if she did not marry the man of her parents' choice, the spiritual atmosphere was not favorable to the production of works of art. When she was married without her own consent to a man who thereupon became her lord and master, "so far at least as law and custom could make him," as she was in the time of the Stuarts, it is likely she had little time for writing, and less encouragement. The immense effect of environment and suggestion upon the mind, we in our psychoanalytical age are beginning to realize. Again, with memoirs and letters to help us, we are beginning to understand how abnormal is the effort needed to produce a work of art, and what shelter and what support the mind of the artist requires. Of those facts the lives and letters of men like Keats and Carlyle and Flaubert assure us.

Thus it is clear that the extraordinary outburst of fiction in the beginning of the nineteenth century in England was heralded by innumerable slight changes in law and customs and manners. And women of the nineteenth century had some leisure; they had some education. It was no longer the exception for women of the middle and upper classes to choose their own husbands. And it is significant that of the four great women novelists — Jane Austen, Emily Brontë, Charlotte Brontë, and George Eliot — not one had a child, and two were unmarried.

Yet, though it is clear that the ban upon writing had been removed, there was still, it would seem, considerable pressure upon women to write novels. No four women can have been more unlike in genius and character than these four. Jane Austen can have had nothing in common with George Eliot; George Eliot was the direct opposite of Emily Brontë. Yet all were trained for the same profession; all, when they wrote, wrote novels.

Fiction was, as fiction still is, the easiest thing for a woman to write. Nor is it difficult to find the reason. A novel is the least concentrated form of art. A novel can be taken up or put down more easily than a play or a poem. George Eliot left her work to nurse her father. Charlotte Brontë put down her pen to pick the eyes out of the potatoes. And living as she did in the common sitting room, surrounded by people, a woman was trained to use her mind in observation and upon the analysis of character. She was trained to be a novelist and not to be a poet.

Even in the nineteenth century, a woman lived almost solely in her home and her emotions. And those nineteenth century novels, remarkable as they were, were profoundly influenced by the fact that the women who wrote them were excluded by their sex from certain kinds of experience. That experience has a great influence upon fiction is indisputable. The best part of Conrad's novels, for instance, would be destroyed if it had been impossible for him to be a sailor. Take away all that Tolstoi knew of war as a soldier, of life and society as a rich young man whose education admitted him to all sorts of experience, and *War and Peace* would be incredibly impoverished.

Yet *Pride and Prejudice*, *Wuthering Heights*, *Villette*, and *Middlemarch* were written by women from whom was forcibly withheld all experience save that which could be met with in a middle class drawing-room. No first-hand experience of war or seafaring or politics or business was possible for them. Even their emotional life was strictly regulated by law and custom. When George Eliot ventured to live with Mr. Lewes without being his wife, public opinion was scandalized. Under its pressure she withdrew into a suburban seclusion which, inevitably, had the worst possible effects upon her work. She wrote that unless people asked of their own accord to come and see her, she never invited them. At the same time, on the other side of Europe, Tolstoi was living a free life as a soldier, with men and women of all classes, for which nobody censured him and from which his novels drew much of their astonishing breadth and vigor.

George Sand

But the novels of women were not affected only by the necessarily narrow range of the writer's experience. They showed, at least in the nineteenth century, another characteristic which may be traced to the writer's sex. In *Middlemarch* and in *Jane Eyre* we are conscious not merely of the writer's character, as we are conscious of the character of Charles Dickens, but we are conscious of a woman's presence — of someone resenting the treatment of her sex and pleading for its rights. This brings into women's writing an element which is entirely absent from a man's, unless, indeed, he happens to be a working man, a Negro, or one who for some other reason is conscious of disability. It introduces a distortion and is frequently the cause of weakness. The desire to plead some personal cause or to make a character the mouthpiece of some personal discontent or grievance always has a distracting effect, as if the spot at which the reader's attention is directed were suddenly twofold instead of single.

The genius of Jane Austen and Emily Brontë is never more convincing than in their power to ignore such claims and solicitations and to hold on their way unperturbed by scorn or censure. But it needed a very serene or a very powerful mind to resist the temptation to anger. The ridicule, the censure, the assurance of inferiority in one form or another which were lavished upon women who practised an art, provoked such reactions naturally enough. One sees the effect in Charlotte Brontë's indignation, in George Eliot's resignation. Again and again one finds it in the work of the lesser women writers — in their choice of a subject, in their unnatural self-assertiveness, in their unnatural docility. Moreover, insincerity leaks in almost unconsciously. They adopt a view in deference to authority. The vision becomes too masculine or it becomes too feminine; it loses its perfect integrity and, with that, its most essential quality as a work of art.

The great change that has crept into women's writing is, it would seem, a change of attitude. The woman writer is no longer bitter. She is no longer angry. She is no longer pleading and protesting as she writes. We are approaching, if we have not yet reached, the time when her writing will have little or no foreign influence to disturb it. She will be able to concentrate upon her vision without distraction from outside. The aloofness that was once within the reach of genius and originality is only now coming within the reach of ordinary women. Therefore the average novel by a woman is far more genuine and far more interesting to-day than it was a hundred or even fifty years ago.

But it is still true that before a woman can write exactly as she wishes to write, she has many difficulties to face. To begin with, there is the technical difficulty — so simple, apparently; in reality, so baffling — that the very form of the sentence does not fit her. It is a sentence made by men; it is too loose, too heavy, too pompous for a woman's use. Yet in a novel, which covers so wide a stretch of ground, an ordinary and usual type of sentence has to be found to carry the reader on easily and naturally from one end of the book to the other. And this a woman must make for herself, altering and adapting the current sentence until she writes one that takes the natural shape of her thought without crushing or distorting it.

But that, after all, is only a means to an end, and the end is still to be reached only when a woman has the courage to surmount opposition and the determination to be true to herself. For a novel, after all, is a statement about a thousand different objects — human, natural, divine; it is an attempt to relate them to each other. In every novel of merit these different elements are held in place by the force of the writer's vision. But they have another order also, which is the order imposed upon them by convention. And as men are the arbiters of that convention, as they have established an order of values in life, so too, since fiction is largely based on life, these values prevail there also to a very great extent.

It is probable, however, that both in life and in art the values of a woman are not the values of a man. Thus, when a woman comes to write a novel, she will find that she is perpetually wishing to alter the established values — to make serious what appears insignificant to a man, and trivial what is to him important. And for that, of course, she will be criticized; for the critic of the opposite sex will be genuinely puzzled and surprised by an attempt to alter the current scale of values, and will see in it not merely a difference of view, but a view that is weak, or trivial, or sentimental, because it differs from his own.

But here, too, women are coming to be more independent of opinion. They are beginning to respect their own sense of values. And for this reason the subject matter of their novels begins to show certain changes. They are less interested, it would seem, in themselves; on the other hand, they are more interested in other women. In the early nineteenth century, women's novels were largely autobiographical. One of the motives that led them to write was the desire to expose their own suffering, to plead their own cause. Now that this desire is no longer so urgent, women are beginning to explore their own sex, to write of women as women have never been written of before; for of course, until very lately, women in literature were the creation of men.

Here again there are difficulties to overcome, for, if one may generalize, not only do women submit less readily to observation than men, but their lives are far less tested and examined by the ordinary processes of life. Often nothing tangible remains of a woman's day. The food that has been cooked is eaten; the children that have been nursed have gone out into the world. Where does the accent fall? What is the salient point for the novelist to seize upon? It is difficult to say. Her life has an anonymous character which is baffling and puzzling in the extreme. For the first time, this dark country is beginning to be explored in fiction; and at the same moment a woman has also to record the changes in women's minds and habits which the opening of the professions has introduced. She has to observe how their lives are ceasing to run underground; she has to discover what new colors and shadows are showing in them now that they are exposed to the outer world.

If, then, one should try to sum up the character of women's fiction at the present moment, one would say that it is courageous; it is sincere; it keeps closely to what women feel. It is not bitter. It does not insist upon its femininity. But at the same time, a woman's book is not written as a man would write it. These qualities are much commoner than they were, and they give even to second and third-rate work the value of truth and the interest of sincerity.

But in addition to these good qualities, there are two that call for a word more of discussion. The change which has turned the English woman from a nondescript influence, fluctuating and vague, to a voter, a wage earner, a responsible citizen, has given her both in her life and in her art a turn toward the impersonal. Her relations now are not only emotional; they are intellectual, they are political. The old system which condemned her to squint askance at things through the eyes or through the interests of husband or brother, has given place to the direct and practical interests of one who must act for herself, and not merely influence the acts of others. Hence her attention is being directed away from the personal centre which engaged it exclusively in the past to the impersonal, and her novels naturally become more critical of society, and less analytical of individual lives.

We may expect that the office of gadfly to the state, which has been so far a male prerogative, will now be discharged by women also. Their novels will deal with social evils and remedies. Their men and women will not be observed wholly in relation to each other emotionally, but as they cohere and clash in groups and classes and races. That is one change of some importance. But there is another more interesting to those who prefer the butterfly to the gadfly — that is to say, the artist to the reformer. The greater impersonality of women's lives will encourage the poetic spirit, and it is in poetry that women's fiction is still weakest. It will lead them to be less absorbed in facts and no longer content to record with astonishing acuteness the minute details which fall under their own observation. They will look beyond the personal and political relationships to the wider questions which the poet tries to solve — of our destiny and the meaning of life.

The basis of the poetic attitude is of course largely founded upon material things. It depends upon leisure, and a little money, and the chance which money and leisure give to observe impersonally and dispassionately. With money and leisure at their service, women will naturally occupy themselves more than has hitherto been possible with the craft of letters. They will make a fuller and a more subtle use of the instrument of writing. Their technique will become bolder and richer.

In the past, the virtue of women's writing often lay in its divine spontaneity, like that of the blackbird's song or the thrush's. It was untaught; it was from the heart. But it was also, and much more often, chattering and garrulous — mere talk spilt over paper and left to dry in pools and blots. In future, granted time and books and a little space in the house for herself, literature will become for women, as for men, an art to be studied. Women's gift will be trained and strengthened. The novel will cease to be the dumping ground for the personal emotions. It will become, more than at present, a work of art like any other, and its resources and its limitations will be explored.

From this it is a short step to the practice of the sophisticated arts, hitherto so little practised by women — to the writing of essays and criticism, of history and biography. And that, too, if we are considering the novel, will be of advantage; for besides improving the quality of the novel itself, it will draw off the aliens who have been attracted to fiction by its accessibility while their hearts lay elsewhere. Thus will the novel be rid of those excrescences of history and fact which, in our time, have made it so shapeless.

So, if we may prophesy, women in time to come will write fewer novels, but better novels; and not novels only, but poetry and criticism and history. But in this, to be sure, one is looking ahead to that golden, that perhaps fabulous age when women will have what has so long been denied them — leisure, and money, and a room to themselves.

Next month, an essay on poetry by the distinguished French critic, PAUL VALÉRY.

Murasaki

"Hound of HEAVEN"

Continued from page 141

There was a spaniel named Presto Thrale. Presto it was who admired Hodge perhaps the most extravagantly of them all. Rapt he sat in Hodge's presence; flatteringly he approved Hodge's every word.

There were deerhounds and pugs and poodles. There were wolfhounds and terriers and sheep-dogs. But one thing they had in common, Hodge explained: they were all literary. And of course, Paddy ruminated grimly to himself, they were all dead, too.

Paddy played an exhilarating game in the Meadow with Turk and his family. Leap-Dog, it was called.

Paddy had a sleep — a long, snoring snooze with nobody to wake him up. He dreamed of Phoebe, smiled in his sleep to remember that feline. She'd never get here; Phoebe was a hell-cat if there ever was one.

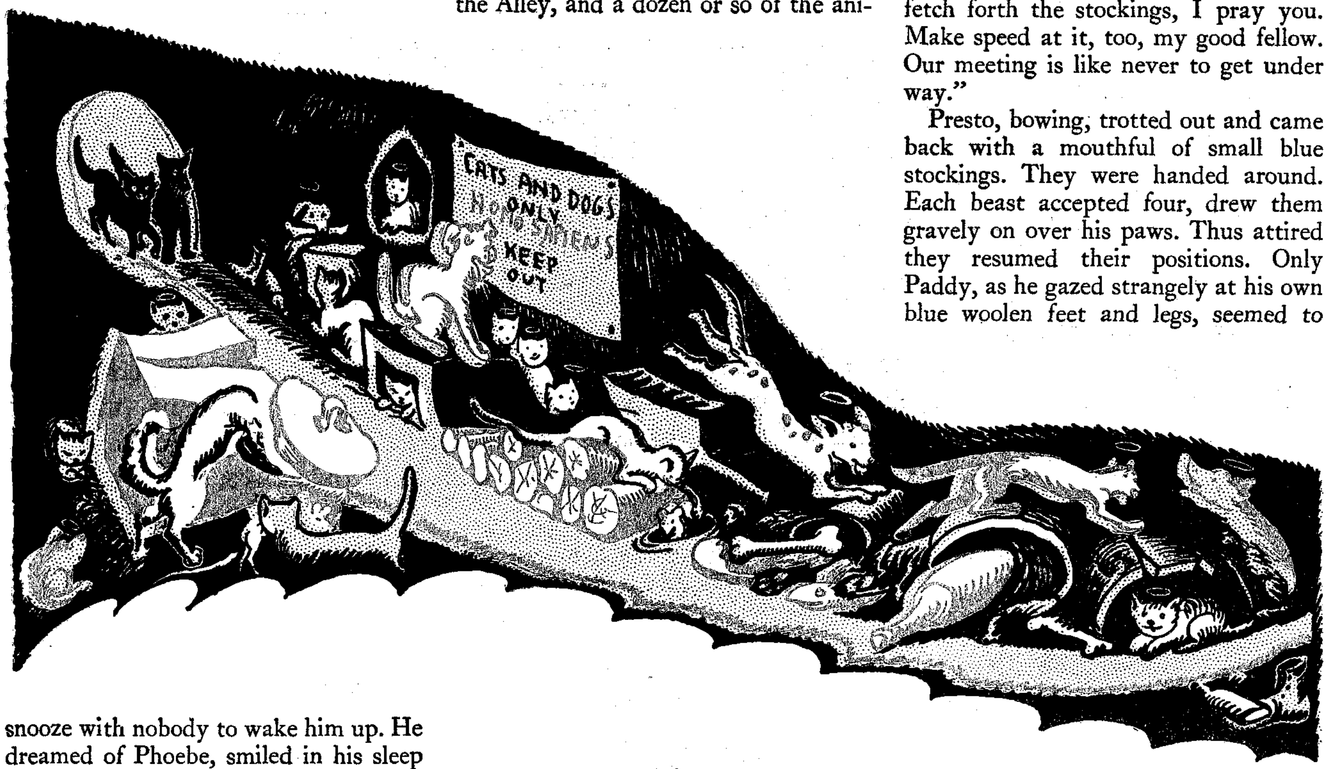
Paddy ate. The eating was perhaps the greatest revelation of all in this amazing Heaven. For in Heaven, it seemed, you could eat anything — simply anything — and not get sick. So Paddy ate. Chicken and potatoes and candy and milk and ice cream and butter and gravy and cake and fried fish, he ate; all the forbidden fruit of Earth he guzzled and gorged and lapped and crunched until he staggered for breath and his stomach stuck out like a little, round, hairy balloon.

A scullery maid came to the Alley with their food. "A sensible girl," Hodge said of her benevolently. "I like her well. She pays tribute to Literature in the only way a scullery maid could do, by serving its followers."

And Paddy discovered these other attributes of the Alley: that baths were unknown; that muzzles existed not; that cops never got to Heaven; and that dog-catchers were denied entrance.

Fights. Chicken. Potatoes. Candy. No baths. No muzzles. No cops. No dog-catchers. "Thank God, I'm dead," murmured Paddy. "Thank God for Paradise."

At four o'clock that afternoon Hodge stepped to the middle of the Alley, and a dozen or so of the animals, all dogs, as it happened, grouped themselves in a circle around him. In front of Hodge was an old packing box; in his right forepaw he held up a ginger-ale bottle.



Paddy looked curiously at the scene.

"Ah, Paddy," said Hodge, "be seated, pray."

Paddy seated himself blandly. Hodge rapped sharply on the box with his improvised gavel.

"Order, ladies and gentlemen!"

There was a slight rustle, then silence. Old Hodge was the chairman, evidently. "He would," thought Paddy.

"Paddy, sir," said Hodge turning to him courteously, "you find yourself at a meeting of the Celestial Association of Literary Cats and Dogs — "

"Popularly known as 'Hounds of Heaven,' " spoke up Turk.

"Celestial Association of Literary Cats and Dogs," repeated Hodge firmly. "Settle yourself comfortably, sir, and see whether you like not our mood and humor."

"Righto," said Paddy agreeably. "Shoot."

Hodge pounded on the box again. He cleared his throat. "Before we proceed to philosophical discussion," began Hodge. "Ah, Flush, what is it? Speak, my good dog. Why do you squirm and fidget?"

Flush raised timid eyes to the august chairman. "Please, sir," went on Flush more boldly, "you have forgotten the — stockings."

Hodge inclined his head ponderously. "Why, Flush, good dog, you do well. Forgotten the stockings I had. Presto, fetch forth the stockings, I pray you. Make speed at it, too, my good fellow. Our meeting is like never to get under way."

Presto, bowing, trotted out and came back with a mouthful of small blue stockings. They were handed around. Each beast accepted four, drew them gravely on over his paws. Thus attired they resumed their positions. Only Paddy, as he gazed strangely at his own blue woolen feet and legs, seemed to betray that this was not the common apparel of cats and dogs.

Hodge continued, equably, "We are a company of celebrated beasts, Paddy, each one of us here illustrious in his own name. But lest you take us for common witlings boasting but empty boasts, we will now produce for you the proofs of our celebrity. I will begin." He settled back on his haunches and brushed his nose with his stockinged paw.

"I am the dean of this animal Heaven because my master was the dean of literature in the world. I lived with him in London, ate from his hand, climbed up his chair, walked on his breast — was, in short, the intimate of his daily life. He praised me to Bozzy and spoke affectionately of me abroad. I appear in the great record of his life by this same Bozzy — the only domestic animal set down by name in that notable history. Bozzy did not like me, but neither did I like Bozzy. My patron," he added, his eye glittering, "bought me oysters with his own hands."

Paddy: "Well now, that's nice. Oysters, eh? Fair enough, fair enough."

Hodge, with a flick of his paw at Boatswain: "Now, Boatsy, perhaps you will be amiable enough to favor us."

Boatswain, yawning, stretching, yawning again, plainly bored: "All the world knows, I should think, how I woke up one morning to find myself famous."

Turk: "But you woke up in Heaven, you know. Don't forget that."

Boatswain: "Er — well, yes, to be sure, I was already here when Fame finally overtook me. I am" (fixing Paddy with a steely eye) "the only dog in history who ever had his epitaph printed in a book of poems."

Paddy: "What's an epitaph?"

Hodge: "'Inscription written on a tomb.' I quote the first English dictionary."

Paddy: "Oh, so your boss wrote it, eh Boatswain? Well, that's not bad, not half bad, Big Boy. Congratulations and all that sort of thing."

Boatswain, grandiloquently:

"When some proud son of man returns to earth,
Unknown to glory — "

Hodge: "No, Boatsy, it won't do, my boy, it won't do. No long recitations, you know — one of the rules."

Turk, speaking up as Boatswain retires sulkily: "Listen to me! I was my master's favorite dog! Linda he loved and Bumble and Don and even Mrs. Bouncer — "

That respectable widow, rousing from her trance: "Even Mrs. Bouncer? *Even?*"

Hodge, sternly: "Silence, madam!"

Turk: "— but I was his real love, his eye's apple, his other self. It was I who sat with him in the chalet across the road from the house at Gad's Hill whilst he penned the masterpieces that made his name a household word. I who tramped with him over the fields and hills of Kent —"

Linda, snarling: "Wait a minute. I tramped with him too. I —"

Don, growling: "I —"

Paddy, cheerfully: "Well, the I's seem to have it."

Hodge, coldly: "Sir, I weary of your feeble American jests."

Paddy, meekly: "'Scuse it, please."

Hodge: "As for you, Turk and Linda, give over this vying competition. Man's love for his animals is not so niggardly that it cannot be divided equitably amongst them all. Fie on you! . . . Woggs here is a more modest dog. Woggs!"

Woggs, dreamily: "I had the merriest, sweetest master on earth —"

Turk, baring his teeth: "You didn't! I did!"

Paddy: "I did!"

Boatswain, flying up: "I —"

Hodge, icily: "You are a pack of rogues, every dog Jack of you. What is this unseemly noise? What is this unchristian baring of teeth? Woggs, my good fellow, I deplore this exhibition of ill temper. Go on, sir, go on."

Woggs, as they all subside: "I had a merry, sweet master. He loved me, he and his wife, loved me so much that when I died he would never have another dog. Even when he went to far-off Vailima and a dog was urged upon him for company's sweet sake, he would not. Woggs was the only dog for him, as he was the only man for Woggs. There is devotion, my friends, not easily matched in the world of men."

Paddy, thoughtfully: "True."

Presto, wiping away a tear: "Ah me, how affecting!"

Hodge: "These are better sentiments. I commend you all. But mind you, Woggs, I do not say that as a poet, your master was to be commended. In especial is that celebrated couplet of his at grievous fault —"

Paddy: "What couplet?"

Woggs, reciting: "'The world is so full of a number of things —'"

Hodge: "Et cetera."

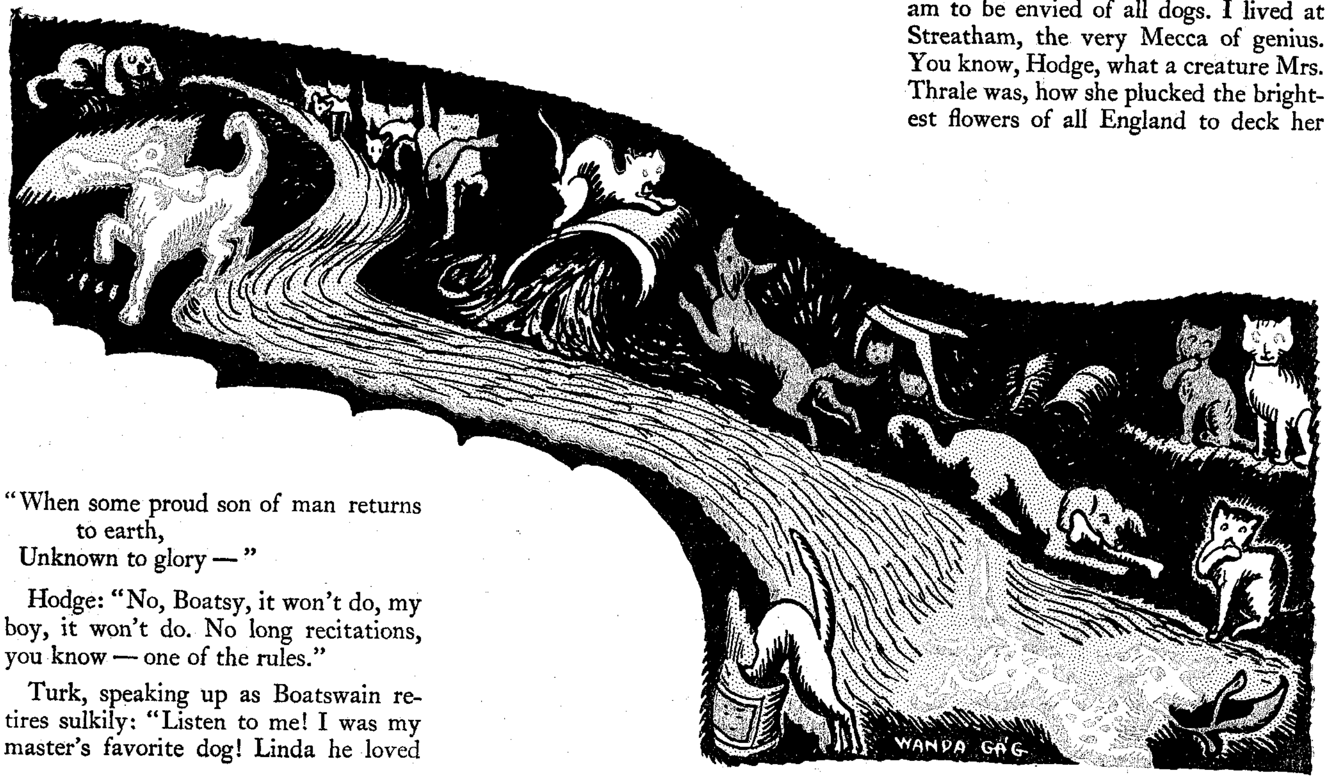
Woggs, drooping: "Et cetera."

Hodge: "Nay, Woggs, philosophy that may be, but poetry never. 'A number of things!' What things, I ask you? What have these broad say-nothing phrases to do with Literature? Literary expression, sir, should be nice, neat, to the dot. Any idle woman can speak words with her tongue. A poet should do better than that, else is he not a poet."

Woggs: "But my master —"

Hodge, grandly: "That will do." Turning to Presto: "Presto, I like well your history and life. Relate it now for Paddy, sir."

Presto, enthusiastically: "Oh, sir, I am to be envied of all dogs. I lived at Streatham, the very Mecca of genius. You know, Hodge, what a creature Mrs. Thrale was, how she plucked the brightest flowers of all England to deck her



drawing-room, and how these flowers bloomed but the rosier in that benign and sunny atmosphere. *I* sat at supper with Sir Joshua and Fanny Burney and Hannah More. *I* brushed the hem of the Lexicographer's greatcoat, and lay with my muzzle on the buckle of his shoe. *I* cut a caper once when the great Mrs. Montagu came —"

Hodge, critically: "But she did marry an Italian. None can gainsay that."

Boatswain: "And her first husband was a brewer."

Presto, coolly: "She preferred the Italian to some other gentleman. And beer-money paid for the most brilliant companies of the age. Ah yes, all London, all the world, came to Streatham. A sweet place, Paddy. All men found it so. The fevers of London vanished there."

Hodge, amiably: "Why now, Presto, I cannot meet you in your sentiments about London. No sir, when an animal is tired of London, he is tired of life; for there is in London — and especially in Fleet Street — all that life can afford."

Presto, hypocritically: "Oh sir, when has not the great Hodge spoken truly and nobly on any subject?"

Brutus, another dog: "I belonged to the great Landseer. He painted me in a picture — "

Hodge, apologetically to Paddy: "Landseer was only a painter, sir. We suffer Brutus here because he is in himself a worthy beast."

Maida, a deerhound: "I was Sir Walter Scott's favorite — "

Trump, a pug: "*I* belonged to Hogarth — "

Bounce, hitherto unnoticed: "But *I* was the pet of the master, Alexander Pope — "

Hodge: "Hounds of Heaven, where hide your manners? What confusion is this? What disorder? Come now, each dog in his turn." (Pounds prodigiously with the bottle until it crashes and shivers to the ground.) "Flush, my good dog, we have not heard from you."

Flush, squealing excitedly: "*I* bit Robert Browning's legs! He brought me macaroons and seed cakes and I bit his legs just the same. I had poems written to me when I was alive," (looking importantly at Boatswain) "not after I was dead. I eloped too! To Marylebone church. It was lovely. We rode in a carriage, my mistress and Wilson and I, and there we were married. And I was taken to Italy with them too. It was very exciting because nobody knew. Papa was so stern and cross, you know. I didn't bark or give anything away. And I knew about it all the time, because all the boxes were packed and waiting and I could see them up in her closet. When we got to Italy, I didn't bite his legs any more because for some reason Ba-a didn't want me to. Besides, I was very occupied with fleas."

Hodge: "But, sirs, we speak too much of ourselves. We have here a newcomer. Come, Paddy, let us hear your recital of earthly glory."

Paddy, briskly: "Well, my Boss writes sonnets. He writes 'em all day long and he's got a whole box full."

Boatswain: "And they are published?"

Paddy, defiantly: "No, they ain't published — yet."

All of them, looking at each other significantly: "Ah!"

Paddy, proudly: "You see, my Boss is a champion. He's the champion unpublished poet. He's written more poems that ain't ever been published than any other guy that ever lived. He says so himself."

Boatswain, sneering: "Dear me."

Mrs. Bouncer: "Fancy that."

Paddy, hastily: "He knows all the rhymes in the world, too. He's got a rhyme book and all he has to do is look 'em up."

Boatswain, recoiling: "Horrible."

Bounce, covering his eyes: "Oh, most horrible."

Paddy: "And once an editor ast him to lunch, he did. And once he got $25 from the *New York Times* for eight lines. That's over $3 a line. And once he wrote verses for Mother's Day cards and got $18. And once he went to Padraic Colum's house and had boiled chicken for dinner and that's why he named me for him, but Mr. Colum didn't know, when he heard about it, whether it was a compliment or not. And — and —"

Hodge, insinuatingly: "And what, Paddy?"

Boatswain, softly: "Perhaps Paddy's master is a Chatterton — "

Paddy, in sudden anger: "I don't know about your Chattertons or any of that stuff, but my Boss is a swell guy and don't you forget it. And him and me has a swell time. We take walks and we play games, and if we sell a poem we eat; and if we don't, we chew our tongues instead, and I like it, see? And I wouldn't trade my Boss for a whole carload of your dead Thrales and Johnsons and Robert Brownings, whoever they are. When my Boss gets famous and we get a lotta jack, we're gonna move to the country and go huntin' and chase chickens and write pastorals and eat all day long. But he ain't famous yet — editors are sorta dumb that way — so we live in a garret — a studio, I mean — and any guy here that wants to make remarks can just step up and I'll teach him how to make remarks, see? And that goes for you, too, Mr. Samuel Johnson London England Fleet Street God A'mighty Hodge!"

He looked around the circle hotly. Not one flicker of a tail or the wink of an eye. Only disdain everywhere, cold contempt.

They were sneering at his Boss. He looked from one to the other of the aloof, haughty faces. They remained frozen in scorn.

They were sneering at his Boss. His Boss who —

Well, they didn't know any better, the poor saps. They hadn't seen the Boss. They didn't know what a great guy he was. He began to pity them then, those animals that had never known his Boss, and he felt better.

"Well," said Linda, rising from her haunches, "it's time, boys and girls." Instantly they all sprang to their feet, were leaping away with joyful barks, kicking off their blue stockings as they went.

"Time fer what?" shouted Paddy after them.

"Time for our walk!" threw back Turk over his shoulder. "Every day at this time we take a walk with our masters!"

PADDY watched their bounding, retreating flanks as they disappeared through the passageway from the Alley to the Meadow. He followed. In the doorway of the passage he stopped.

There in the Meadow they all were. Turk and his family capering around the feet of a tall, bearded man in a checked waistcoat who called out hilarious greetings to them and laughed uproariously at their pranks. . . . Flush trotting earnestly between a man and a woman arm in arm, who smiled at each other and at Flush and then at each other again. . . . Woggs waddling at the heels of a lanky man in tweeds, whose long legs ambled their way across the grassy meadow, whose long hands played with the old brown pipe in his mouth, whose eyes hardly left the dusky, vivid woman walking at his side, except to look back at Woggs. . . . Boatswain pacing in stately fashion beside a corpulent, pompous, self-conscious, and yet somehow romantic-looking male who limped noticeably and sighed as he looked down at Boatswain, none of your ordinary prosy sighs either, but heavy sighs and deep with meaning. . . . Presto stepping along to the lively gait of a sprightly lady in cap and ribbons. . . . Hodge marching with dignity at the heels of a massive, rolling, seesawing figure, whose wig was askew, whose linen was rumpled, but whose words, apparently, held as in a vise of doting admiration the sprightly lady who was with him.

Gone were the white robes, the harps,

all the foolish, tricked-out, trumped-up trappings of the commonplace Heaven of a few hours before. This was another Heaven, men and women walking in the fields at sundown with their beloved animals. Paddy, watching, felt an unaccountable pain, a pain just under the white patch on his breast (where no white patch ought to be if an Irish terrier's ancestors have been all that ancestors should be).

"Gosh," he whispered.

They all looked so happy. They all *were* happy, everybody in the whole place was happy — cats, dogs, men, women — everybody but him. He saw the lanky man turn back, bend over, put his hand on Woggs's furry little back; saw Woggs' wriggle of ecstasy, and the pain under his white patch grew sharper. He, too, knew the rapture that comes from the touch of your Boss's hand. Nothing in the whole world is as nice as that — nothing, not ice cream, not beefsteak, not warm firesides, not cat fights, not even fried liver and onions, which last, as any dog knows, is the dizziest delight in life.

He craned as the happy ones, strolling along, gradually moved out of sight around a flowery bend of the Meadow, his blunt, square, whiskery countenance strained and wistful. They had gone now. The Meadow was empty, its grasses burnished and still under the light of late afternoon.

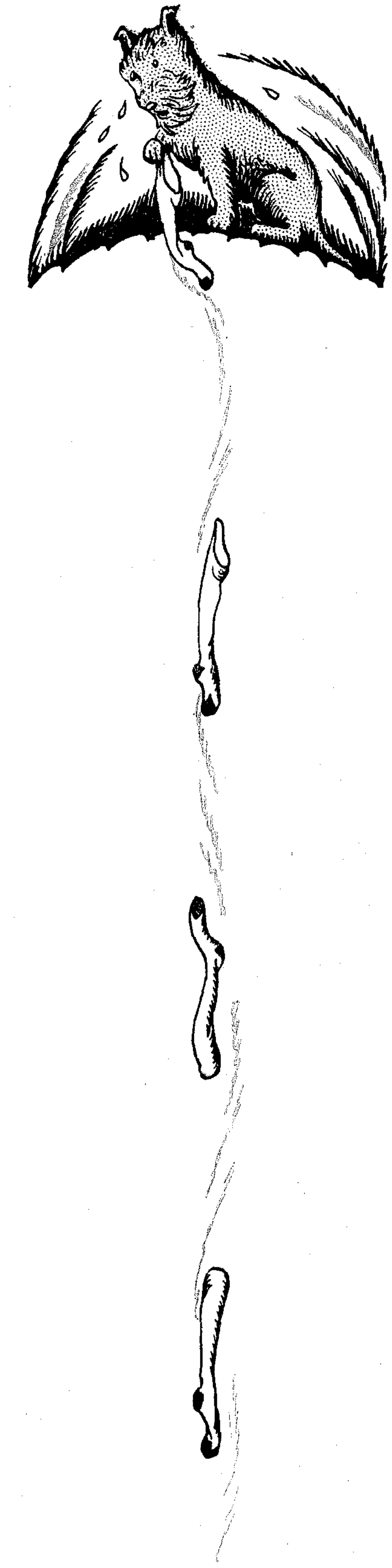
Paddy stood in the doorway, uneasy, puzzled. "But this *ain't* Heaven," he kept saying. "If the Boss was here — but he's down in New York. This ain't Heaven for me a'tall!"

He thought of the garret, the fire small but valiant and blustering, the Boss's long legs stretched out in front of it, his own savory old blanket there on the floor, the smell of their supper, the light of their lamp, Phoebe's green eyes at the window. He thought of the Boss's virtues — the Boss who kidded him, who talked to him like a regular fellow, who was so understanding in the matter of baths, so tolerant in the matter of week-end jaunts. The Boss, too, who trusted him so implicitly, who always knew that he would come home finally, expected him, waited for him, welcomed him — needed him.

This was Heaven where things were planned especially for dogs, where garbage was plentiful, where fights were allowed, where potatoes and candy were not taboo. But the Boss wasn't here. The Boss was in New York, waiting for him.

Suddenly he whirled on his feet. Like a streak of red dust he was through the passage, across the Alley, through the palace, the courtyard, out of the gate. St. Peter was nodding over his afternoon cup of tea, the gate itself slightly ajar. Paddy lunged against it, threw it wide open, flashed through.

Now he was on the very edge of the world, Heaven behind, a vast abyss of sky and air beneath him. He flung off his stockings. An aviator far below wondered mightily at the thing that blew into his lap, a small blue woolen thing, like a doll's stocking.



Only a second he paused. It was sickening, hideous, this awful chasm; but he had to do it. He had to jump. He had to. He had to get away, back to the Boss. There was a little cloud 'way down yonder. He'd jump and land on its back. And that — would — take — him — back — to — the — Boss.

He smelled the breath of a strange man in his face, heard a strange voice, was conscious of a hot, smothering pain all over his body. The Boss he did not see or hear, but he knew he was home. He had known that a long time now by the smell of his own blanket so pleasant and comforting under him. He could not open his eyes. That was odd, he thought. But he could hear all right. He heard now — yes, it was the Boss. But how husky and funny the Boss's voice sounded.

"Gosh, doctor, I can't thank you enough."

"I didn't save your dog, man!" That was the stranger's voice now. "He saved himself. You saw how he did it. Lord, I've never seen an animal fight harder to come back, and I've seen a-plenty too — gritty little devil. Uncanny, isn't it? I never get used to it somehow. How we do come back, sometimes, dogs as well as men."

"Will he be all right? He's such a cocky fellow, I'd hate to have him lame."

"Sure. He'll be all right. He's as tough as they come. Just keep bathing him with this stuff and give him all the fresh water he'll take. No food, of course. But then he'd see to that. I'll come in and change the dressings tomorrow. God, I'd like to string up a few of these truck drivers."

He was gone. Paddy heard the door close, followed the last echo of his footsteps down the stairs. He opened his eyes groggily. The Boss was right there, close up to his muzzle, his face scared and white.

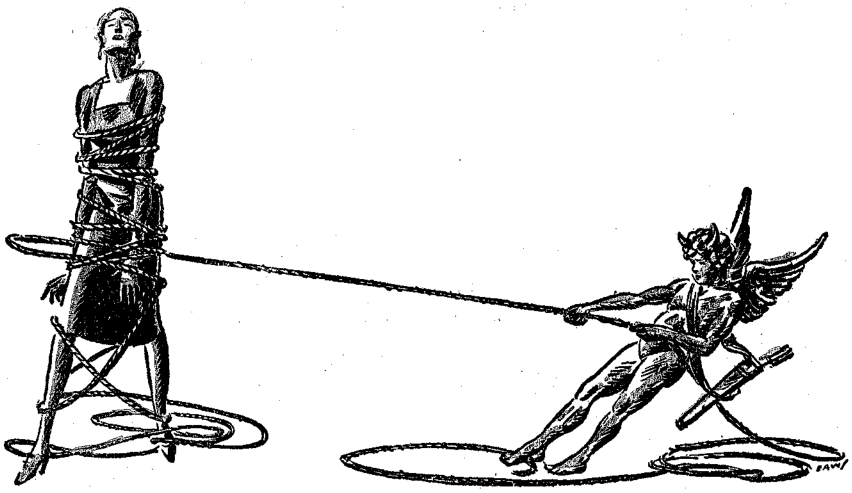
"Well, Mr. Padraic MacInerny!" But what made the Boss's voice thick like that?

The Boss was smiling though, and his hand was gently — oh so gently — on the little dog's head. And somehow the hot, flaming, awful pain all over his body was gone now. He tried to wag his tail. Drat it, the thing wouldn't wag, too heavy. He tried again. There. Slow, feeble thuds, but thuds just the same. The Boss's white-faced smile was the only thing he could see.

He closed his eyes again.

Here was Heaven, if anybody wanted to know.

The School of WOMEN



Drawings by Edw. A. Wilson

by ANDRÉ GIDE

III

In 1894 Eliane Delaborde met Robert D. in Florence and was straightway infatuated with him. Soon they were engaged and each agreed to keep a secret journal to record their frank opinions of each other. Shortly before their marriage, Eliane discovered that Robert had never kept his journal and, hurt by his deception of her, she decided to discontinue her own. Twenty years later, however, she resumed her entries in order to help her straighten out her tangled emotions and decide upon a course of action. In the interim of married life she had revised her estimate of Robert. The very qualities which had first attracted her to him were now revealed as a thin veneer concealing a menial and insincere nature. She could now scarcely bear the sight of him, and would have sought her freedom if she had not been deterred by considerations of the happiness of her two children — Genevieve and Gustave.

July 19th, 1914.

GENEVIEVE does not like her father. How have I remained so long without perceiving this? No doubt because I have given her very little attention of late. All my thoughts and care have been centered on Gustave, whose health is delicate. I admit, too, that he interested me more; he is something of a charmer, like his father, and I recognize in him all the qualities that captivated me so in Robert — until they so greatly disappointed me.

As for Genevieve, I thought she was completely absorbed in her studies and indifferent to everything else. Now I have reached the point of wondering whether I did right to encourage her in this. I have just had a terrible conversation with her. I see now that she is the one person with whom I might reach an understanding, but at the same time I see why I do not wish to reach an understanding with her. It is because I am afraid of coming face to face with my own thoughts in her — my own thoughts grown bolder — grown so bold that they terrify me. All the fears, all the doubts that have sometimes tortured me have turned in her into so many brazen negations. No, no; I cannot bring myself to admit them. I cannot let her speak of her father with such disrespect. But when I tried to shame her, "Oh, come now!" she cried, "As if you took him seriously yourself!"

She flung the words in my face so brutally that I felt myself blush. I was incapable of answering her, incapable of hiding my confusion from her.

Then she immediately declared that she could not admit that marriage ought to confer all the prerogatives on the husband; that for her part, she would never submit to such a thing. She was quite determined to make the man she fell in love with her partner, her companion; but the sensible thing would be not to marry him. My example was a warning; it put her on her guard. On the other hand, she could not thank me enough for having given her an education which made her able to pass judgment upon us, so that she might live her own life and not bind herself to a person who might very likely be her inferior.

As she was walking excitedly up and down the room, I sat listening in extreme dejection to the cynicism of her talk. I begged her to lower her voice, for I was afraid her father might hear her.

"Let him hear us!" she cried. "I am quite ready to repeat everything I have been saying to him. You can repeat it yourself. Repeat it — yes, yes — repeat it."

July 20th

YES, THIS took place yesterday before dinner. And at dinner Genevieve was no doubt touched at seeing the sadness I was unable to conceal. She came to my room in the evening, and flinging herself into my arms like a child, she began to stroke my face and kiss me as she used to do long ago, and so tenderly that it made me cry.

"Darling Mummy," she said, "I made you unhappy to-day. Don't be too cross with me. You see, I can't pretend with you. I can't — I won't tell lies to you. I know you can understand me, and I understand you much better than you want me to. I must talk to you more. There are things, you see, that you have taught me to think which you don't dare think yourself — things which you believe you believe, but which I know you don't believe at all."

I kept silent, for I did not dare ask her what things. And then she suddenly asked me whether it was because of her and Gustave that I had remained faithful to Robert. "For I am quite certain you have remained faithful to him," she added, looking me fixedly in the face as one looks at a child whom one is reprimanding.

However monstrous I thought this reversal of our rôles, I protested that the idea of deceiving my husband had never entered my head for a moment. Then she said she knew quite well that I had been in love with Bourgweilsdorf.

"If so, it was without my being aware of it," I retorted curtly.

But she went on: "You may not have owned it to yourself, but *he* was aware of it all right, I am certain."

I had risen, for I wanted to get away from her, to leave the room if she went on talking in this way; in any case I was determined not to answer her any more. There was a short silence and then I sat down again, or rather sank into another chair, for I felt too exhausted to stand up. She immediately flung herself once more into my arms, sat on my knee and became more affectionate than ever: "But, Mummy, do understand that I don't blame you."

And as these words made me start with indignation, she took hold of my two arms and held me a prisoner, laughing as though to diminish the intolerable impropriety of her words by making fun of them.

"I should just like to know," she went on, "whether there has been any sacrifice on your part?"

She had once more become very serious; as for me, I did my best to keep an impassive countenance. She understood that I was not going to answer and went on: "What a good novel you might help me to write! It would be called *The Duties of a Mother; or the Useless Sacrifice.*"

And as I continued silent, she began to shake her head slowly. "No," she said, "It's not because you have made yourself the slave of your duty . . ." — then she corrected herself — "of an imaginary duty. . . . No, no; you can see for yourself that I can't be grateful to you for that. No, don't protest. I really think I couldn't go on loving you if I felt under an obligation to you — if I felt that you *thought* I was under an obligation to you. Your virtue is your own; I do not choose to feel myself bound by it." Then suddenly changing her tone: "Now quickly, say something, anything, so that when I go back to my room I won't be furious with myself for having spoken to you so."

I felt mortally sad and was only able to put a kiss on her forehead.

July 22nd

I WILL WRITE down my thoughts without order, as they come. . . .

My children's respect held me back and I liked to lean upon it. Genevieve has robbed me of this support. I no longer have even that to help me. At present it is with myself alone that I fight; I am the prisoner of my own virtue.

Even if I had any grievance against my husband! But no; those defects of his from which I suffer and which I have come to hate, are not directed against me. The only thing I can reproach him with is his being himself. I feel he loves me as much as he is capable of loving, and I am bound by his fidelity. Not that any other love tempts me; I have no thought of betraying him — at any rate not otherwise then by going away. All I really want is to get away from him.

If only he were an invalid! If only he could not do without me! How can I renounce life before I am forty? Will not God grant me some duties other than this mortal effacement and wretched resignation?

What advice can I hope for? And who is to give it to me? My parents are lost in admiration of Robert and think I am perfectly happy. Why should I undeceive them? What can I hope for from them except pity, perhaps.

Abbé Bredel is too old to understand me. And, indeed, what could he say more to me than he said at Arcachon — and even then it merely increased my unhappiness — that I must do all in my power to hide their father's inferiority from the children? As if. . . . But I will not speak to him of the conversation I have just had with Genevieve. It would only strengthen the opinion he has of her, which is not a good one; and I know that at the first words he uttered I should take Genevieve's side. As for her, she never could bear the Abbé, and all I could ever get from her was that she would try not to be impertinent to him.

Marchant? . . . Yes, no doubt, *he* would understand me. He would understand me only too well. That is why I cannot speak to him. And then I could not forgive myself for disturbing Yvonne's happiness. I am too fond of her not to hide the truth from her.

But as I write this, an idea has suddenly dawned upon me — an absurd idea perhaps, but none the less I feel it to be imperative — the person I must speak to about Robert is Robert himself. My mind is made up. I will speak to him this very evening.

July 23rd

YESTERDAY evening as I was preparing to go to Robert's room for the serious conversation I had determined to have with him, Papa was announced. It is so unusual for him to come at such a late hour that my first impulse was to exclaim: "Is anything the matter with Mamma?"

"Your Mamma is perfectly well," he answered, and then as he pressed me in his arms, he went on, "*You* are the one who isn't well, my dear. No, no, no, don't deny it. I've been feeling for a long time past that something is amiss. My poor little Eliane, I can't bear to feel that you are unhappy."

I began by saying: "Everything is all right Papa. What makes you think . . .?"

But I had to stop, for he put his two hands on my shoulder and looked at me so searchingly that I felt I was losing countenance.

"Those black rings around your eyes tell a very different story. Come, my darling, my dear little Eliane, why don't you tell me? Is Robert deceiving you?"

This question was so unexpected that I exclaimed stupidly and in spite of myself: "Oh! I wish to goodness he were!"

"What! . . . It's something serious then? Come, come, tell me. What's the matter?"

He was so insistent that I could restrain myself no longer: "No, Robert is not deceiving me," I said. "I have nothing to reproach him with; and that's the very thing that is so dreadful." And as I saw that he did not understand: "Do you remember that at first you disapproved of my marriage? I asked you then what you objected to in Robert, and I was indignant when you found nothing to answer. Why didn't you tell me?"

"Why, my dear little girl, I really don't know. It's such a long time ago. Yes, I misjudged Robert at first. I disliked his ways. Happily, I soon understood that I was mistaken."

"Oh, Papa! Unfortunately you were right in your first judgment of him. You thought you were mistaken afterwards because I was happy with him. But it didn't last. It was my turn to understand. No, you were not mistaken. I ought to have listened to you at first, as I used to when I was a good little girl."

He remained a long time as if utterly overcome, shaking his head and murmuring, "You poor little thing! . . . you poor little thing!" — so tenderly that I was miserable at causing him so much distress. But I had to go on. Plucking up my courage, I said: "I want to leave him."

He gave a violent start and exclaimed, "What! — What!" in such an odd tone of voice, that I should have laughed if

I had had the heart to. Then he made me sit down close beside him on the sofa, and stroked my hair as he spoke: "Your Abbé would never get over it if you did such a silly thing as that. Have you talked to him about it?"

I nodded my head to signify I had, and then was obliged to confess that I did not get on so well with the Abbé as I used to, which made him smile and give me a little mocking glance. The idea of this indirect victory over a person he could never abide seemed to amuse him very much.

"Dear! dear! dear!" Then changing his tone he went on, "Let's talk seriously, my child, that is to say, practically."

Then he explained that if I left my husband, all the blame would attach to me. "As a rule, people only understand the value of a good reputation after they have lost it. Where would you go? What would you do? My little Eliane was always one to have rather chimerical ideas, wasn't she? No, no, you must go on living with Robert. Take him all in all, he is not a bad fellow. If you try to talk it over with him, perhaps he will understand."

"He won't understand; but I'll speak to him all the same, and it'll only tighten the noose around my neck."

Then he went on to say that I must not try to escape, but to establish a *modus vivendi*, to find a working compromise. He likes to use imposing words as though to prove to himself that they don't frighten him. (I realize that this is very spiteful.)

Then, no doubt with the intention of consoling me, he began to speak to me of my mother and tell me that he had not found all he had hoped for in marriage either. He had never confided this to any one, he told me, and he seemed extraordinarily relieved at being able at last to let himself go — which he did to his heart's content. I didn't have the courage to interrupt him, but his confidences made me feel inexpressibly uncomfortable — as uncomfortable as in my dreadful conversation with Genevieve. It seems to me that it is not a good thing for communications of this kind to take place between two generations: they do violence in one or other of them to a feeling of intimate reserve which it is no doubt better to respect.

My feeling of discomfort had still another cause which I dislike to mention; for I am too fond of Papa not to be sorry to have to judge him, and I wish I never had to think he was in the wrong. I should keep silent about this if I had not promised myself to be sincere in these pages. When Papa began to talk to me of his youthful ambitions and of everything he thinks he might have done if he had felt himself better understood and better seconded by my mother, I could not refrain from thinking that it only rested with him to have got more out of himself; if he failed to make the most of his intelligence and his gifts, it was the easiest thing for him to believe that Mamma was responsible for this. I do not doubt that he has suffered from Mamma's wholly practical and narrow-minded point of view; but I think he is rather pleased to be able to say: "Your mother doesn't wish. . . . Your mother doesn't think. . . ." and to rest content with that.

He told me afterwards he did not know a single married couple whose union was so perfect that one of the parties had not sometimes wished never to have contracted it. I did not protest, for Papa does not like being contradicted, but I cannot accept such a statement, which seems blasphemous to me.

Our conversation lasted till far into the night. Papa was, I believe, greatly cheered by it and did not understand that he left me more deeply in despair than ever.

July 24th

A RUNNING noose . . . and every effort I make to free myself only serves to tighten it. My final explanation with Robert has taken place. I have played my last card and lost. Ah! I should have gone away without saying a word to Papa or to anyone. I can do no more. I am beaten.

I found Robert lying on the sofa, for he got up a few days ago.

"I came to see whether you wanted anything," I said, trying to think of some way of starting the conversation.

"No, thank you, dear," he answered in his most angelic voice. "I feel really better this evening and I am beginning to think that after all the Angel of Death has passed me by this time." Then, as he never misses an opportunity of showing his generosity, his sensibility, his greatness of soul: "I have given you a great deal of anxiety. I wish I were certain I deserved all the care that has been lavished on me."

I tried to look at him with indifference. "Robert, I should like to have a serious conversation with you."

"You know very well, my dear, that I never refuse to speak seriously. When one has seen death at such close quarters as I have in the last few days, one is naturally inclined to have serious thoughts."

But I suddenly ceased to understand what I was complaining of and what I had come to say. Or, to be more accurate, what I was complaining of suddenly seemed to me impossible to formulate. And above all, I could think of no sentence, no question by which I could start. I was still firmly resolved, however, to engage in the struggle, and repeated to myself until my brain seemed in a whirl, "If I don't do it now, I shall never do it." So, like a diver who plunges, eyes shut, into the abyss: "Robert," I said, "I should like you to tell me, if you still remember, what reason you had for marrying me?"

Certainly he expected a question of this kind so little that for a moment he was completely taken aback. For a moment only — for whatever the situation in which circumstances place him, Robert is always extraordinarily prompt and clever at recovering himself. He reminds me of those little toy tumblers with light heads, which, however one throws them down, always settle again on their feet. While he was looking at me to try and understand what purpose was hidden in my words, so as to adapt his defense to meet them, he asked: "What makes you speak of reason when you are talking about a matter of feeling?"

Robert always manages to get the upper hand of his adversary. Whatever one does, the point of view in which he places himself immediately seems the superior one. I felt, as at a game of chess, that I should lose the advantage of the attack if I answered; it would be better to put him again on the defensive.

"Please try and speak to me simply."

He protested immediately: "It is impossible to speak more simply."

"Yes, you say that simply. But as a rule, your loftiness is overwhelming; you like to take refuge in regions so sublime that you know I shall never be able to follow you there."

"It seems to me, my dear," he said, smiling affably and in his sweetest tone of voice, "that for the moment it is you who are not being simple. Won't you tell me straight out what the matter is? You have something to reproach me with; I am listening."

But now it was I who was assuming Robert's manner, Robert's way of expressing himself, which has become so unbearable to me — just as when I was younger, I used to put on an English accent out of sympathy, when I was talking to an English person, to Papa's great amusement. I plunged deeper and deeper into the bog.

"If I could only reproach you with something definite, what a relief it would be," I managed to say. "But no! I know only too well that you never put yourself in the wrong — as I did just now when I began to explain myself. And yet, I assure you I am not giving way to a thoughtless impulse. This conversation that I have been meaning to have for such a long time past, and that I have been putting off from day to day. . . ." I could not finish my sentence — it was too long already. I went on in a voice so low that I was surprised he could hear me: "Listen Robert. It's simply that I can't go on living with you any longer."

In order to have strength to say this — even in a whisper — I had been obliged to stop looking at him. But as he was silent, I raised my eyes. I thought he had turned pale.

"If I were to ask you in my turn what reason you have for leaving me, you might answer like me, that it's a matter of feeling not of reason."

"I don't say so," I answered.

But he: "Elaine, am I to understand that you don't love me any more?"

His voice trembled just enough to leave me in doubt whether his emotion was sincere or feigned. I made a great effort and said painfully: "The man I passionately loved was different from the man I have slowly discovered you to be."

He raised his eyebrows and shoulders: "If you speak in riddles. . . ."

I went on: "I have gradually discovered that you are very different from what I thought you were at first — from the man I once loved."

Then something extraordinary happened: I saw him suddenly put his head in his hands and burst into sobs. There could be no question of feigning; they were real sobs which shook his whole body; real tears which wet his fingers and ran down his cheeks, while he repeated wildly a dozen times over: "My wife doesn't love me! My wife doesn't love me!"

I was far from expecting this explosion. It struck me dumb — not that I was much moved myself, for it is obvious that I do not love Robert. I was indignant, on the contrary, at seeing him have recourse to weapons which I thought disloyal. I was uncomfortable, too, at feeling that I was the cause of a real grief before which my grievances must needs give way. In order to console Robert, I should have had to make use of lying protestations. I drew near him and put my hand on his head, which he raised at once.

"But why should I have married you then? Was it for your name, your fortune, your parents' situation? Was it? Was it? Say something so that I may understand. You know . . . you know . . . that I. . . ."

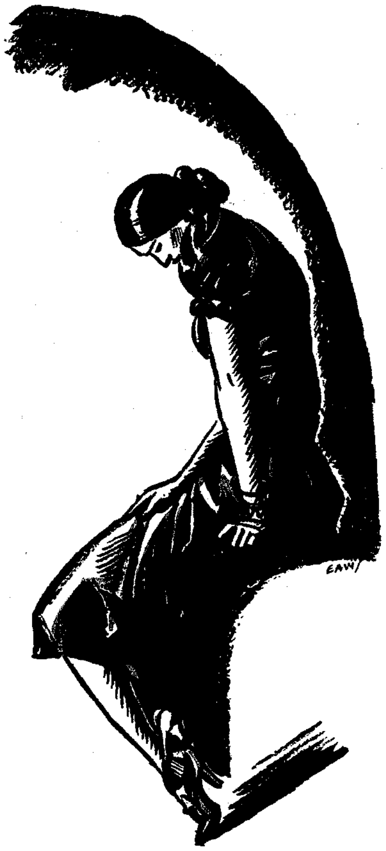
He seemed at present so natural, so perfectly sincere, that I expected to hear him say, "that I might have found a much better match. . . ." But the words that came were "that it was because I loved you." Then, in a voice once more broken with sobs: ". . . and because I thought . . . that . . . you loved me."

I was almost shocked by my own indifference. However sincere Robert's emotion now was, the exhibition of that emotion froze me.

"I thought I should be the only one to suffer from this explanation," I began; but he interrupted me.

"You say I am not the man you thought. But then *you* are not the woman I thought either. How is it possible ever to know if one really is the person one thinks one is?"

It is a habit of his to seize hold of other peoples ideas and twist them round to serve his own purposes (I really think he does it quite unconsciously); so he went on: "But not one of us, you poor dear, not one of us can constantly keep on the heights where he would wish to be. The whole drama of our moral life is just that — exactly that. I don't know whether you follow me. . . ."



"Robert, Robert," I said gently, with a restraining movement of my hand; for I knew that once started on such an elevated theme, he would never stop of his own accord. My interruption made him shift his ground slightly.

"As if one was not always forced to climb down a little in life! . . . I mean one is always forced to bring one's ideal down to somewhere within one's reach. But as for you, your ideals have always been chimerical."

(So then, it must be true, since Papa said the same thing yesterday.)

Then with a natural rebound, he soared up again into the lofty regions from which my egotistical sigh had impertinently snatched him: "And there, my dear, you touch upon a problem of the highest interest — the problem of expression itself. The question is, you see, whether emotion exhausts itself in the expression of emotion, or whether, on the contrary, it is called into being by the expression, comes as it were to *inform* the expression. And indeed one almost begins to doubt whether anything exists in reality apart from its appearance, and whether. . . . Let me just explain; you'll understand in a minute."

This last sentence always comes to the rescue when he begins to get confused. It irritates me more than anything.

"I understand perfectly well," I interrupted. "You mean it would be mad of me to mind whether you really feel all the fine feelings you express."

His glance grew suddenly charged with a kind of hatred.

"Oh!" he exclaimed, in a voice that was almost strident, "it's a pleasure indeed to be understood by you. So that is the only impression our conversation has left on you. I let myself go; I speak to you with more confidence and frankness than I have ever done to anyone. I humble myself before you. I burst into tears before you. But my tears don't touch you. You put your own interpretation on my words, and in an icy tone you give me to understand that all the feeling is on your side and that all my love for you is nothing but. . . ."

He was again interrupted for a moment by his sobs. I rose with only one thought in my head — to put an end to an interview which I had conducted so badly, which was ending in my discomfiture, and in which I had only succeeded in putting myself to all appearance entirely in the wrong. As I laid my hand on his arm to say good-bye, he turned around abruptly and the words burst from him: "No, I say, no, no. It isn't true. You are wrong. If you still loved me in the least, you would understand that I am only a poor creature struggling like all of us and trying as best he can to become a little better than he is."

He had suddenly found the words most capable of touching me. I bent over him to kiss him, but he pushed me away almost brutally.

"No, no. Let me alone. I can only see, only feel one thing — that you have ceased to love me."

On these words I left him, my heart weighed down with a fresh unhappiness

— an unhappiness which confronts his own, which his own has revealed to me. Alas! he loves me still, and I cannot leave him.

EPILOGUE

1916

I HAD resolved to write nothing more in this book. Very shortly after the conversation with Robert which I have related in the last pages, our personal preoccupations were swept away by the terrible events which have overwhelmed Europe. I wish I could recover the convictions of my childhood, so that I might pray God with all my heart to protect France. But I imagine the Christians of Germany pray to the same God in the same way for their country, in spite of everything we hear about them which might make us think them barbarians. It is in the virtue and valor of each and all of us, such as we are, that France must find her protection and defense.

I thought at first that Robert was profoundly convinced of this. I witnessed his grief at being unable to serve on account of his convalescence; and a few months later I know that he consulted Marchant as to how he could get a medical certificate to permit his enlisting. Unfortunately I learned soon after that his class was about to be called up, that he ran the risk of being transferred from the auxiliary to the active army, and that by enlisting beforehand he would be free to choose the branch of the service he preferred — which he did with the utmost precaution, and with the help of all the influence he could command.

Why repeat all this here? I wish only to relate the dreadful scene I have just had with him, which has made me take my final decision. But how can I explain this without referring to the new medical board which he had to go up to, where he managed to get himself discharged as suffering from "chronic cephalalgia resulting from traumatism." It was then that I determined to engage myself in one of the hospitals at the front where I was certain of having my services accepted. But Robert's permission and signature were necessary. He refused me brutally, with many hard words, saying that I only wanted to go in order to mortify him, to set him an example, to shame him. . . . I was obliged to give in — to wait — and finally to content myself with a hospital in Paris, where I often spent the night, so that I saw him only very rarely.

I was astounded one morning to find him again in military costume. Thanks to his knowledge of English, he had succeeded in being taken on by an American War Relief Committee, and this enabled him to wear uniform without being actually in the army, and to assume a martial air.

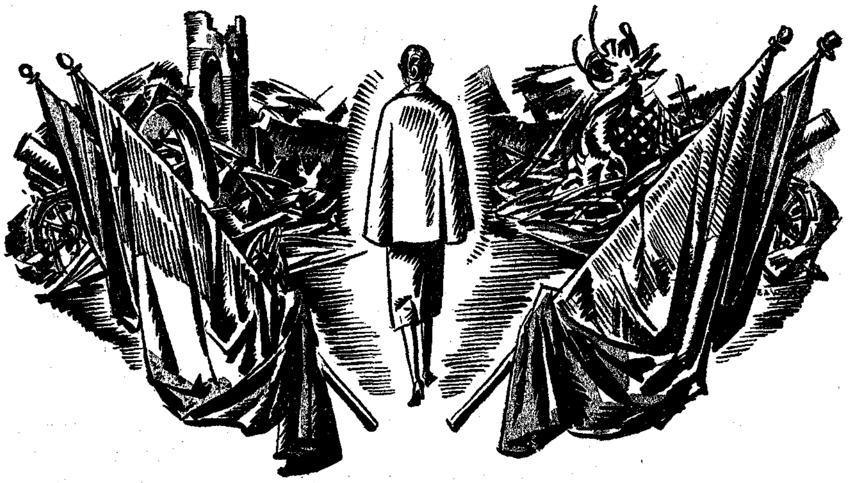
But poor Robert had no luck; his patriotic speeches soon led to his being selected for service at Verdun. As it was impossible to get out of this decently, he thought it "his duty" to put a good face on it, so much so that he was shortly given the *croix de guerre*, to the great admiration of Gustave, my parents, and quantities of friends who went into ecstasies. At Verdun, where he sent for me to come and see him, he managed to pass as a hero. I think he was merely waiting for this decoration to get sent home, and thanks to the influence he possesses, he was able to bring this about.

When I expressed surprise at his sudden return, which agreed very ill with the fine speeches about constancy and fortitude I had heard him make a short time before at Verdun, he explained that he knew for certain, from an unimpeachable source, that the war was on the point of coming to an end, and that he felt he could be more useful in Paris, where the morale appeared to him less good than on the front.

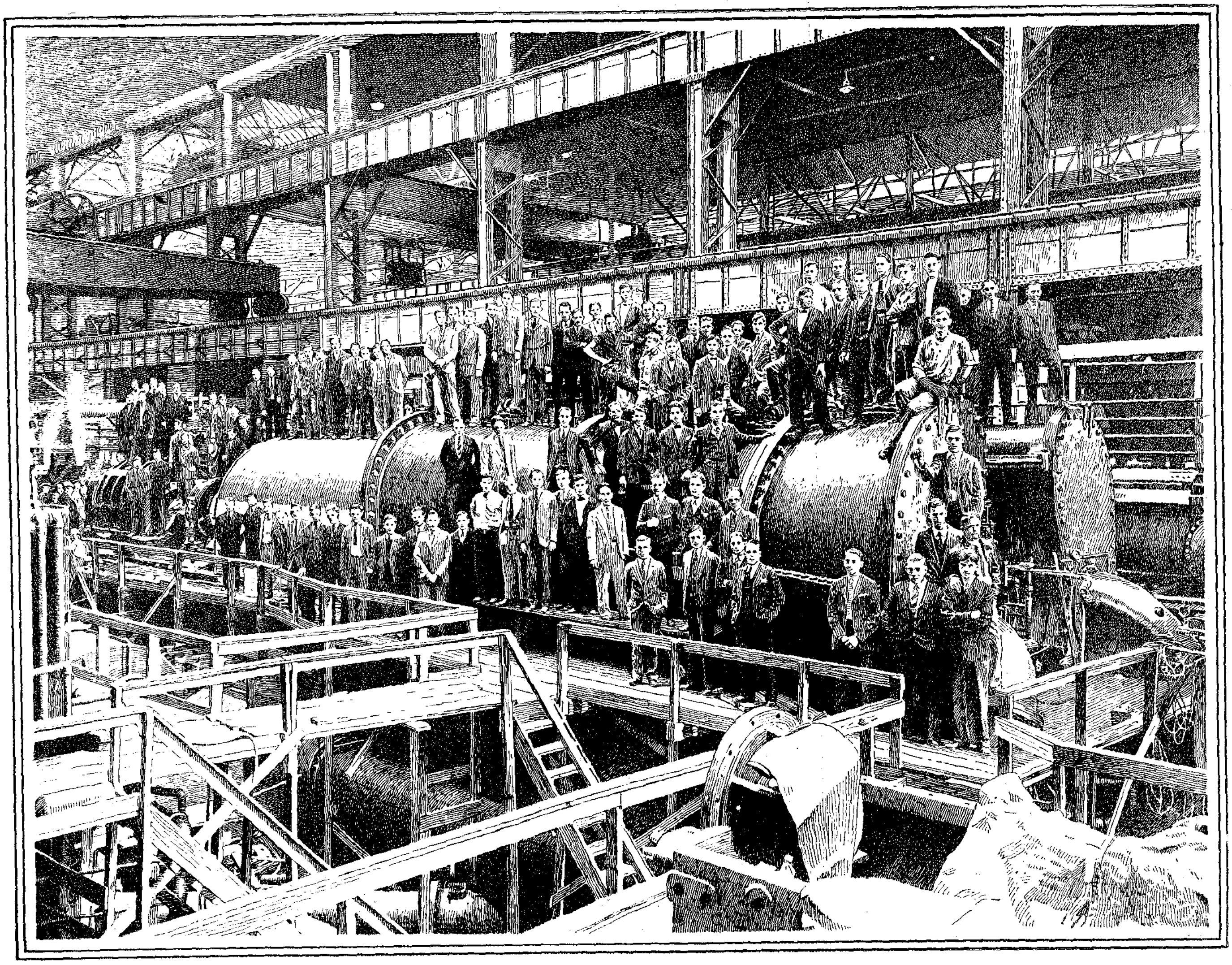
This was two days ago . . . and yet I uttered no reproaches. Since our painful explanation I accept everything without saying a word. It is not so much his actions that I despise, as the reasons he gives for them. Perhaps he read my contempt in my eyes. He suddenly became resentful. His decoration no longer allows him to doubt the authenticity of his virtues and at the same time permits him to assume that others will take them for granted. I, who have no *croix de guerre*, have need of virtue itself, for its own sake, and not for the approbation it might bring me. "Chimerical" creature that I am, I have need of reality. After having naïvely congratulated himself on having come through the war at so small a cost, and seeing that I could not repress a smile, he suddenly exclaimed: "As if you wouldn't have done exactly the same thing yourself!"

No, Robert, I cannot allow you to say this; I cannot above all allow you to think it. I did not answer, but my mind was instantly made up. I managed to see Marchant that same evening and settle everything with him. He was good enough to take the necessary steps for me. To-morrow I shall go off quietly to the hospital at Chatellerault. It is behind the lines and I shall have the appearance of being in perfect safety, which is what I want. Genevieve is the only person who knows the truth. How did she find out the kind of illness that is nursed there? I do not know. She implored me to let her come too and take service at my side. But I cannot permit her to expose herself to such risks; she has all her life before her.

"No, Genevieve, you cannot, you must not follow where I am going," I said, kissing her very tenderly, as though to say good-bye. My dear Genevieve is not satisfied with appearances either. I love her dearly. I am writing this for her to read. It is to her that I bequeath this book if I do not return.



THE END



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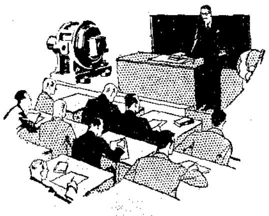

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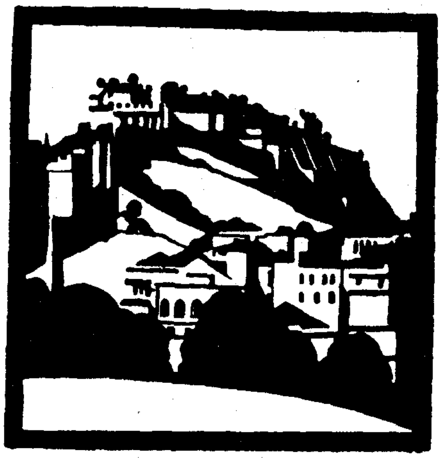

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TRAVEL

Forgotten SHRINES

by HUBBARD HUTCHINSON

We were pouring over maps—four of us, with our heads together and our fingers tracing blue lines through Umbria and Tuscany; lines gemmed with the magic names which lie between Rome and Florence—Viterbo, Orvieto, Perugia, Assisi. There was a pleasant babble of voices and a clatter of cups, and soft-footed, smiling Italian maids came and went, removing the ruins which our appetites, whetted by excitement, had made of *pasti* and tea. They brought cigarettes and lighted lamps and shut out the Roman twilight darkening over the stone pines of the Borghese gardens outside. We argued vehemently.

"But we *must* go to Cortona!" cried the painter. "Fra Angelico's 'Annunciation' is there, and Signorelli. . . ."

"Yes, of course. But you know—" the architect lifted a serious face from the map—"I'd like to see some place that's a bit off the beaten track, that has something unusual, where people don't usually go. There must be any number if one knew them."

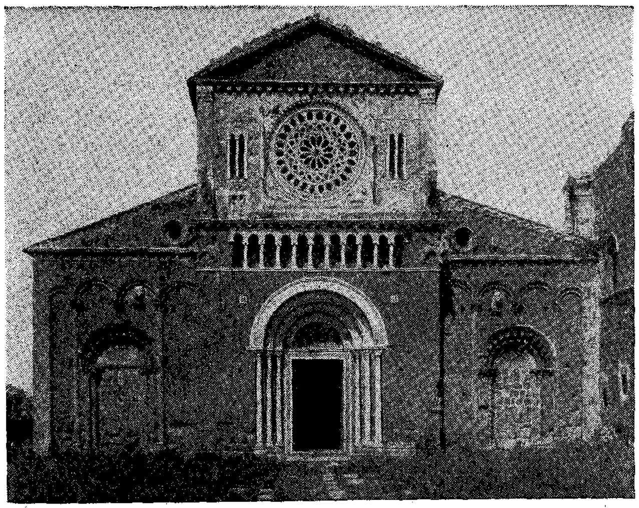
He turned to the archæologist, to whom we had come for advice. The archæologist sat in a deep chair, surrounding himself with the incense of an enormous pipe and smiling at us benignly from the distance of forty years in Italy. He had listened to our planning, it seemed to me, much as De Lesseps might have listened to the questions of children digging a canal in the beach sand.

Now he looked across to his wife and his eyes twinkled.

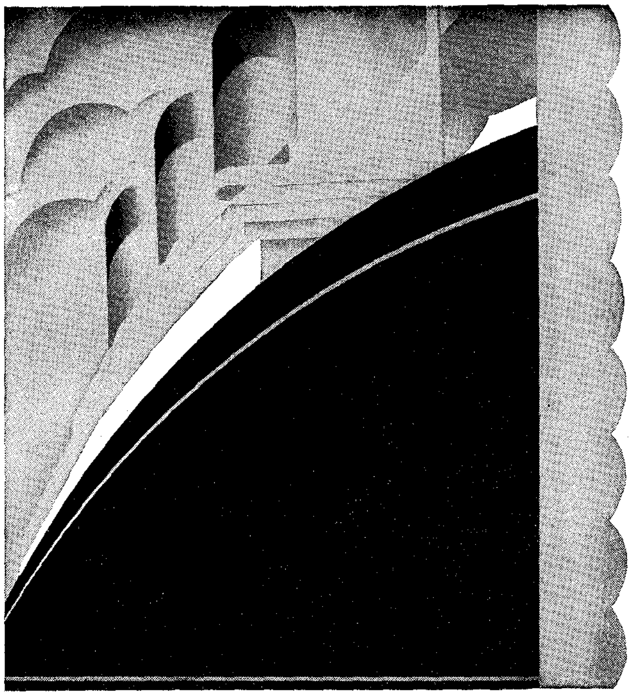
"I think," he said, "that we might safely tell them. They're after the right things. They're enlightened."

"You know," his wife explained, "when you've lived here as long as we have, you discover places. Then you love them and feel a proprietary interest in them, and you're a little reluctant to reveal them to tourist-folk who eternally hurry. But you—" she broke off with a gesture which indicated that we were exceptions. "Yes, I think we'd better tell them."

But the archæologist shook his head and stood up. "No. We will only hint. They must discover it for themselves. They'll value it more. Now listen, my children. There is a town twenty-seven kilometers due west of Viterbo. I shall tell you no more. Go and find it. Don't bother with the town. But the two churches outside it—" he drifted off into his study and to the sixth century B.C. Etruscans from whom he had for a reluctant half hour detached himself.



Church of San Pietro, Tuscania



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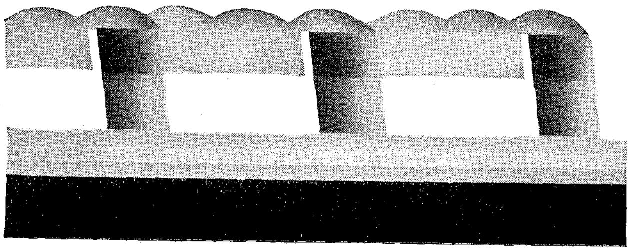

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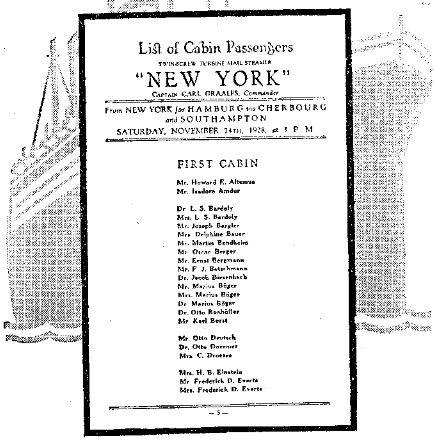

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Travel

Three days later, in Viterbo, we were again bending over maps. Cries of triumph rose.

"That must be it — Tuscania!" The architect indicated a small dot among nubbles of mountains, far from the railroads. We consulted the concierge and Baedeker. The first was voluble; the second terse. The concierge assured us that we could hire a car — he had a friend — for two lire a kilometer.

"An open car," said the painter sternly. "Closed cars in Italy are like stuffed ears at a concert."

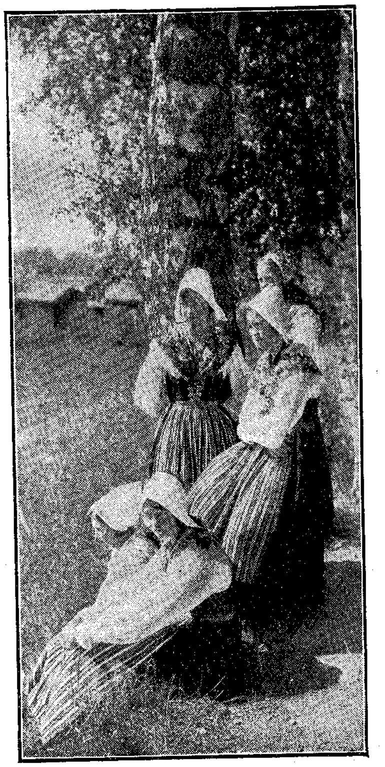
"But assuredly, *signorina.* The car of Giovanni, it is entirely open — and of a swiftness!" He snapped his fingers.

Baedeker observed: "two noble Romanesque structures of that period, S. Pietro and S. Maria Maggiore," and barely starred them with a dim fourth-magnitude tribute.

THUS UNHERALDED, Tuscania came into our lives. It has remained there, its small perfect flame undimmed by the refulgence of Orvieto or the twilight of Assisi.

We quitted Viterbo after lunch by the Porta Fiorentina, and turned left with the first road that leaves the Via Cassia. The hills unfolded round us, smooth, bare, and green, as if the centuries had moulded them to an even contour. Here and there perched *contadini* houses squared with old walls and surrounded by black groves of stone pines. And at the end of an hour we saw below us a vivid green hillside and on it two churches. One rose from the ruins of citadel walls; the other stood alone in a meadow below. Both were a soft, weathered red, with cream-colored stone trimmings, and both stirred us, even in that first glimpse.

We disembarked before the lower church, S. Maria Maggiore, and sent the car into town, half a mile away, for the custodian, while we examined the façade. Its proportions were broad and low — the lines of the ancient Roman basilica out of which it had evolved. The three doors were fretted with exquisite carving and in the lunette above the central door, a Madonna and child stared out at us. The archaic simplicity of the sculpture strangely resembled the work of such modernists as Manship. On one side Abraham sacrificed Isaac; on the other the Lamb dreamed within the Holy Circle. Peter and Paul as sturdy burghers adorned the pillars below. The figures had the stiff grace of the early thirteenth century, and the designs the varied richness of the budding northern fancy working like a strong leaven in the dying Byzantine. Everything was there — Greek volutes, Norman mouldings, Arabic symbols; above all, those quaint symbolic animals in which early Christianity hid its liturgy



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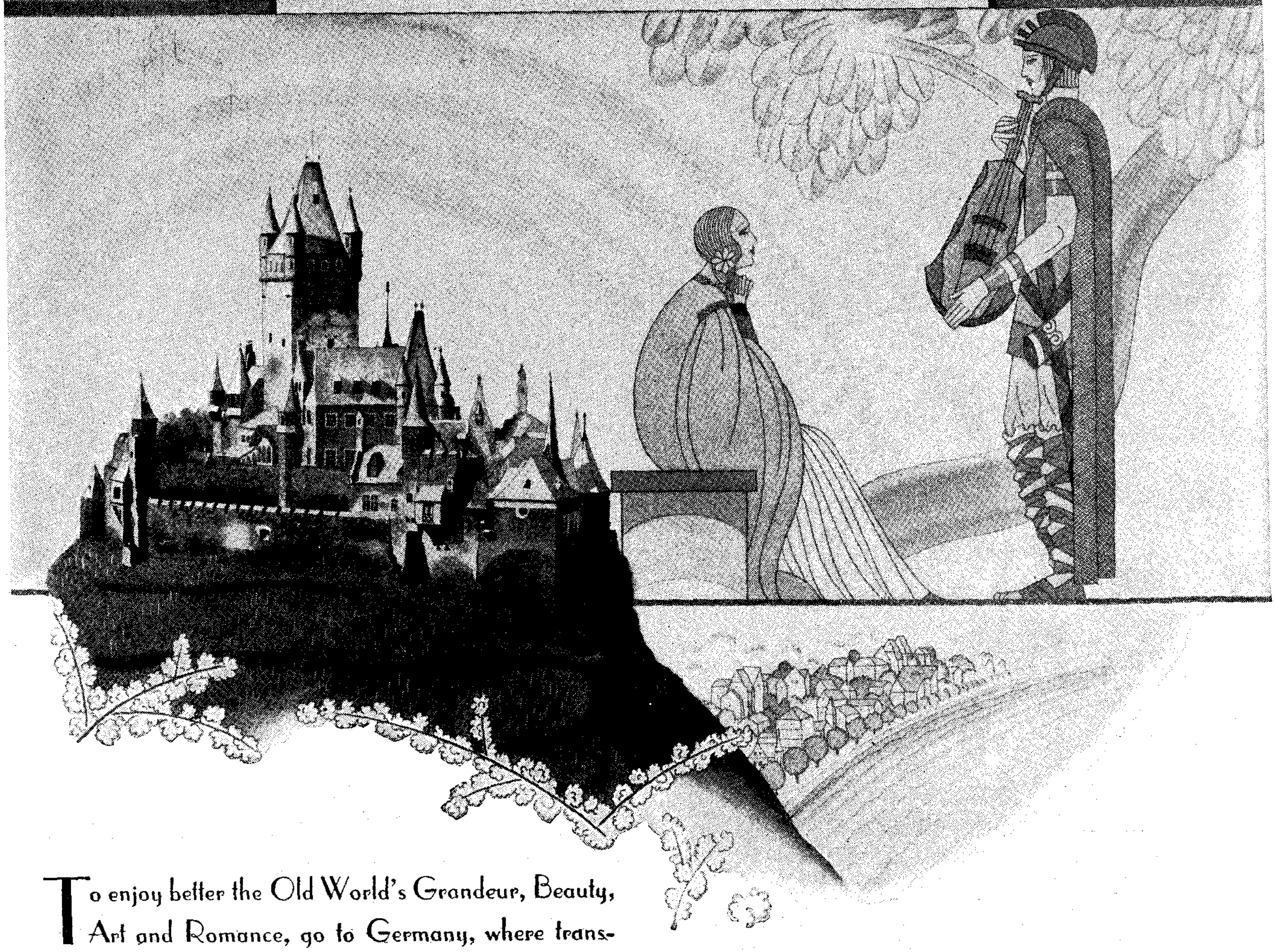

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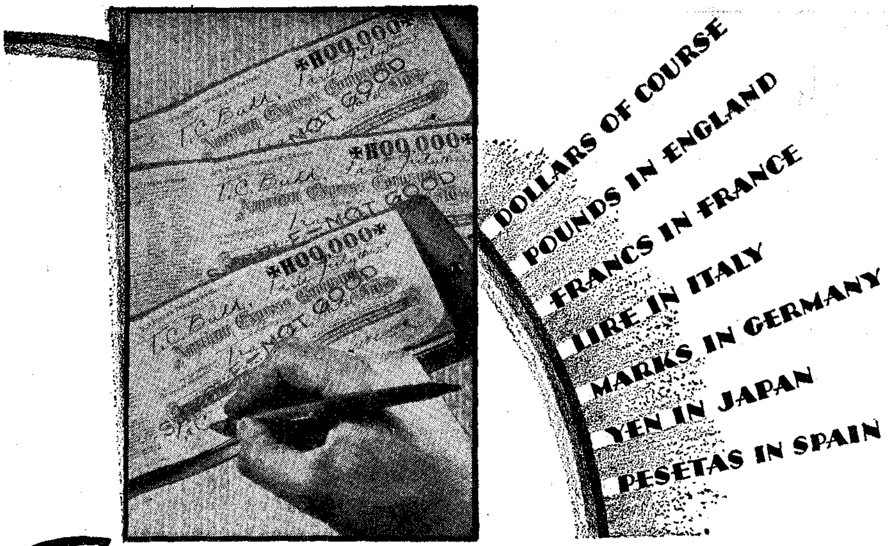

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Travel

from a hostile world. From every age and time the patterns had been gathered into the hands of the mediaeval workmen.

Before our noses were badly flattened upon the iron grills, the custodian came and unlocked them. He was an ancient whose façade seemed quite as venerable as that we had been studying, and far less attractive; whose dental archivolts were missing and whose clerestory was rheumy. We entered a cool, bare interior. Its frescoes were all gone save a gigantic Last Judgment above the high altar, in the manner of Giotto, with an august God presiding over a fantastic heaven and hell, and bestial devils gorging themselves on supposedly unrepentant, and certainly naked, ladies and gentlemen. One imagined the whole church glowing with high color, the pageantry of the Christian legends marching round the walls and meeting at the altar. Yet I daresay the northern mind finds the austere grace of the bare stone, the striking variety of the carven capitals more acceptable than the intended brilliance, brought up as we are upon the tradition of Gothic, which depends for its appeal upon structure occasionally blossoming into carving, rather than upon painting.

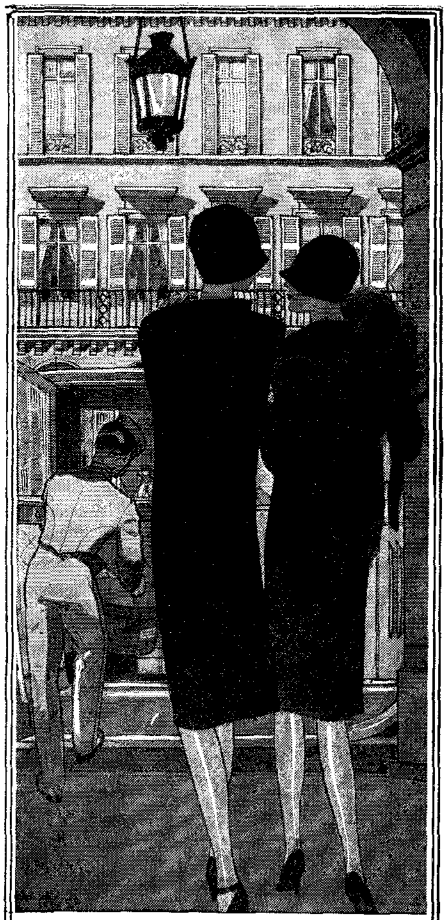
ONCE MORE outside, we paused again before the quaint, stiff grace of the figures decorating the central portal.

The architect pointed to Abraham.

"Might have stepped out of yesterday's comic strip," he said, chuckling. "It's the Jew comedy face of all time." And it was. Religious sincerity did not, obviously, impede the mediaeval sense of humor.

This one church was enough to justify a journey from Rome. But more was to come. From it we climbed a grassy road toward S. Pietro, accommodating our pace to the ancient custodian, who spluttered beside us. Thus we approached the church slowly from the rear. From S. Maria Maggiore it looked very trim and fit, and one half expected to see tonsured Franciscans emerge from the episcopal palace attached to it, and to hear bells sounding for mass. But as we drew nearer and its details unfolded, we could see that it was almost a ruin. The windows of the palace gaped like sightless eyes; the doors sagged from their hinges. Grass and rank acanthus obliterated the old paths.

Yet it was not wholly dead. For hens scratched and clucked and paused to look at us, and a family of black pigs grunted comfortably from the vestibule where pages had lolled, and from a peasant shack built under the shadow of the lordly house, a cow regarded us benevolently. There was something touching in the humble invasion of this ruined grandeur, something pastoral which saved it from any sense of desolation and gave it a curious and gentle peace.



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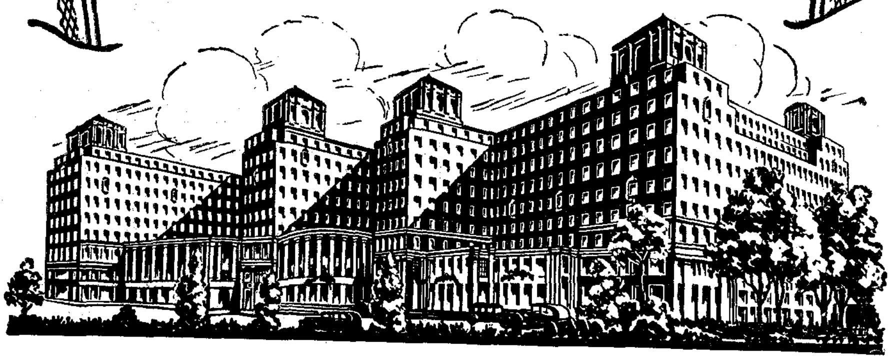

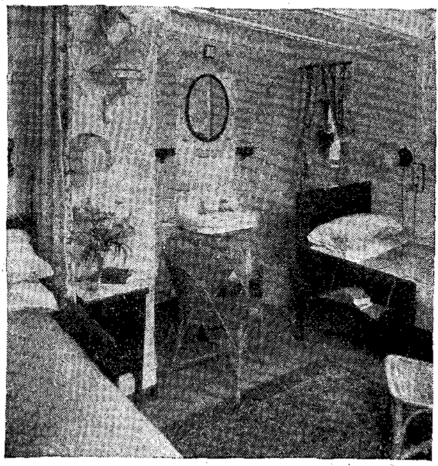

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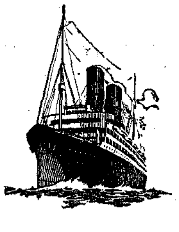

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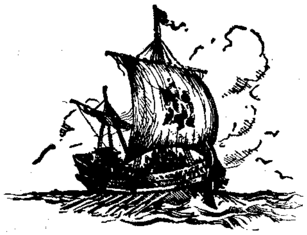


THE BLUE RIDGE

A BREEZE comes in your window, rattles the blind and sets the tassel a-swinging . . . air that has been strained through tall pines . . . air with a tang. You breakfast like a hunter and through the window the mile high peaks of the Blue Ridge seem close enough to touch. "By Jove, what a place!" you muse, as you step out on the sun-flooded terrace into another sapphire day. That air comes down from the mountains as sweet as honey, as vibrant as a violin note. There are the Smiths whom you met in Deauville last Summer . . . and the Jones's who were on the "Berengaria." Not surprised at all to find them in Asheville each spring.

IRELAND

IT REQUIRED the lyrics of an Englishman adequately to praise Ireland. That was almost four centuries ago. Spenser's song without music called Erin a "Chosen plot of fertile land, Amidst wild waves sett like a little nest; As if it had by Nature's cunning hand, Been choysely picked out from all the rest." Where is the loveliness to excel Killarney, Kenmare, or Bantry? Parting with Piccadilly and Leicester Square is easier, according to a more modern writer, than leaving beloved Tipperary.

And then if you want other reasons, just as strong, there are the Vale at Avoca, Waterford, and the talisman of cajolery, Blarney Castle.

TO SWEDEN

TOWARD the end of a voyage across the northern Atlantic, barren, granite islands, rounded off like the cast-off steel helmets of warring sea rovers, rose out of the Kattegat. It seemed hardly feasible that a thousand years ago the Vikings sailed from these very shores, adventure bound, to Gaul, Albion, and even perhaps to America. On a high cliff the red cottages of fishermen perched impudently. Soon Gothenburg. Then came Stockholm, Abisko, Visby, Värmland, Scania, Dalecarlia, and many more.

AND CANADA

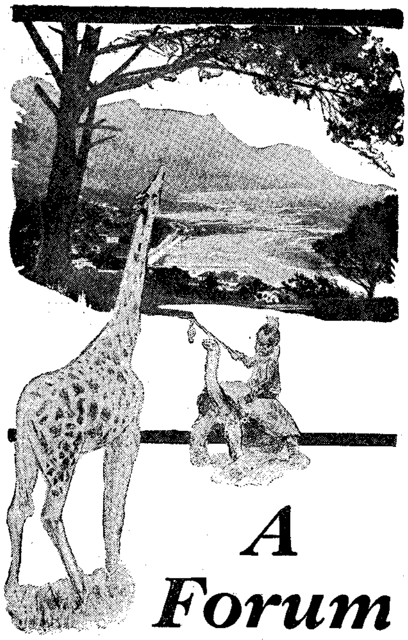
THERE IS still a lot of fun up in Canada, in Quebec, for instance, where winter is still king of the playboys. Indian golf tournaments and snow-frolicking galore. Ice statuary gleams in the last of the winter light. There are parties for the week-enders and old timers . . . carnivals . . . breathless fun from cock-crow to the time when the owls flit abroad. Scandinavia may well have her claims to quaintness, and the Riviera to sophistication, but if you'd be a boy or girl again. . . .

THE REDWOOD ROUTE

YEARS AGO those "foolish" tourists who wanted to enjoy out-of-the-way places, would have to take the consequences — and they usually meant riding on bronchos and burros after leaving the trains. Then came the famous Apache Trail with long, comfortable bus-limousines. Then the Indian Detour and the celebrated Zion Canyon trips in summer, and Death Valley in winter and 'tween-times. Now even newer ways have been cut, right through the heart of the Redwood region and the famous Douglas fir forests. These monsters of nature thrust forth their buds, bowed their heads with the wind, and cast off their leafy raiment each winter years before the slaves were toiling with the building of the pyramids in Egypt.

FAMOUS HOSTELRIES

WHENEVER travelers wish to recall and compare the hostelries of the world, all who have entered the portals of the Adlon Hotel in Germany's capital will aver that modern, punctilious service and the hospitality of old are there delightfully combined. Appropriately situated at the beginning of the famous Unter den Linden, adjacent to the Pariser Platz and the Brandenburg Gate, the Adlon is the headquarters of all discerning people traveling through Germany. One great joy is to sit in the lounge and spin tales of adventuring up the Rhine, through the Black Forest, or in the royal palaces and museums of Berlin. Follow the advertising men, runs one maxim, and you will be safe. The advertising experts of the world are meeting in Berlin this year. Are you? Berlin will be thronged with Americans — people whom you know — all enjoying themselves to the utmost. There is no better spot for the pursuit of happiness. Our Constitution guarantees us that right but it denies us beer, while Berlin. . . .



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of experienced world travelers gathered at your convenience and asked where a most enjoyable vacation could be spent — where things could be seen that you couldn't possibly see in any other part of the world — where primitive, colorful native life side by side with modern civilization could be found — where you could travel with comfort and convenience in a land of glorious, mellow sunshine and soft balmy breezes, the consensus of opinion would undoubtedly be —

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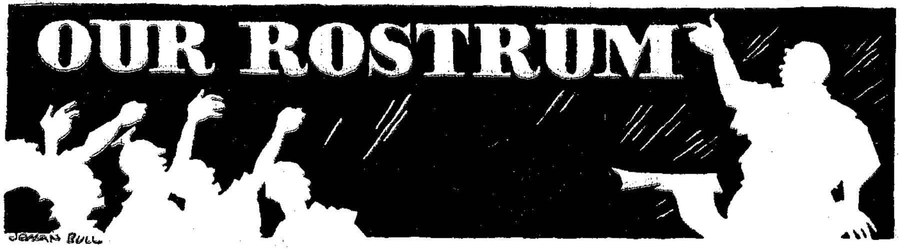


These columns are open to brief letters commenting upon any article or subject that has appeared in The Forum. Because of space limitations, the Editor must reserve the right to publish letters only in part.

War and Peace

Last month Kirby Page and Rear Admiral Fiske took up the cudgels over the question of peace and the best way to maintain it. Admiral Fiske supported armed preparedness; Mr. Page advocated an elaborate campaign of peace propaganda. In the following letters they answer each other's arguments.

To the Editor:

Concerning the reference of Admiral Fiske to human nature and the fighting instinct, I should like to offer the following observations:

First, this identical argument was used for centuries by defenders of numerous evil practices and institutions which have since been abolished. Dueling, for example, was defended on the ground that as long as human nature remains unchanged men will be quick to resent insults and will therefore engage in duels. To-day human nature remains substantially the same as it was in past ages, yet the duel has vanished from most civilized countries.

For centuries it was maintained that slavery would last until human nature was radically transformed. In a public debate in 1858 the Reverend W. G. Brounlow maintained "that slavery having existed ever since the first organization of society, it will exist to the end of time."

Furthermore, it was long contended that wars between cities, between feudal baronies, between states would survive as long as human nature remained unchanged. Yet cities now live in peace with one another and our states have broken the interstate peace only once in a century and a half. The argument from human nature does not explain why cities and states live amicably with each other, while nations frequently go to war. There is an additional factor in the latter case.

Moreover, the fact that the fighting instinct is not primarily responsible for wars between nations is indicated by the further fact that the fears and hatreds of the masses have to be stimulated artificially before they will go to war. Propaganda of falsehood and distortion is indispensable to the waging of modern war. In addition, governments must resort to conscription. Voluntary enlistment failed to produce the required number of soldiers in all belligerent countries during the recent war.

The additional factor is found in the dogmas and emotions of nationalism. It may not be possible to make radical changes in human nature, but it is possible to transform the doctrines of national interest, national sovereignty, national honor, and national patriotism and bring them into conformity with the economic and political realities of the modern world.

Kirby Page

New York City

To the Editor:

In replying to Mr. Kirby Page, please let me point out that:

1. At no time have I based the existence of war primarily upon the fighting instinct. My whole endeavor during several years of writing on military matters has been to show the reverse; to show that nations have fought to get something, much as two dogs fight to get a bone. My statement in regard to the unchanging character of human nature said nothing about the fighting instinct as a cause of war, but it pointed out that human nature is such that people are naturally acquisitive, will fight simply to get what they want — not to satisfy the fighting instinct.

2. Mr. Page's reference to dueling "has nothing to do with the case." Dueling was always extremely rare; it was merely a fantastic, artificial, and wholly futile way of settling questions of "honor." It had no *raison d'être*, except that, in times when law and order were not enforced as they are now, it did tend to make men more civil to each other.

3. Mr. Page must surely see that his confusing of the "cities" and "states" within the borders of our nation with the "free cities" and "free states" of Europe subjects him to the charge of disingenuousness. Our cities and states are under the government of a president, whereas the "free cities" and "free states" of Europe were and are under no government except their own. They are responsible to themselves alone.

4. Of course, Mr. Page is correct in placing the blame for war largely on nationalism. But we cannot have nations without having nationalism, and we could not possibly have a civilized world without nations. It has been competition between nations which has brought forth civilization, for among nations, as among individuals, "competition is the life of trade." But in this puzzling world, to every advantage there seems to be some accompanying disadvantage. An instance of this truth is the fact that, accompanying the advantage of competition among nations, has been the disadvantage that the competition has often occasioned wars.

Bradley A. Fiske

New York City

An Acknowledgment

To the Editor:

It was understood that when you printed my poem, "The Return of Christ," in your December number, you were to accompany it with a note stating that I wished to acknowledge great indebtedness to Witter Bynner for the original suggestion out of which the poem grew. The fact that this detail was overlooked is easy to understand; but I must ask you to put the matter straight now by printing this letter. Bynner is projecting a poem on a similar theme, and it would be unfortunate if anyone gained the impression that his idea did not antedate mine.

Arthur Davison Ficke

Hillsdale, N. Y.

What is Character?

Forum Definitions

Many of the definitions submitted this month were almost identical in meaning. The following were chosen because they expressed their ideas most clearly and briefly.

1. Character is the accumulation of natural and acquired physical, mental, and moral traits possessed by a man which distinguishes him from his fellows. (*Mrs. W. C. Ribenack, Little Rock, Ark.*)

2. Character is that particular aggregate of traits and capacities which determines the individual's approach to life and distinguishes him from all others. (*Mrs. J. F. Knight, Seattle, Wash.*)

3. Character is that combination of qualities in a person, mental or moral, stamped by nature, education, or habit, which makes each of us peculiarly different from every other person. (*Charles E. Kaufman, Colorado School for Deaf and Blind.*)

4. Character is a mass of acquired habits and inherited traits, forming in the individual during his plastic years, modified by training and environment, and then turned into fixed and immutable principles or rules of conduct. (*Helen M. Stone, Minneapolis, Minn.*)

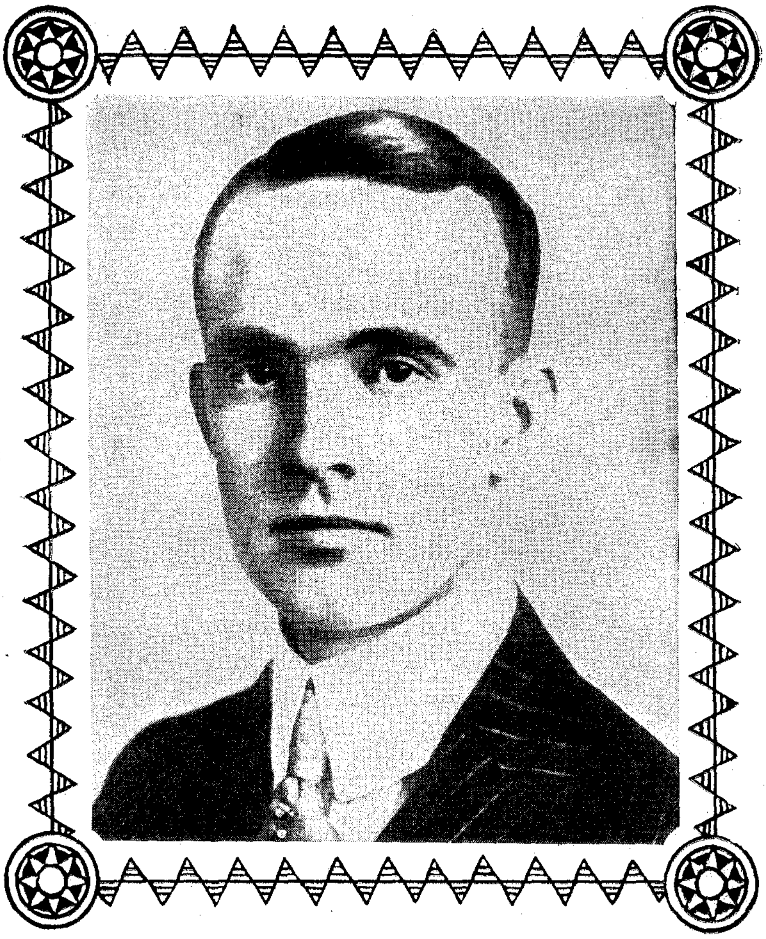
Next definition: What is a SNOB? *Definitions, typewritten and not exceeding 100 words, must reach the Editor by March 25. Prizes of $5.00 for each winning definition.*

by

GLENN FRANK

PRESIDENT OF THE UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

"Maps are a stimulant to my mind"



BOOKS, newspapers, magazines, and the ceaseless flow of propagandist pamphlets bring us so many facts, so many opinions, and so many ideas that the job of selection and assimilation becomes yearly more difficult.

Maybe the ancient Greeks thought more because they read less!

I have found that a liberal use of charts and maps helps greatly in finding a way through this modern maze.

No good executive presents to his board a wordy document and a wilderness of figures if he can state his problem with a series of sweeping curves on a graph. Put before a board in graphic form, ideas, policies, and situations that are complex become clear by virtue of the fact that every aspect of the idea or situation is shown at one glance in its relation to the other aspects involved.

When we read, facts enter our minds in single file. And, entering one at a time, many of the facts lose the association with related facts that the writer intended. Some form new and strange associations. Most of them never find their right place, but float about in a muddy whirl until they sink out of sight.

A map or chart gives us all it has at once.

I look at a map of Europe. There is France. There is Germany. There is Russia. There are the new states born from the womb of the World War—Czechoslovakia and the rest. I see them in their relation at one glance. The whole of Europe is one fact to me. I might read a book on France, then on Germany, then on Russia, then on the new states. And Europe might become to me not one fact but a dozen facts that did not fit together in my mind.

I like books of travel. A good volume on geography fascinates me. But when I want to sense the world as a living organism, I look at a map.

Sometimes books are a sedative to my mind.

Maps are a stimulant to my mind.

* * *

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Another American Tragedy

Theodore Dreiser deserts the buskin for the sock.

To the Editor:

You ask me to answer Mr. Chesterton's vigorous and obviously heartfelt attack upon myself in the February FORUM, but in all sincerity I am not greatly interested. For what are philosophies anyway? Good Lord! The world is full of them. Quite everyone has a philosophy of his own and spurns every other, as here and now I do Mr. Chesterton's.

But with this difference — for where mine moves him to speculate violently upon a fistic encounter with me, his evokes my blandest smile. For neither his faith in revealed truth, nor that excellent business organization, the Catholic Church, nor his generally superior educational and other standards, appear to restrain him from this unhappy desire for violence; no, not even the near-conversion of Professor Irving Babbitt, for he still desires to meet me in the street. I quote — "We might, indeed, meet in the street and fall on each other."

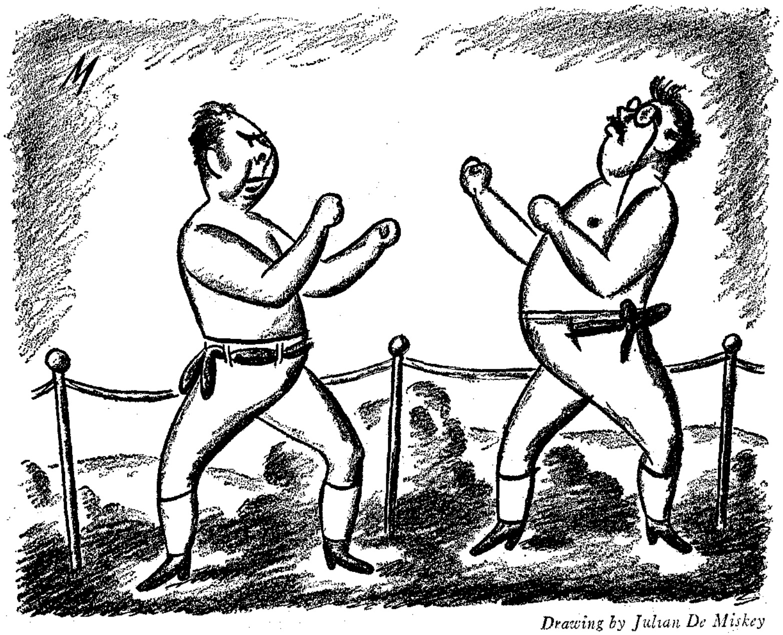
Yet I would not fall on Mr. Chesterton — not ever — not as evil as I am. For, as I hear, he is a man of weight in England, some two hundred odd pounds on English scales, and hence, if our American scales be as true, of equal weight here. Besides, I am small and of a retiring, apologetic disposition and would not risk myself in any such unarranged contact.

But I have a suggestion, a most profitable one as I see it, for both of us. For only consider the standing of Mr. Chesterton and the Barnumesque or Tex Rickardish (Peace to his ashes!) possibilities of such an arrangement as I am now about to propose. For by a single agreement and contract which might involve little more than a fairly carefully simulated violence, what publicity — what shekels — the names of each of us spread across the front page of all our English and American papers — our fortunes made! Via the courtesy and consent of Mr. Chesterton, of course, I propose the receipt by myself of a black eye at his kindly fist — either one. And since my situation is as it is — that is, not too prosperous — in a public way and for money. For who am I? Am I rich? Am I looked after? Am I liked in America or in England? I am not. Yet, as I view it, with one swipe, if not one stone, Mr. Chesterton might render me, and at the same time achieve for himself, an almost incalculable boon. Oh, Lord! I scarcely know how to present it, but actually it appears to involve fame, fortune, the outright sale of all my neglected works, the rejoicing of the entire American body politic in some form of punishment for me, and, *au contraire*, the elevation to the supreme position of protagonist and avenger of no less a person than Mr. Chesterton himself. Hence — fame, honor, wealth for him also. Can he ask more?

There would be the necessary contract — so much for the movie news reel rights, so much for the newspaper photographic rights, so much for the tabloids with their story of the encounter in pictures, so much for each personal interview or statement — in and out of the talkies — in short, five hundred thousand dollars at least for the two of us.

And as to the technique or stagecraft of all this — my fateful hour — here it is. For assuming that he consents, then either he comes to America or I go to London. I suggest, though, that we would make more money if he came to America, for here we seem to be peculiarly gifted for

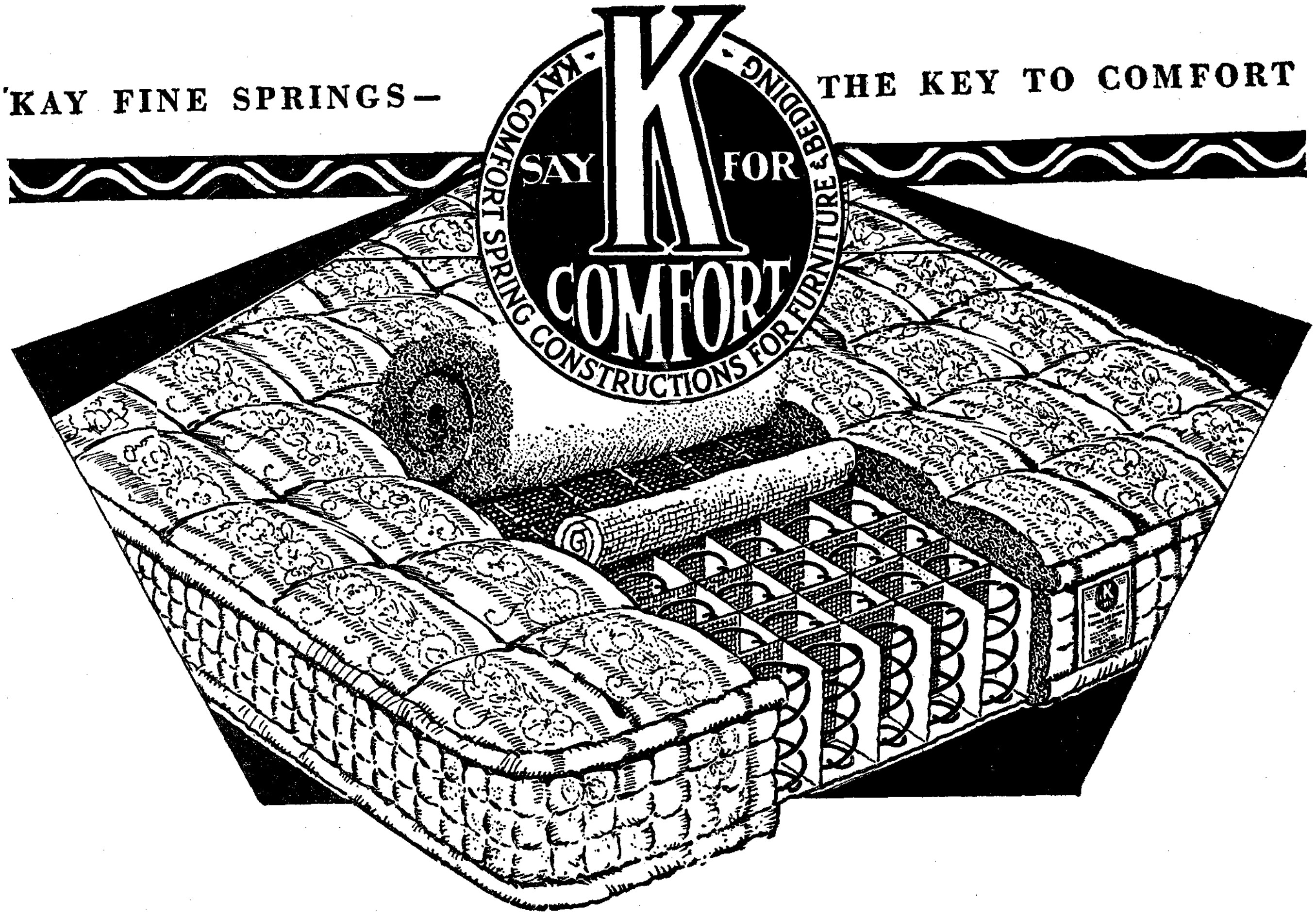
GILBERT "K.O." CHESTERTON vs. "DREADNAUGHT" DREISER



Drawing by Julian De Miskey

"A Spectacle Inoffensive to Ladies"

KAY FINE SPRINGS— THE KEY TO COMFORT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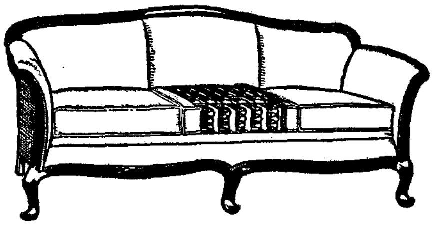

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Our Rostrum

this type of stagecraft and publicity. There would be Times Square roped off, traffic stopped, police in platoons drawn up to control traffic and the throng, stands and writing tables for movie as well as newspaper men, and their cameras built and decorated. Perhaps — who knows? — a moment or two of silent prayer. After which Mr. Chesterton and myself approach swiftly, and for myself I hope courageously, from opposite directions.

A band plays, say, "Rule Brittania." Coincidentally, the English and American flags, crossed in friendly embrace, might be swung from neighboring windows or roofs. And then I, drawing near from somewhere, would frown and exclaim, "Upon my word! An obscurantist! A fundamentalist, no less! A believer and yet non-believer in free will! Ha!"

And then Mr. Chesterton in reply, and striking as distinguished a free will position as possible, might exclaim (I am not wishing to dictate, but merely suggesting — his own words you know) "Ha! Exponent of a dull and discoloring illusion of indigestion; of a philosophy not bright enough to be called a nightmare; smelly, but not even stinking with any strength; smelling of the stale gas of ignorant chemical experiments by dirty, secretive schoolboys — the sort of boys who torture cats in corners; spineless and spiritless like a broken-backed worm; loathsomely slow and laborious like an endless slug; despairing, but not with dignity; blaspheming, but not with courage; without wit, without will, without laughter or uplifting of the heart; too old to die, too deaf to leave off talking, too blind to stop, too stupid to start afresh, too dead to be killed, and incapable even of being damned, since in all its weary centuries it has not reached the age of reason!"

Whereupon, and strictly according to the preliminary arrangements, I, if I should be still standing, and "with malice toward none — charity for all" would exclaim, "What! You say that to me?" Whereupon Mr. Chesterton (a mere suggestion I may add) might shout, "Impossible mess! Dirty, secretive schoolboy!" At which point, my share of the "gate" being what it is, I contract to reply, "What! You truly Dickensian villian! You exponent — and in one and the same breath if you please — of faith and free will! You hopeless echo of dogmatism and lunatic revelation!"

Whereupon I am sure, if I did not, Mr. Chesterton would and should attitudinize and strike. Mayhap he would honor me with a black eye — although I pray not! But as balm, of course, Mr. Chesterton, the headlines — the percentages! And in view of these, subsequently, surely a little American handshaking between us — a

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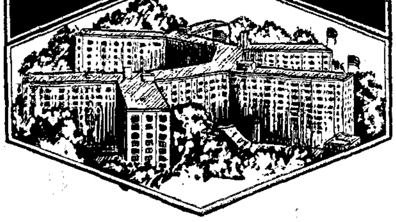

genial slap or two on the back, only not too rough, you know.

I call your attention, Mr. Chesterton, to the advertising, as well as the financial possibilities of all this. It seems to me that we are confronted by a really great opportunity. Five hundred thousand dollars — something over one hundred thousand pounds — and at least seven hundred and fifty thousand agate lines of reading matter next to advertising.

Oh, my dear Mr. Chesterton! My dear, good, free will-ist! Obscurantist — anything you will! Oh, do not fail me! I beg of you! For only consider — all my hitherto neglected books dusted off and, if not read, at least sold. And — the age we live in being what it is — my reputation as a writer at last established by a fight! And such a fight! And with whom! The honor! Oh, I implore! I appeal! Whatever else you do, Mr. Chesterton, do not fail to fight me. It will be the making of me, and at last!

N. B. Item from the *New York Times* of February 21, 1929. "Owing to undue excitement evoked by a proposed public physical contest between himself and Mr. G. K. Chesterton of England, to be staged, as it was rumored, either in New York or London, and intended to minimize, if not entirely dispose of, certain differences in their respective philosophies, and while in company with his publishers, lawyers, publicity representative, and a large company of fans intent upon arranging for and furthering a world wide publicity campaign in connection therewith, Mr. Theodore Dreiser, the notorious American realist, yesterday at 3 P. M. Eastern time sank into a state of coma, wherein at this writing he still lies, and was removed to St. Vincent's, his favorite Catholic hospital, where small hope is at present entertained for his recovery. It is said that he babbles continuously of fifty-fifty, a black eye, world wide publicity, free will, faith, the doom of the Catholic Church, and authors of real weight in England."

THEODORE DREISER

New York City

Lies! All Lies!

Trader Horn's collaborator denies that he is a direct descendant of Jonah.

To the Editor:

My American publishers have called my attention to a letter under the title "Debunking Trader Horn" in your November issue, written by Dr. Fred Puleston of Daytona Beach, Florida. Would you do me the courtesy of publishing my reply?

The circumstances of Horn's departure for the West Coast of Africa, as pictured by Dr. Puleston but nowhere stated by Trader Horn, are wrong, and would appear to be dictated by unbalanced if not malicious exaggeration. Hatton and Cookson did not "go to a school" and pick out

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Our Rostrum

the seventeen-year-old Aloysius Horn to go on an expedition which Dr. Puleston misleadingly compares with a "special mission to China."

What Hatton and Cookson did was to help out old family friends of the firm — the well-known shipping family from which Horn springs — by making a job on the West Coast which would rid the Horns of an incorrigible and wild boy of seventeen who was not wanted at home.

Horn never was one of Hatton and Cookson's clerks in the ordinary sense of the term. He did not go out under the same circumstances as an office clerk but under special terms which no doubt allowed him more opportunity and scope than a clerk would have had of seeing the life of the Coast. He was a buyer and a barterer.

Dr. Puleston states: "Horn infers that he was in Equatorial Africa more years than he could remember and Ethelreda Lewis places it anywhere from thirty to sixty years."

This sentence is a deliberate misstatement of Puleston's: I challenge him to find any place in the Horn books where I have said such a thing. Even in those first days before I realized Horn's hopeless vagueness as to dates I never imagined that he was on the Coast after the age of twenty-five. But when Horn infers that he was in West Africa "more years than he can remember," is it not natural that when looking back over such a great space of time he should forget the actual number of years he has spent there?

As for the Ivory Coast: Horn calls the part which he knew best the Ivory Coast. It was the coast where he traded in ivory, and that was near enough for him. I have been informed by a London *Times* reviewer that the true Ivory Coast is further north. I admit that I should have known this, but this is no dishonest crime on the part of either Trader Horn or his editor.

As for Rhodes: Dr. Puleston's denial that Horn ever met him is not only presumption on his part, but it betrays laughable ignorance of the ubiquitous nature of Rhodes. There is hardly an old trader and prospector in South Africa who has not had an encounter of some kind or other with Rhodes. We think very small beer of the crocodile incident as an added attraction to such a literary book as "Trader Horn." As a matter of fact it is one of those journalistic passages which to my mind make Volume I inferior stuff to Volume II of the Horn books. I shall never forget the snub the old Trader gave me once on this very subject. I had been pressing him for more detail about Rhodes' character, or any incidents he might know about him. I knew that with the average reader such ordinary material would help to sell the book, would help to find a publisher — a consideration I should have been foolish to despise. Horn said, "You want me to tell you more about Rhodes? Aren't I telling you all I know about George Bussy who was the friend of Dickens? Why, *that's literature!* And you want me to tell you stuff about a common millionaire?"

Further, Dr. Puleston says in the course of a wild crescendo passage of fury, which is, I fear, nothing more than an aging man's pent-up envy of a contemporary, who in similar circumstances got more out of life than he did, that Horn "never rescued Rhodes from a crocodile." I again challenge Dr. Puleston to quote the line and chapter in which Horn makes that statement. All that he told me was that he had had Rhodes, with a friend, taken from a rock where they were sleeping off the heavy intoxication arising from raw prickly-pear brandy. He took this precaution because, only a short time previously, a native woman had been taken from the same rock by a crocodile.

But the dishonest insinuations of Dr. Puleston become something more serious when he voices the opinion that some of "the wild ridiculous stuff in *Trader Horn* is stolen from *Hell's Playground*, a book dealing with the Ogowe River and six Hatton and Cookson men." Surely the word "stolen" comes very near to a violation of the law of libel? What is Dr. Puleston going to do about it?

A fact that is rarely understood by the readers of *Trader Horn* is that his story as I have told it is a study in the psychology of a man — bad and good and all that in him is. The history of the man Horn was meant for the wise and the literary, the witty and the tender-hearted; but Fate decided that it was to go far beyond that Epicurean horizon and be a favorite with all sorts and conditions of men, the bulk of whom are not interested in the psychological aspect of a man and care only for what he did and saw. It is here that Dr. Puleston and his kind come in.

There is a footnote in *Trader Horn* which says, in effect, to the reader: "Here is an old man who told a lie to me on his first appearance on my doorstep. It was a lie about his birthplace and there may be others elsewhere in the book. Here then is the book — take it or leave it on those conditions." Were I to edit the book again, I should still add that footnote, for I still think that although there are misstatements and exaggerations and the dates are all muddled, what remains of value is not only remarkable but is *all that matters* in a book so teeming with rich philosophy and a rich and unique love and knowledge of Nature and human nature. It is not the facts of Horn's life that matter to the literary reader for whom I wrote. It is his fancies. Facts are common to all; but such fancies as Horn's are common only amongst the rare souls and those touched with a certain quality of genius.

ETHELREDA LEWIS

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The GLANDULAR Hypothesis

by DONALD F. ROSE

It is no dark secret that we have a lot of children. A large family is one of those things which it is difficult to keep entirely a private matter even in the most exclusive neighborhood, which ours is not. A glance at our morning milk bottles, the débris on the front porch, or the wash on the line seems to tell the story to the most casual observer. One look at our domestic façade and the beggar, the burglar, and the income tax collector pass us by, while the old clothes dealer and the insurance man walk right up and ring the bell.

It is universally agreed that we have a lot of children, and the only doubt in the neighborhood is concerned with the question as to whether we are working toward any definite objective. We ourselves confess without shame that we have given so many hostages to fortune as to seriously embarrass that erratic lady and fatally cramp her style. If ever she knocks at our door it is either impossible for us to hear her, or she herself backs away in consternation.

It may be supposed that this wide and varied experience, extending as it does as far as the eye can reach, confers upon us the right to speak with authority on the upbringing of children. A man with ten or a dozen cows would be expected to know something about cows. A man who had accumulated ten bunions would be by way of becoming an expert on bunions. But this law does not apply to children. The ignorance of parenthood increases as the square of the distance, beginning with a sort of confident omniscience and diminishing to the vanishing point where one has sufficient children to know absolutely nothing.

In contrast to our own confessed ignorance, the one-time parents of the modern world are a law to themselves and to everyone else within reach. I have in mind my distant cousin Flora. Since her budding youth she has been devoted and dedicated to the production of the Perfect Child. She began her campaign by creating disturbance and devastation among the eligible youths of the neighborhood, and singling out for special misery those whose eugenic possibilities were above reproach. As far as could be determined by terror-stricken onlookers, Flora was even then in the throes of serious intention. She was clearly hunting through a haystack for the father of her child.

Eventually she found and married him. He turned out to be a half-pint edition of what the well-dressed man can wear, and all Flora's friends knew she must love him very much indeed. The fact that there was so little of him was overwhelming evidence of the specific gravity and density of her devotion.

There was nothing Victorian about Flora. She was up to the times and in fact about twenty minutes fast. She faced the facts of life unafraid, and even knew that babies are born with their eyes open or at least open them immediately upon entrance to the visible world. She allowed for this by having the entire house repapered. Environment, she knew, was of the utmost importance. She had studied elementary behaviorism, and she knew that aside from a few unconditioned embryological responses more or less beyond her control, the child's future was hopelessly involved in its earliest impressions.

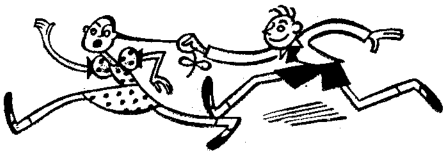
She began at once to sterilize and fumigate him to a fine point. Short of boiling the baby every morning, she did all that might be done to render him and his environment totally prophylactic. Then she started to eradicate his original sin. She pruned away his physical liabilities and vestigial or evolutionary remnants. She had him plucked of tonsils, adenoids, and spare teeth. We protested in friendly fashion that she was virtually frittering her son away in minor operations, but our opinion was ignored. Later she began the reconstruction period. The child was injected, inoculated, and vaccinated in all available localities, both rural and urban.

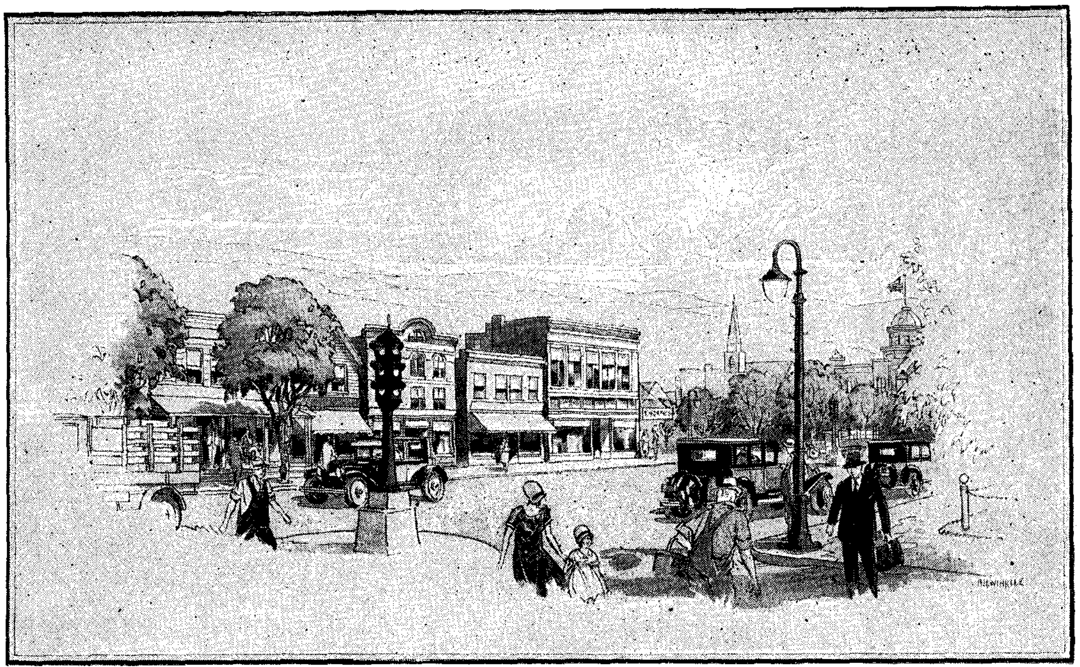
Since science has been advancing almost as rapidly as the child, Flora has lately discovered new possibilities. He lives now in the intimate awareness of his own glandular orchestration. If he fails in high-school arithmetic he comes home daily to a diet of sweetbreads until his thyroid reactions are back to the norm. If his mother finds him reading fifteen-cent magazines in bed she grows darkly suspicious of his adrenals. When he uses bad language she starts to poking at his pituitary.

After seventeen years of this scrupulous and scientific care, the boy is determined to become an interior decorator. His mother is in despair. Somewhere the system has slipped, and she can only suppose that in her haste at the time of his birth she picked the wrong wallpaper.

Flora, of course, is on the right track. She is, in fact, on half a dozen right tracks, all guaranteed by irrefutable science. We have been trying for years, in an amateur and futile way, to emulate her. Moreover we have been watchful of contagion and infection, though it is perfectly obvious that no ordinary microbe would have a Chinaman's chance in our household. We have dabbled in the theory of serums and vaccines, and come to the conclusion that the prime need of childhood is an efficient antibody for bee-stings and stubbed toes. But to our horror and distress we find now that the children are growing up before we have come to any definite conclusions as to how they should go about it.

Perhaps we need most of all an accurate index to the little ductless glands and their moral and physical implications. When the baby breaks his oatmeal dish it would be satisfying to be able to put a monitory finger on the endocrinological source of the accident. Just what we should do next we don't know, but at least we should feel the assurance of the scientific attitude, which is singularly lacking when we simply say "Naughty, naughty" and mop up the oatmeal. But the real trouble is that the children will not be still while we think and seek wisdom. It takes all Flora's time, aided and abetted by the cohorts of science, to bring up her child in the way it should go, and in the end it doesn't. We ourselves have given up hope of bringing up our children at all. Fortunately they grow up anyway, and to date none of them shows the slightest disposition to become an interior decorator.





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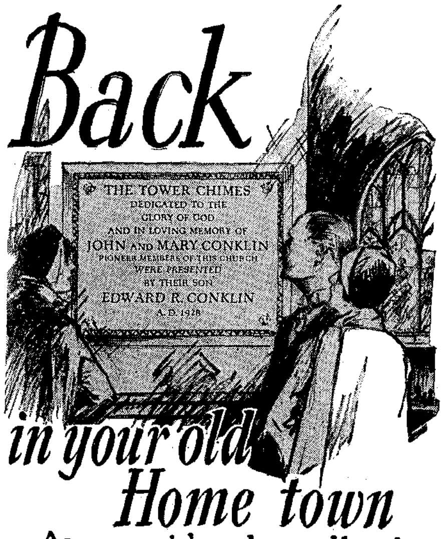

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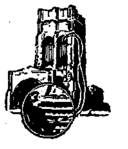

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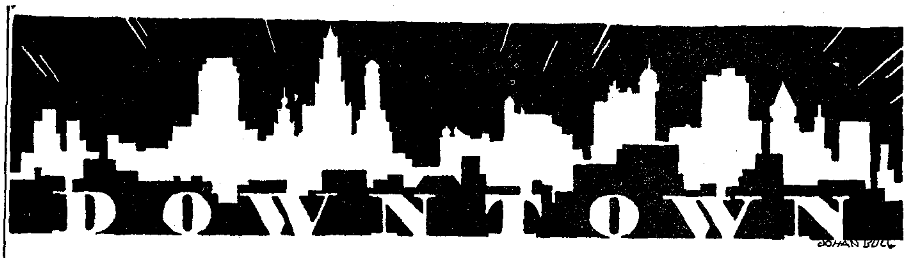

In Defense of SPECULATION

by **DONALD REA HANSON**

WHY DID the public flock to Wall Street in droves early this winter to buy stocks when the cost of carrying those stocks was far greater than any possible yield that could be derived from their purchase? For months prior to the vertical rise in call money rates to 12 per cent, in December, it had been predicted that the turn in the long bull market, which has raged since election day in 1924, would come when the cost of carrying stocks on margin rose definitely above the dividend yields. But the bull market surged forward throughout the autumn, despite the steadily advancing call money rate. It came a cropper early in December, when the money market got temporarily out of control and day-to-day loans were costing 12 per cent, but sharp as the break was, it was dwarfed by the greater advance which ensued later in the winter.

There was sound reason behind the arguments of those who believed that high money rates would turn the rising trend of security prices into one of decline. Until about a year ago the dividend return on stocks was generally greater, at the prices then prevailing, than the cost of carrying those stocks on margin in brokers' offices. There were stocks like Pennsylvania Railroad, United States Steel, American Telephone, and scores of other standard issues, selling at prices which would net the buyer 5 to 6 per cent on his money at a time when the money to carry them could be borrowed at 4 or 5 per cent. It was entirely logical to assume that so long as business conditions were favorable and no clouds appeared in the financial skies, people would be inclined to buy stocks for the profit obtainable from dividends if for no other reason. And it was also entirely logical to believe that when prices advanced to a point where dividend yields were 4 per cent or less, and call money rates were up to 6 per cent or more, such speculative holdings would be liquidated. To be sure there were exceptions in 1927 and 1928, just as there have been exceptions for many years previous, where a particular issue paying little or even nothing in dividends would soar to fantastic heights when it caught the fancy of the mass of traders. But such stocks are not always the substance of bull markets. They represent the froth, the front page ballyhoo which serves to remind those in the hinterland that Wall Street is still doing business.

The only answer to the question why people bought stocks under such circumstances is that they hoped to sell those stocks to other people at higher prices. This, of course, is the object of all speculation; but it does not always form a solid foundation for speculation. Florida, in 1925, presented much the same spectacle. Carefully selected real estate usually makes a splendid equity investment, and Florida possessed wonderful natural advantages which should have made Florida real estate valuable. But the prices paid for most Florida holdings in 1925 had very little relation to the probable earning power of the land as an investment. The incentive to buy then, in most cases, was the hope that the same piece of property could be sold to someone else at a higher price than it was bought for.

WALL STREET'S NEW CREED

IN DEFENSE of its position an entirely new creed has been developed in Wall Street. The first tenet is that common stocks, if diversified, will in the long run prove more profitable for investment than bonds or fixed obligations. The second is that the supply of credit in this country is inexhaustible. The third is that the brilliant prospects which cast haloes over the titles of some of the best known corporations in America entirely justify prices that are twenty to twenty-five times the annual earning power per share of common stock. Another tenet is the assumption that major cyclical swings in business in this country are a thing of the past. Still another is the belief that in the present prosperous state of the nation, the annual increment of savings is such that there are not enough good stocks available to meet the demand of those who buy strictly for investment.

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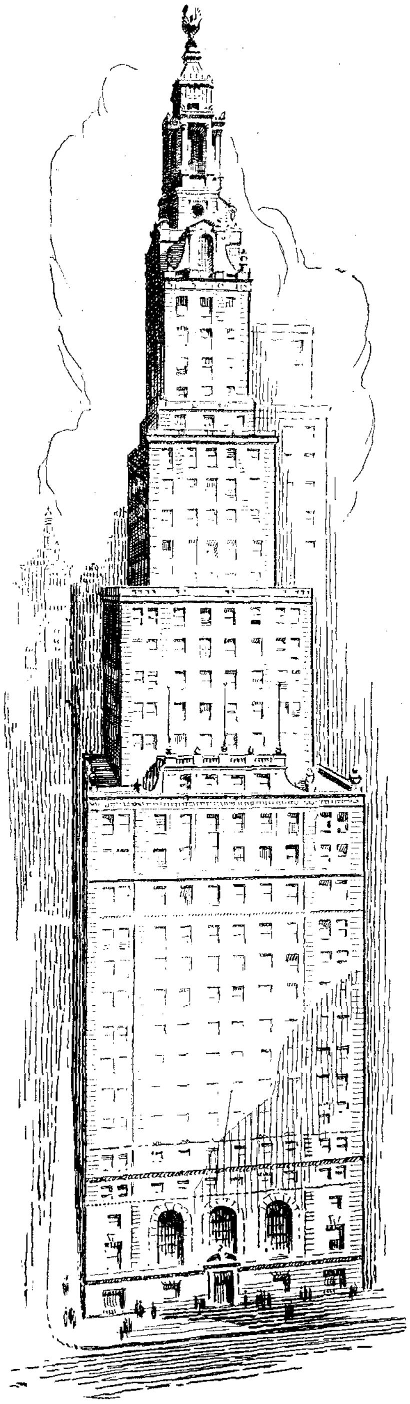

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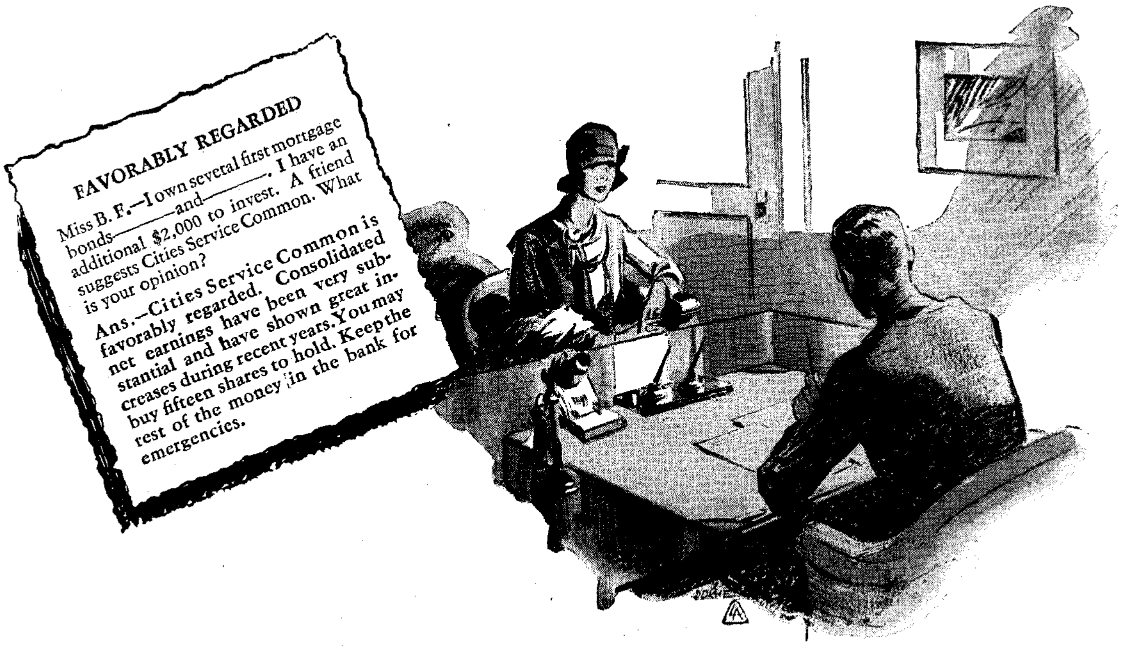
Downtown

reasonable limitations it may be endorsed. But the very first limitation that should be considered is the extraordinary height to which prices have risen already. The strongest investment security may be a poor speculation at too high a price, not even excepting Liberty bonds or British consols. Another limitation is the need of considering the application of the creed to the particular point in question. Common stocks very likely will prove most satisfactory for long term investment if reasonably and intelligently diversified. But even assuming that the United States will make as much progress in the next fifty years as it has in the last, there is some doubt whether purchases made during an extraordinary stock market boom may not cause the holder regret over a number of years during which intermediate reactions are under way. And intermediate reactions have punctuated our progress very frequently during the last half century. The supply of credit may be inexhaustible, if we contemplate what the credit requirements may be during the next fifty years; but in view of the loss of gold in this country in the past year it may fairly be questioned again whether we are not approaching a period of temporary exhaustion. As for purchases of stocks at prices twenty to twenty-five times their earning power, in the past this has been justified where the right stocks have been selected. Doubtless there are many stocks selling to-day at prices which appear to be high, but which may seem low in years to come. However, it will be strange indeed if in the meantime a number of the currently popular issues do not fall by the wayside.

As for the assumption many are making that major cyclical swings are a thing of the past, that may be putting the case rather strongly. But the evidence now available suggests that these cyclical movements have been vastly modified, and barring the possibility of such violent economic eruptions as occur with the outbreak of wars, they may very well continue to be modified.

By far the most potent of the legitimate factors in the bull speculation of the past few months, however, is that which is based on brilliant prospects for individual companies. In many cases these prospects do not appear to have been exaggerated. Indeed, who shall say what the future profits of such new industries as radio, television, aviation, electric power, chain store methods of merchandising, and so on will be? Frequently, however, these prospects are confused with past performance. Because a given industry, or a given company within that industry, has doubled its sales or earnings every five or ten years for the past decade or two, it does not necessarily follow that this rate of progress will be continued. In this age of scientific



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Ans.—Cities Service Common is favorably regarded. Consolidated net earnings have been very substantial and have shown great increases during recent years. You may buy fifteen shares to hold. Keep the rest of the money in the bank for emergencies.

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Note: The above clipping is one of many in our files. Name of newspaper from which it was taken, together with name of the investment writer can be furnished upon request.

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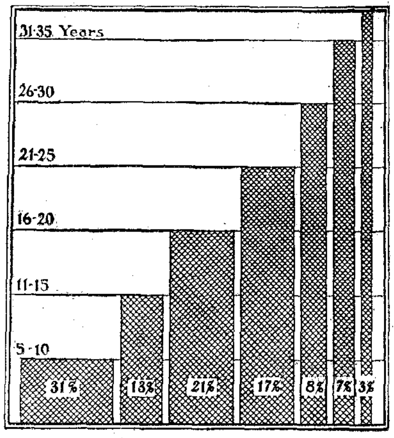

Of the 120 Chief Executives and department heads, 42 have served the Associated System over 20 years, 22 over 25 years, 12 over 30 years and 3 over 35 years

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advancement it is conceivable that new inventions and new methods of doing business will be developed with startling rapidity in the next few years.

WHAT IS AHEAD?

IN THIS connection some clear headed economic observers are cautiously asking whether the current era in industry is not the culmination of an era of industrial, scientific, and commercial development to which the centuries to come will add but little that is new. Those investing their fortunes on future prospects may do well at least to give heed to what has already been accomplished and not ask too much of the future.

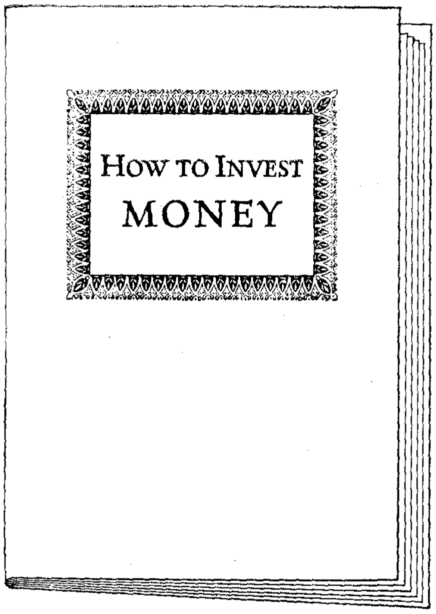
Finally, in considering the future prospects of industry, commerce, and speculation ought we not to raise a question as to whether the apparently inexhaustible demand for goods and services in this country has not been exaggerated to some degree by the tendency to live upon the profits of speculation? In other words, has not the real purchasing power of the community been exaggerated by the practice of the American people of selling their capital assets at a profit and treating the profit as income?

This is an important point that was ably defended by Albert H. Wiggin, chairman of the board of the Chase National Bank of New York, at the annual meeting of the shareholders. "Fortunately," said Mr. Wiggin, "they (the American people) have recapitalized by investing part of the profit, but not all has been recapitalized. A substantial part has been spent upon current consumption, partly luxury consumption, and the volume of consumer demand has undoubtedly been increased thereby. Part of it, also," he continued, "has been taken by the Government in taxation. Here, too, fortunately, the policy of reduction in public debt has helped to return part of these profits to the capital market. The calendar year 1929, in view of the recovery during 1928 in corporate profits and the widespread participation in securities in our excited stock market, will probably witness a volume of revenue for the Government from individual income and corporation taxes greater than can be counted upon in the years immediately following. The large revenues can easily be made the excuse for increased appropriations for current purposes. Neither the Government nor the business world can afford to rely upon an indefinite continuance of a rising stock market. Both should consider the possibility of a reduced national income when profits from capital appreciation are reduced. The Government should not relax the Coolidge — Mellon program of debt reduction while large revenues from this unusual source are available."

BEWARE FALSE PROFITS

Mr. Wiggin lays greatest stress upon the relation between swollen apparent profits and taxation, but does not ignore the possible effect on the purchasing power of the people. In substance the situation boils down to this. A typical American business man on a $5000 annual income sees his $1000 investment in American Telephone stock grow to a value of $2000. He decides to sell his stock to buy a house. Accordingly the aggregate apparent purchasing power is increased by this $2000. But it is largely non-recurrent income, and accordingly non-recurrent expenditure. Multiplied by thousands of other cases this all helps to magnify the apparent purchasing power of the people. Business for the electric refrigerator company, or the automobile manufacturer, or whoever else benefits, is "good," for the time being. But to this extent the additional expenditure is misleading, and is not to be confused with current expenditures from income received. Furthermore, if the $2000 of American Telephone stock passes to the hands of a speculator who borrows $1500 from a bank to carry it, the effect of the whole transaction is to create prosperity by swelling bank loans. This is clearly a case of living on the capital. It neither swells the capital fund of the country, which goes to support the level of security prices, nor creates a really healthy business situation.

At the beginning of the current year most of the comments of business men, bankers, and economists on the immediate future of business were optimistic. Many of these comments were restricted to the first half of the current year, but there was an encouraging degree of unanimity of opinion as to the general soundness underlying business. A few deplored the excess of speculation in the securities markets, probably because of their keen realization, through past experience, that an excess of speculation tends eventually to undermine the entire business structure. Speculation is not unethical, despite a common tendency to deprecate it. American progress would have been limited indeed were it not for speculators of the type of Columbus, Isabella of Spain, the Pilgrim Fathers, or the sturdy band of farmers that opposed the British soldiers on Lexington Green. Transcontinental railroads would never have been built but for the courageous speculators of the early '70s. Speculation has built many of the great foundations which have been established for the advancement of human welfare and endowments which have financed splendid works in science. But excess of speculation, the mob hysteria and greed which blew the Mississippi River bubble to the bursting point, has never been permanently constructive; and it is excessive speculation which has created what now appears to be the only weak spot in the business situation to-day.



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Investment Literature

We present to our readers the following list of booklets issued by reputable financial houses with the belief that they may be helpful in the solution of investment problems.

AN INDUSTRY THAT NEVER SHUTS DOWN. A review of recently published institutional advertisements of the American Water Works and Electric Company, Incorporated, 50 Broad Street, New York City. Copies will be sent upon request.

WHAT IS CLASS A STOCK? A new twelve-page booklet on the Class A Stock describing its priority features and giving an outline of the Associated Gas & Electric System, its established territories, diversity of industries served and consistent gain in revenue. Associated Gas & Electric Company, 61 Broadway, New York City.

WISE PUBLIC BENEFACTIONS. A booklet prepared for public-spirited persons planning such benefactions and making clear the advantages of a standardized form for charitable trusts. Bank of New York and Trust Company, 52 Wall Street, New York.

WHY CHAIN STORE SECURITIES ARE EXCEPTIONAL INVESTMENTS. A booklet containing a thorough discussion of chain store systems, explaining why these securities possess such unusually attractive investment features. George H. Burr & Company, 57 William Street, New York City.

MONTHLY MARKET LETTER. A diversified list of recommended Securities, showing their market position and the earnings of the various companies. Letter forwarded upon request. Cassatt & Company, Commercial Trust Building, Philadelphia, Pa.

TWELVE TESTS FOR INVESTMENT. A booklet particularly valuable for the inexperienced investor. It lists twelve questions which should be satisfactorily answered before purchasing any security, with the reason for each test carefully explained. It also contains a discussion of the relative merits of stocks and bonds from an investment point of view. Henry L. Doherty & Co., 60 Wall Street, New York City.

Investment Literature

THE CARE OF YOUR SECURITIES. A booklet describing the advantages and small cost of a Custody Service Account and outlining the numerous services offered security holders, such as review of investment holdings, collecting coupons, notification of maturities, etc. Guaranty Trust Company, 140 Broadway, New York.

THE ESSENTIALS OF A SOUND INVESTMENT POLICY. This booklet presents seven cardinal principles of safe investment. Both experienced investors and beginners will find it worth reading. Halsey, Stuart & Co., 201 So. La Salle Street, Chicago, Ill.

THE JOHN HANCOCK HOME BUDGET. A guide in home budgeting, showing the proper apportionment of income to fit average needs: the amount to be allowed for rent, clothes, insurance, and other savings. Budget sheet sent upon request by Inquiry Bureau, The John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Co., 197 Clarendon Street, Boston, Mass. Please enclose 2c for postage.

REASONS WHY. A booklet explaining why first mortgage real estate bonds secured by *insured and guaranteed first mortgages* should comprise a large proportion of any investment list. National Union Mortgage Company of Baltimore, Mackubin Goodrich & Co., Fiscal Agents, Baltimore, Maryland.

HOW MUCH SHOULD I SAVE? This booklet presents a graphic answer to this question and offers two interesting plans for systematic savings, including charts and tables, showing accumulated interest on principal by years. Old Colony Corporation, 17 Court Street, Boston, Mass.

HOW TO INVEST MONEY. A new booklet published by S. W. Straus & Co. It describes various types of securities and is a valuable guide to every investor. A copy will be sent free on request by S. W. Straus & Co., 565 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

These booklets may be obtained by addressing the firms listed or

Financial Department
FORUM MAGAZINE
441 Lexington Avenue NEW YORK

TOASTS

SOME weeks ago the famed Oxford Union was highly entertained by a debate — "Resolved: That This House Prefers Athletic To Aesthetic Education." The debaters were "that distinguished man of letters, SALVADOR DE MADARIAGA, who rose and presented with serenity and wit the case for aesthetics," and George II, deposed King of Greece, who — still a Royal Prince of Denmark, his fatherland — said, "I can't speak the King's English, but I can swear in the English vernacular . . . and I prefer the burly man of bone and gristle to the professor and the pedant." The Oxford Union decided, when the discussion was finished, that "vernacular George II had lost the debate." Before going to Oxford as Professor of Spanish studies, Señor Madariaga was chief of the disarmament section of the League of Nations for six years — a comprehensive background for his articles on "This Muddling World."

H[redacted] her husband to a
"ound of Heaven,"
Sa esses that she was
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th Miss Addington —
or rd Reid — is now
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hu th an evil disposi-
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her very set up at being immortalized in THE FORUM, has long since ceased speaking to other commoner dogs. Mrs. Reid writes, "I have various enthusiasms: Dickens, prize fights, Samuel Johnson, fencing, Colonial houses and furniture, Beethoven, George Gershwin, butterscotch pie."

E. D. MARTIN

AS A director of the Peoples' Institute of New York, and a lecturer on social psychology at Cooper Union and the New School for Social Research, EVERETT DEAN MARTIN holds a leading position in adult education. The lectures which he recently gave at Cooper Union, and which attracted the largest audiences in the history of that organization, have been published under the title, *Psychology: What It Has To Teach You About Yourself And Your World.* A nephew of Sigmund Freud, noted psychologist, EDWARD L. BERNAYS has been largely responsible for the growth of a new profession — namely, public relations counsel. As a member of the United States Committee on Public Relations during the war, he was in charge of the propaganda material directed to the South American republics and then worked with that committee at the Peace Conference in Paris. As press agent for Caruso, Otis Skinner, and others, he gained a knowledge of modern publicity methods. His later work has been varied — aiding ex-service men in post-war readjustment, helping Lithuania to establish her independence as a nation, advising leading industrial organizations in Europe and America — all of which has placed him behind the scenes in some of the most important movements in the economic and political world.

E. L. BERNAYS

I AM six feet four, have black hair, have been married twice, was raised on oatmeal, have two infants, and last month's rent is paid," writes RALPH M. PEARSON. As a student of modern design in all its aspects, Mr. Pearson is one of the pioneers in disseminating knowledge of modern arts and crafts. He gave up a life of fame as an etcher to teach us moderns how to like modern art.

AFTER seventeen years in the ministry, DR. FREDERICK KELLER STAMM, pastor of Calvary Reformed Church of Reading, Pennsylvania, writes, "I am trying to evaluate the facts of life as I see them, taking whatever of criticism or commendation comes my way, and having more or less of a difficult time to preserve a spirit of optimism in the face of a dark and gloomy world." FORUM readers will remember Dr. Stamm's discussion of "The Bible To-Day" in April, 1928.

IT WAS with sadness and deep regret that we learned of the recent death of ELINOR WYLIE, author of *Orphan Angel*, *Mr. Hodge and Mr. Hazard*, and many other delightful novels and poems.

A FRIEND of ROGER W. BABSON describes this statistician and financier as a charming person who rarely talks to keep a conversation alive, but who is explosive and will blow any tradition — kept intact by smugness and routine — into smithereens. Mr. Babson tells the following on himself: "The mother of a child who had received a letter which I write to all new members of our church

In the NEW RHYTHM

THERE is a new rhythm to the times. Life has more snap, more color, more go to it. The old stuff seems slow and stodgy. Pictures that caused a sensation yesterday are in the attic today. Music that enraptured the souls of our forefathers, if heard now would simply put the galleries to sleep. There is a new slant on every subject, a new swing in every activity. But nowhere is the modern movement more in evidence than in the magazine field. For a magazine to be of any real value must know and interpret the life of the day. It must be quick to catch any new note, any change of pace, any gathering of the current thought for a new jump. It must step to the music of the day. It must be up to the minute; and if it is worth its salt it must keep one or two jumps ahead.

It is for these very reasons that intelligent people everywhere are turning with a sigh to *Book Chat*. Here at last is a literary magazine with its ear to the ground! It hears the man on horseback long before he arrives, and, with its readers, is on hand to greet him. It has completely disproved the old idea that a magazine devoted exclusively to books must be dull and prosy. Quite the contrary. *Book Chat* is from cover to cover delightfully entertaining. There isn't a dull page in it. There isn't a thing you'll want to skip. *Book Chat* catches the spirit of the times and puts it down on paper. And if you are really interested in breasting the literary flood of the day you can find no better life-preserver than *Book Chat*. We have lately been enlarging our format, and we have added materially to the number of pages, but with all these modern improvements a dollar will bring it to your doorstep for an entire year. Why not fill out the coupon, attach a dollar bill and thus insure your literary life for the year to come?

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Toasts

said, 'Oh, Mr. Babson, Mary is so glad to add your autograph to her collection. She has two from Wellesley Hills now. Gamaliel Bradford's, which her catalogue values at $1.75, and yours, valued at fifty cents.'"

As a professional sleuth, DR. W. BÉRAN WOLFE spends most of his time in trailing the inferiority complex to its lair. A former associate of Dr. Alfred Adler in Vienna, Dr. Wolfe is now psychiatrist in the Children's Court of New York City.

ONE of the Western school of poets, AUDREY WURDEMANN hails from Seattle, Washington.

JACK WOODFORD describes himself as white, thirty-four, and English, with no ambitions, no pet aversions, and no great enthusiasms — and, strangely enough, he says, "There is nothing in contemporary life that I would change, even if I could." Twelve years of successful writing may have had something to do with the forming of such convictions.

[redacted]

BOTH CHARLES NORMAN and THOMAS HANDFORTH have found their greatest inspiration away from America — Mr. Norman in Paris and Mr. Handforth in Africa.

HAVING already discussed, in FORUM pages, companionate marriage and the paradox of Achilles and the Tortoise, BERTRAND RUSSELL, the English philosopher and educator, needs no formal introduction.

WITH the publication of *Orlando* last fall, VIRGINIA WOOLF captured the popular as well as the critical fancy. Her story, "Slater's Pins Have No Points," which THE FORUM published in January, 1928, was given honorable mention by Edward J. O'Brien in his choice of the best short stories of 1928.

BORN of Huguenot ancestry in Paris in 1869, ANDRÉ GIDE is regarded as one of the foremost masters of prose in France.

KNOWN to FORUM readers primarily for his genial and honest book reviews, DONALD F. ROSE has been presenting himself monthly to a few thousand others in his tiny magazine, *Stuff and Nonsense*. Recently *The North American Review* has incorporated this same brochure of humor within its august portals.

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Canadian